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Mary Thurman

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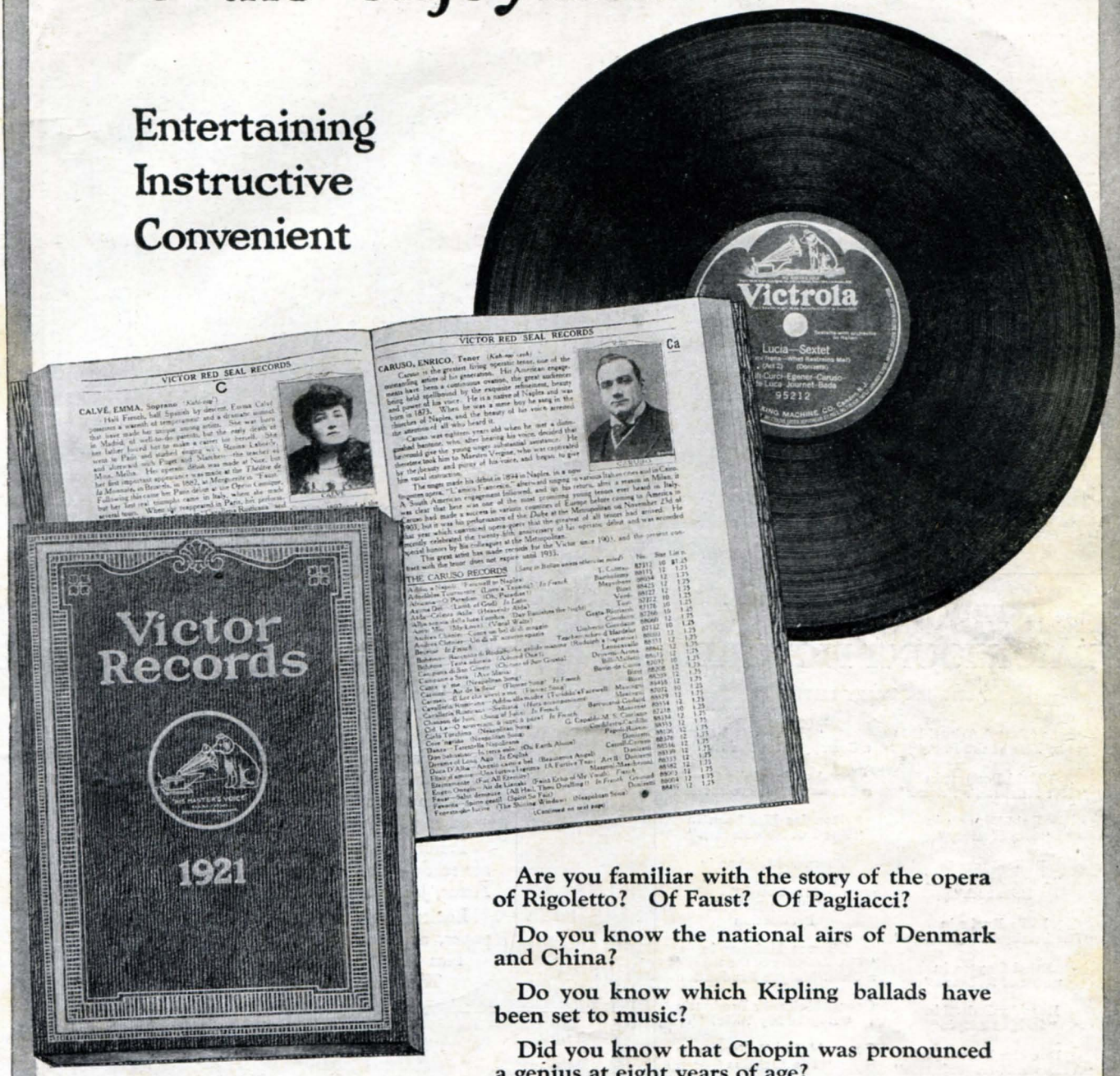

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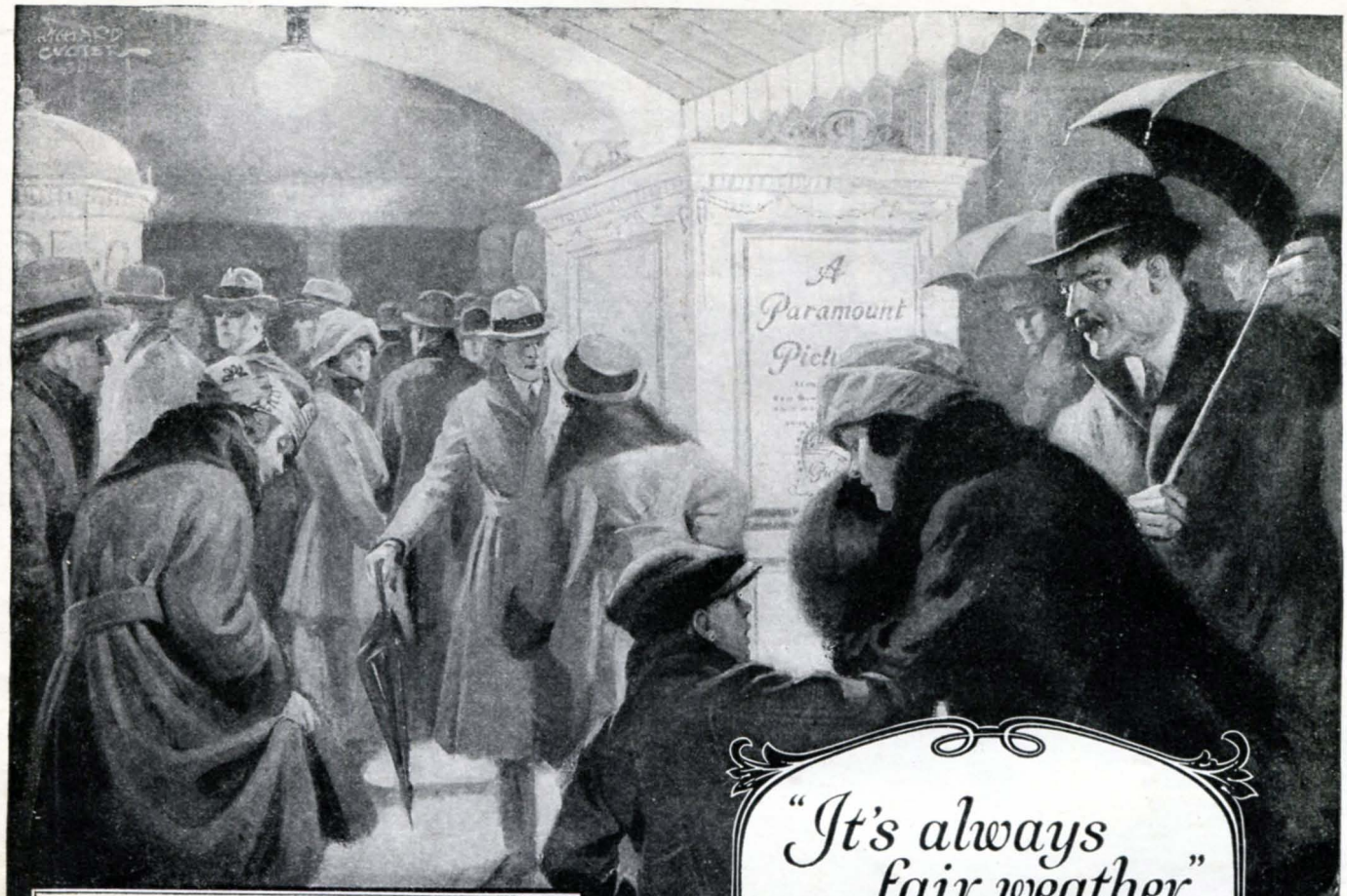

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JAMES R. QUIRK, EDITOR

VOL. XVIV No. 2

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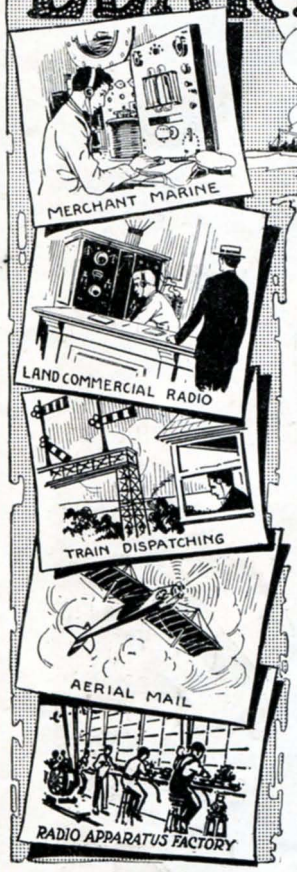

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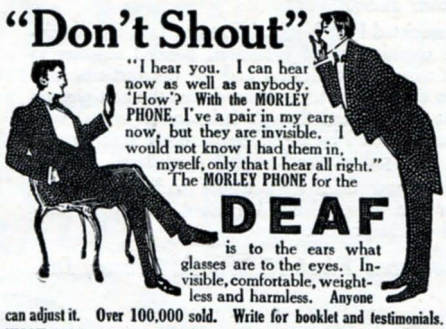

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How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: *I wish to tell you* how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without *personality*, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain conditions. I have seen women of education and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovableness, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and saying the right word would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidely not hansome; *yet they seemed so.* They didn't do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the *true* means. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. Yet they "appealed." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

Juliette Fara

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is *an art*, that is *studied and acquired* by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. *This includes you, dear reader.* There are numerous real secrets for developing *your* personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know *how alluring are the French girls.* Nor could I help conceding the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women."

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women

And I who am successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Faubourg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the *Juliette Fara* whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak *of* YOU and *for* YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their *fascinating powers.*

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulæ that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know I can take any girl of a timid or overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become *discreetly and charmingly daring,* perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you *how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.*

Uncouth Boldness — or Tactful Audacity

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be *gentle and unassuming,* to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by uncouthness or misapplied audacity you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her and show her how to become vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and instill in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in making the most of their apparel. All this without any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize, of course, that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a *real art* and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he *does not know what you are accomplishing* until some day he awakens to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was inconsiderate. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is entrancingly ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory Now

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an *appealing personality.* Don't think it is impossible. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your apearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prizes for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No Fad — the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All my life I have understood the value of plain common sense and practical methods. And what I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an *inspiring little book called "How"* that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book *"HOW"* if you want to gain the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a *lovely and winning personality.*

Juliette Fara

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"Five years before we had started bravely out together. The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim,' she said, 'Why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I *know* you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

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"Out of the crowd of faces, one face, exquisite, flower-like in its charm"

The face that one remembers in a crowd

SUDDENLY—out of the crowds of faces—one face so exquisite, so flower-like in its charm, that it stamps itself forever upon the memory.

Innate distinction—daintiness—breeding—are nowhere more clearly expressed than in the possession of a fresh, beautiful skin.

Don't let your skin become pale, sallow, lifeless—marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes. Every girl owes it to herself to keep her skin so clear, so soft and smooth, that at first glance it awakens admiration and delight. Remember—you yourself are responsible for the condition of your skin—you *can* make it what you will. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the right treatment you can free this new skin from the defects that trouble you and give it the lovely clearness it should have.

What a skin specialist would tell you

Perhaps you are continually made uncomfortable by the appearance of little blemishes which you attribute to something wrong in your blood. But a skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria and parasites, which are carried into the pores by dust and dirt in the air.

To free your skin from this distressing trouble, begin tonight to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

The first time you use this treatment you will notice it leaves your skin with a slightly *drawn, tight* feeling. This means your skin is responding, as it should, to a more thorough and stimulating cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments, the drawn sensation will disappear. Your face will emerge from its nightly bath soft, smooth and glowing. Use it every night and see how much clearer and lovelier your skin becomes.

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Alfred Cheney Johnston

The most convincing ingenue is the most sophisticated. We recommend Miss Vivian Martin, who combines humor with naivete to the edification of all audiences. Long absent from the screen, she returns in a new picture.

Melbourne Spurr

One's blue and one's brown—referring to Colleen Moore's emotional optics. Griffith discovered her in Chicago when she was only fifteen. Colleen conquered comedy in "So long Letty" and is now invading the serious drama.

Freulich

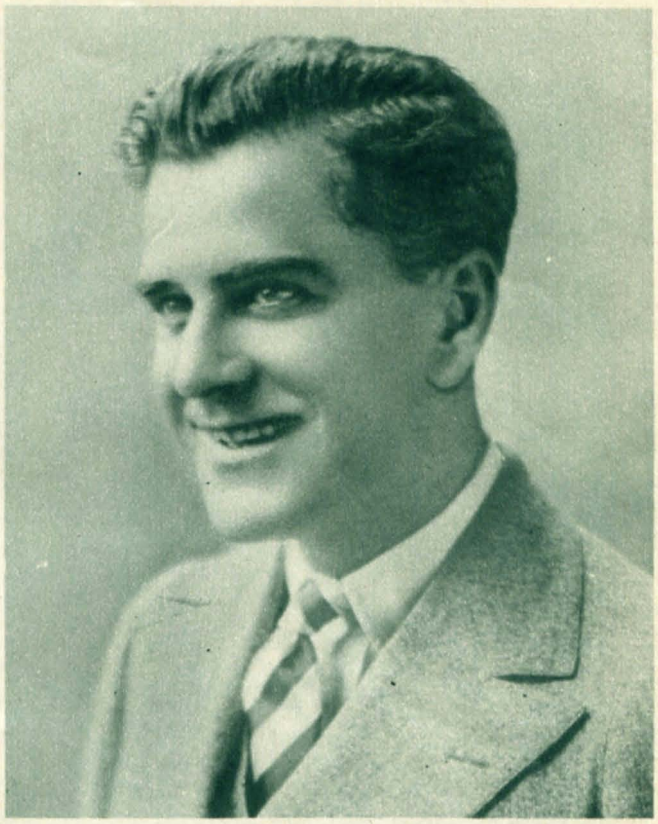
Sometime ago her company asked this question, "Oh have you seen Priscilla Dean?" Altogether now—one full, round, ringing "Yes!" As an oriental maid or a lovely lady-raffles she's well worth seeing, is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman.

Abbe

It began to look as if Louise Glaum were leaving the leopard-skin for the more unadulterated drama. Then along came her latest, "The Leopard Woman." Her cards should tell her about those four dark men on the opposite page.

Hartsook

To most of the small boys of many nations he is "Bill" Duncan. His is a man-sized job: he helps write, does direct, and is the star of all his serial thrillers.



Ira Hill

Bert Lytell has successfully lived down his legitimate past as a matinee idol. He has given the films an interesting series of widely differen characterizations.

Witzel L.A.

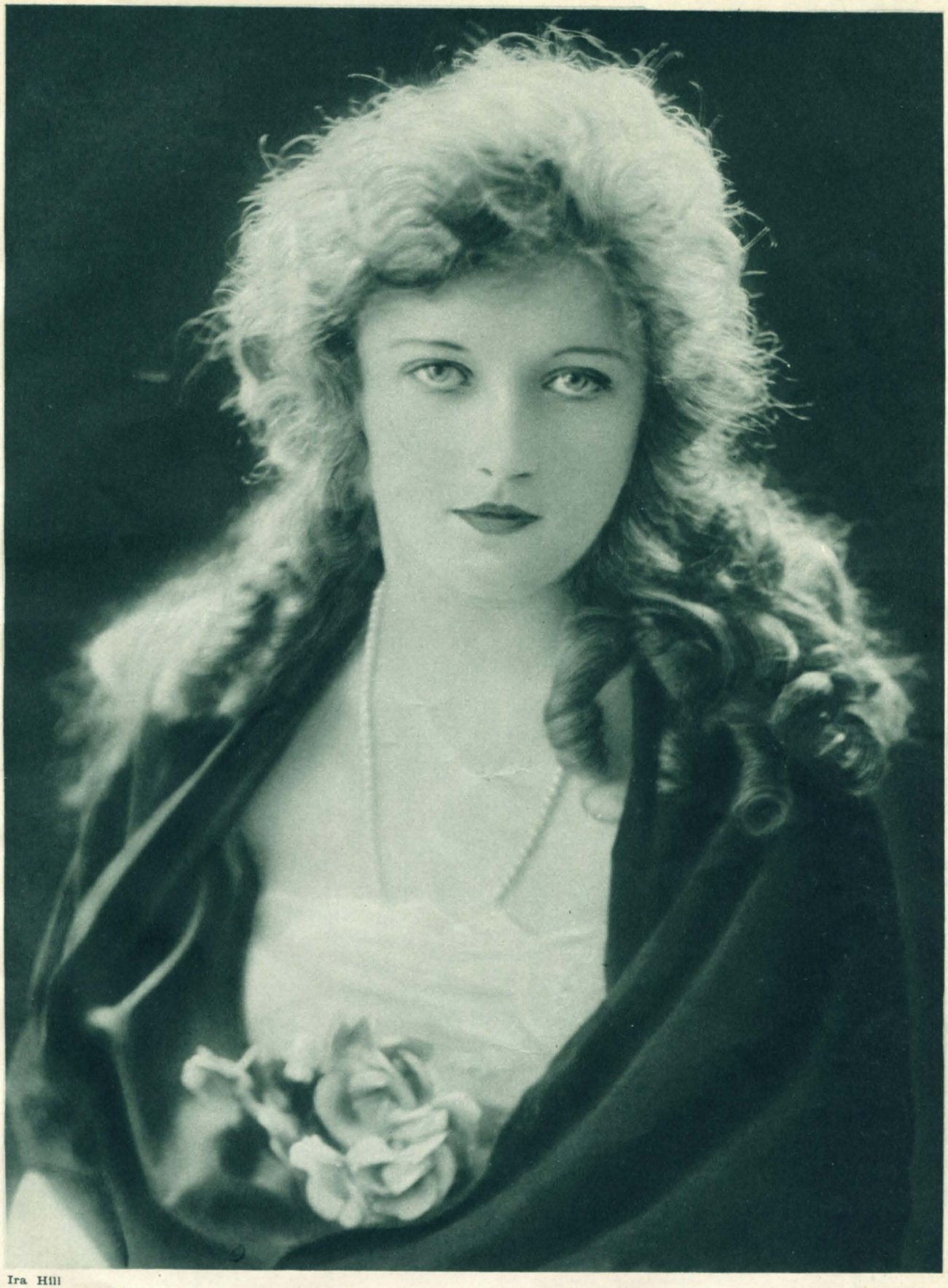
Milton Sills—the sanest of screen husbands. He has proposed to many lovely leading ladies, and not one of them has ever been known to turn him down!

Strauss-Peyton

He is one of the huskiest heroes in the silent drama—Alan Hale, who began with Biograph and still occupies a large and permanent position as leading man.

Evans

Betty Compson: one of our most believable heroines. She was once a water-baby; but "The Miracle Man" changed all that. It was probably her long training in farce that fitted her for success. Now she heads her own company.



Ira Hill

It's all very well to be beautiful—but how are you going to make people watch your acting instead of your eyes? Ask Marion Davies—once only a celebrated beauty, now a convincing actress of much promise and charm.

Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin—our premier comedian. The third of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE's series of six dry-point etchings of shadow-stage stars by Walter Tittle. Next month, Miss Mary Pickford.

The World's Leading Moving Picture Magazine

PHOTOPLAY

VOL. XIX *January, 1921* No. 2

Bunk!

ONCE a harmless ailment of the picture business, Egomania, a condition of swelled-headed braggadocio, has become so chronic that it threatens to be no longer harmless. Superficial as it is, it is seeping the vitality of our photoplays.

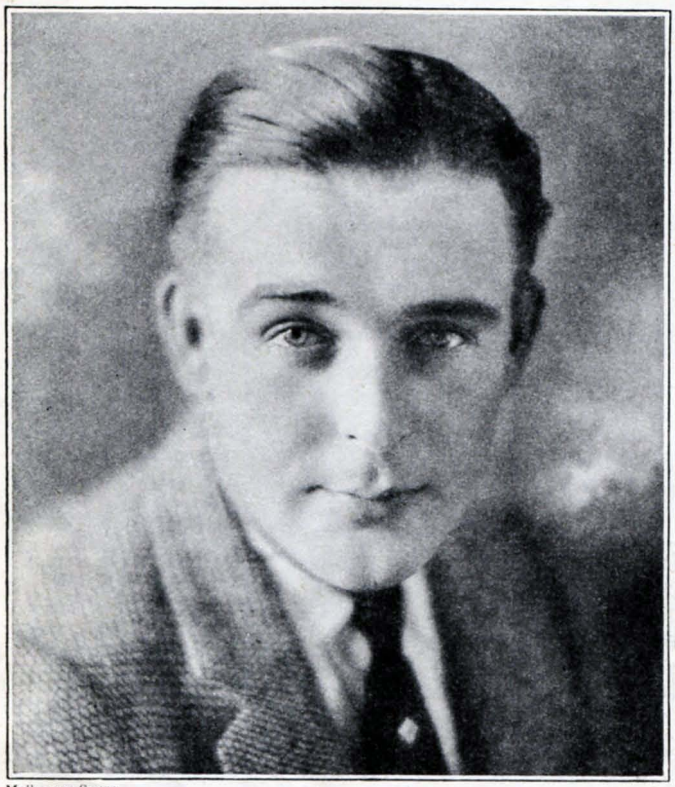
What is this "Egomania," you ask?

It is the mental perversion which causes the star, and the star's press-agent, and the star's whole family, and all the star's acquaintances, to lie about everything that is the star's. If he buys a couple of pups, he has acquired a kennel; a modest home in the country assumes the proportions of the Little Trianon; three suits are a wardrobe; a Detroit runabout is an imported car; one maid and a chauffeur become, in the public prints, a baronial retinue of servants.

Egomania is the pathetically humorous stuff and bluff which causes producers to lie to each other, each knowing that the other is lying. It is the thing which never permits anything less than a million dollars to be mentioned in an announcement. It is the habitual prevarication which has made it almost impossible for the exhibitor—the great go-between—to believe anything some manufacturers tell him in advertisements or personal correspondence. It is the cheap lack of appreciation which permits every hum-drum mile of sun-spoiled celluloid to be heralded and described with adjectival splendor that an honest man would hesitate using on "Hamlet."

One form of this bunk has already had a humorous come-back in Los Angeles: out there they are basing taxes on what the movie exaggerators say their homes and manufactories are worth!

"YOU might as well yell, 'God Save the King' at a Sinn Fein meeting as to humiliate your wife in public."



Melbourne Spurr

How to Hold a Wife

By
WALLACE
REID

An answer to "How to Hold a Husband" by Dorothy Phillips, in the November issue.

TELL all mankind that you have the dearest, sweetest, most charming and tolerant little wife in the world and you have put her in a position from which she cannot retreat gracefully.

The actual problem of holding a wife doesn't date back much farther than the 19th Amendment. It used to be that a wife had her choice between staying at home nights and warming her husband's slippers, or fleeing into the cold, cold world with her lover. Wives either were, or they weren't, that's all. Now she has acquired pretty nearly the same right to amuse herself as a man, so Daddy has to begin the A, B, C's, of how to keep friend wife happy enough at home so she won't insist on more than one evening out a week.

There may be a lot of ways to make a man happy, but there's just one way to make a woman happy—and that's to love her. Nothing in the nature of love, love expression, appreciation, devotion, is too strong for a woman.

Women generally live up to what they desire the world to think of them. They are easily held up to a standard for which they have declared, even when their personal inclinations might shatter their good resolutions in short order.

If you can get your wife publicly to go on record that she "believes it is a wife's duty to give her husband all the freedom he desires, to pet him, and baby him" you'll find she'll stay put—and consequently manage to be happy about a lot of things that would otherwise open the tear ducts.

All women care intensely, vitally, what other people think. A woman may possibly be indifferent to some sorts of criticism —may actually laugh at condemnation of her moral character and her conduct. But what people think or say concerning the way other people, especially husbands, treat her, is the weak spot in her armor every time. As a matter of fact, she *does* care. If you make the happiness of your married life a matter of pride to your wife, hold her up as an example of the perfect wife to your friends and your union as one of the few happy marriages, she will soon take the greatest pride and pleasure in making your bluff good.

You may beat your wife, starve her, commit a murder or keep a harem in private, and she will probably forgive you. But you might as well yell "God save the king" at a Sinn Fein meeting as to humiliate her in public.

Woman has a gorgeous faculty for sloughing off any amount of personal and private abuse. She has not sufficiently eliminated the primitive to resent that. But a thing that gives her sister woman a chance to sneer—be it so little as a misplaced smile or a forgotten kiss—leaves a wound that will not heal.

The seven veils of Salome might almost serve as symbols of the veils that woman uses concerning herself. These little veils that hide her weaknesses, conceal her lacks, enhance her beauty, shade her peculiarities, are the most sacred pretenses of married life. Her little refinements of taste and sentiment, her feminine deceptions concerning herself, are as important protection to her, as his quills are to the porcupine. And the husband who thinks it clever to tear these aside, who wants to show his brilliancy in discovering that they are veils, is just about as smart as the man who sits down on the porcupine.

These seven veils can be classified as her traditional belief in:

1—Her danger to and from men.
2—Her beauty.
3—Her intellect.
4—Her dependence.
5—Her independence.
6—Her slavery.
7—Her liberty.

"THE uncivilized side of the feminine nature revels in scenes, and the wise husband must help his wife enjoy herself as much as possible."

"THE greatest satisfaction a wife can have is to know that she holds a man who is much loved by other women."

To shake her faith in these dainty, graceful pretenses, or her belief in her ability to get away with them, has the same effect that a stool pigeon has on an ex-convict who is trying to go straight.

The husband who robs his wife of any of these little tricks with which she so blissfully deceives him, is preparing a fertile field for the seeds of discontent some wiser man will sow.

Don't, above all things, make fun of these little pretenses. They are charming. The mask only makes her eyes brighter, and if you tear it aside, you may reveal the death's head of love.

The most indulgent wife is the one who is most successfully flattered. Women must have appreciation. They must have an anthem of praise for the simplest, most commonplace actions.

Woman is still pagan enough to want her love-life symbolized. The little daily attention, the simple flattery of small gifts, of amusements arranged with an eye to her tastes, or remembrances of her desires, are to her "outward signs of an inward grace." It is not that she is trivial, either. It is simply that she is more direct, yet more delicate, in her perceptions; more capable of getting joy from small things.

Indifference may be the weapon for a lover, but it is a boomerang for a husband.

Women are instinctively virtuous. They are also virtuous by expediency. A woman strays from her home only when the primitive daughter of Eve within, drives her to seek the warmth, the praise, the adoration that she sincerely believes are her birthright. You see, to remain virtuous a woman has to fight not only her own desires but the attack of man. (A man has nothing to fight but satiety.) But nothing protects a wife from this outside attack as well as the cotton batting of flattery or appreciation.

Wally and his wife in their home, tuning up for a little domestic harmony. Pretty good evidence that Wally's theories are sound, what?

Women do not grow tired of love. It is an appetite that grows with gratifying. Do you remember the small boy that "never had enough ice cream yet?" Well, women are like that about love. And they must be given enough sweets to keep them from seeking elsewhere, but not enough to give them indigestion.

The desire to please is the first instinct women consciously recognize. A husband who doesn't give his wife a natural outlet for this desire is tearing down his own fences. And women are never sure they have pleased—at least the fine edge of pleasing is blunted—unless they are told about it by the husband himself.

There is nothing a woman will not suffer to enhance her beauty. That is because beautiful women are supposed to receive the most love. A woman wants you to love her because she is beautiful, not think her beautiful because you love her. The man who says, "Never mind, darling, you are beautiful to me because I love you" is an ass.

Inconstancy in woman is occasionally due to sheer carelessness or immorality. Most often it is due to neglect. A woman's taste for conversation about love, for the small demonstrations and manifestations of love, never wearies.

That is where husbands most often fail. By nature, men give these small acts of love, these words and demonstrations of it, only during courtship. But if he is a wise man, he will cultivate the habit. If a man can learn to play golf, he can learn to play marriage, that's all.

Women are extremely cautious in love. They prefer the flower that grows inside the wall, if it is well tended, to the most flourishing weeds outside.

A man actually desires above all things to be sure of his wife's faithfulness. But a woman is never angered if her husband is admired by hundreds of other women. It makes her conquest the more remarkable. Nobody can teach a woman the real value of a man except another woman. The greatest satisfaction a wife can have, is to know that she holds a man who is much loved by other women. She will even forgive a slight straying in that direction sooner than believe she is tied to a man nobody else wants.

If a man is unfortunate enough to find that he has frozen his wife into the arms of another man, he shouldn't run for a gun—he should run for another woman.

At 18 woman requires romance, at 25 love, at 40 diversion, and at 50 conversation.

When a woman shows a marked inclination to talk about another man—even if she pans him—the husband probably needs to put his house in order. A woman will think a long, long time before she leaves a husband who sends her flowers, remembers her favorite perfume, and kisses her ardently in public.

Marriage is a lottery in which men stake their freedom, women their happiness. Love is merely the ticket that lets you sit in the game, and guarantees nothing.

A woman will forgive almost anything you do, if she loves you, but she will never forgive the things you don't do.

Too great familiarity in marriage is harder on a woman than a man. You may show her your worst side with impunity, but if you once let her show you hers you have robbed her forever of innocence. You may safely wound her love for you, but if you wound her self-love, you break her self-respect.

A husband must constantly fight the dread specter of matrimony—habit. The turmoil of his daily life makes a man glad to become a creature of habit in his home. The monotony of her existence makes woman a constant rebel against habit. Since she is a creature most vitally affected by her surroundings, this can be easily broken.

A man, to break the monotony of the love game, must have a new partner. Woman needs only a new setting.

"A WOMAN wants you to love her because she is beautiful, not think her beautiful because you love her."

"HOLD her up as an example of the perfect wife and she will soon take pride in making your bluff good."

Take her to parties, arrange pleasures for her, she will be entirely happy.

One of the cleverest wives I ever knew once said to me, "I don't care in the least what my husband does, is, or says, with regard to other people, or where he goes when he is away from me. The only thing I care anything about is how he treats me."

Marriage is the only test of love. A man's part—I take it—is about ten per cent. And that ten per cent consists chiefly in making the woman happy. Because a happy wife makes a happy home.

It is much more difficult to be a good husband nowadays than it is to be a good wife. The new order has placed husbands at a decided disadvantage. I think it was La Rochefoucauld who said, "A man who can govern a woman can govern a nation." Diplomacy rather than force is the prime requisite.

Woman is an epicurean in love. You can make her feel her chain. The strongest tie that can be used to bind a woman is the knowledge that she is loved. She is willing to accept the hand of steel, but it must be adorned with the velvet glove.

And just as long as there is a woman left on earth, man will have something to learn.

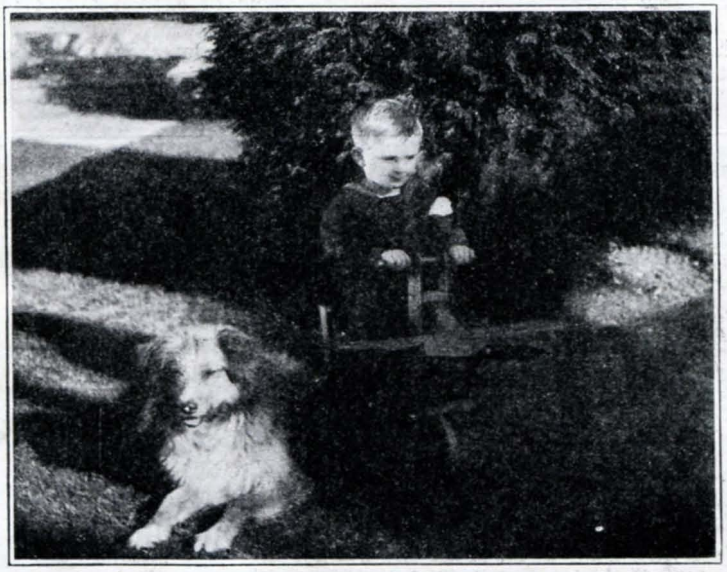
A woman requires petting. They must have the arms, the touch of the one that is dear to them. A wife is nearly always true to the husband that is with her—not all, but most of the time. I wouldn't vouch for any wife left alone too long. You mustn't neglect them.

Women are happier in the love they call forth than in that they give. The happiest love affairs are where the most love is on the man's side. Happy wives are nearly always indulged and petted wives. They may not be of so much use to the rest of the community, but they are a lot more useful to the man. Marriage should be lived in the tropics of emotion. Undeserved rewards, extravagant praise, public adulation, are to women what forbidden fruit is to men.

The tree of marriage needs a lot of pruning. It is held back by outworn conventions, traditions, silly customs and beliefs.

A husband must be prepared for a certain number of scenes. Women must have scenes. They adore 'em. The uncivilized side of the feminine nature revels in scenes. Therefore, the wise husband will assume a detached attitude and help her enjoy herself as much as possible. He might even leave her occasionally, let her find a love note from some other woman in his pocket, be abusive, so that she may have opportunity for a little third act music.

He must learn to take quarrels lightly and forgiveness seriously. He must understand that a woman never means anything she says in anger. He must berate her for faults she admires in others and praise her for virtues she has never had. He must indulge her desire for exhibitions of her power over him. No matter what she asks him to do in public, he must always do it, even if he has to beat her when he gets her home to teach her better in future.



Wally Reid, Jr. (To say nothing of the dog.)

Treat her advice and opinions with infinite respect. A woman loves to believe she is responsible for a man's success.

For after all, woman was created because man had demonstrated that he couldn't get along by himself. She has had a raw deal in some respects for a good many centuries, and if her new freedom has gone to her head a bit, let's cheer her on. It won't hurt her and it will probably do her good.

Actually, woman is the inspiration, solace, and reward of everything a man does in this world. It doesn't do any harm to let her know it. There is nothing a woman cannot be to a man, but—as I said before—her love is a tropical flower. It blooms only in the sunshine of love.

"I ONLY HAVE TO SLIP ONCE!"

HARRY McLAUGHLIN, playboy of the skies, was beaten to death by the propeller of an aëroplane last month while performing his aërial stunts at the New York State Fair in Syracuse.

Below, in the grandstand, his mother sat watching her son, mangled by the whirling blades, carried down from a height of a thousand feet, and dragged along the ground.

McLaughlin, who has recently been featured in two photoplays, had been selected to fill the contract of Locklear, recently killed in California. On Friday his contract expired and he made what he thought was his last flight.

Then his mother visited him. She had never seen her son do his hair-raising stunts in the clouds and the next day he volunteered to repeat his performance for her benefit.

At the time the accident occurred he was swinging on a rope ladder from one aëroplane to another. He caught the ladder, a high wind banked the plane above and swung him into the propeller of the plane below. His body was almost cut in two.

Clinging with his hands the plane pancaked down over the grandstand and dropped him in the dust before the horrified crowd.

Harry McLaughlin was a young man who enjoyed every minute of living. While working at his aërial stunts he sang and whistled as he climbed about the planes, hanging by his feet, dropping from plane to plane, laughing at death every minute.

Last spring he decided to quit the flying game. He was featured in two western pictures "Honeymoon Ranch" and "Crossed Trails." Then he decided to make one more tour, and it was his last.

"I know I can do it 20,000 times and get away with it, but I only have to slip once," he said not long ago.

He had been a lieutenant and instructor in the air service during the war. For several years he was an instructor in the Washington Y. M. C. A. He planned to work in a series of pictures this year.

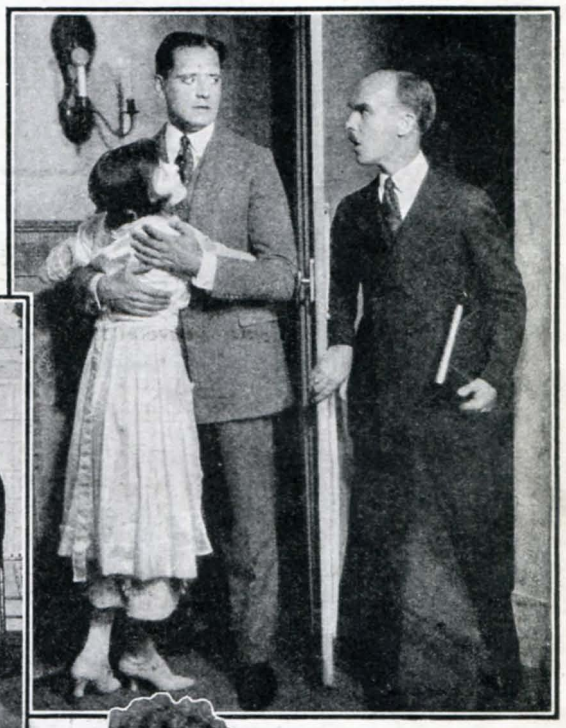
Thousands of times he had repeated his stunts without accident but on his last flight the one "slip" came.

Back to Broadway

ONCE upon a time it was considered very smart to desert the great American drama for the greater American films. But after several seasons in the cinema, some of our best little entertainers have gone back to the legitimate. We present them, here, in their best Broadway moments.

Ira D. Schwarz.

Answering the old question, "Where have they been"? Gail Kane and Earle Foxe play the dusky leads in Octavus Roy Cohen's comedy of negro life, "Come Seven" — now playing in the provinces.



White.

White.

James Crane is no longer Mr. Alice Brady. No—they aren't divorced, but Mr. Crane (left) has made an individual hit in "Opportunity" a play of Wall Street. Nita Naldi, also of the films, is the prostrate lady.

White.

Wallace Reid has done Alice Duer Miller's "The Charm School" in celluloid. Here are Marie Carroll, Sam Hardy, and a charm-school student in the stage production of the same play.

Ira D. Schwarz.

Above, a scene from "Spanish Love," a Broadway sensation from the pens of Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. James Rennie — left — is Dorothy Gish's leading man in films.

White.

Ina Claire in her Belasco success, "The Gold Diggers."

The story of a girl who snapped her fingers at fame and found something greater.

Bill Hamilton's Girl

By
T. C. WIGNALL

Illustrated by
May Wilson Preston

BILL HAMILTON made the fatal mistake of stepping in front of a leaping motor 'bus one Friday afternoon in late June. Bill had always said that Friday was his unlucky day. They buried him, with the honors befitting his high rank in the Ancient Order of Good Fellows, on the following Wednesday, and two days later—it was Friday again—Bill Hamilton's girl Emma gathered together what remained of her courage and set out to hunt a job. She needed it. Bill, her father, had never made a religion of saving his spare cash; had never, as a matter of fact, troubled his head about the day after tomorrow. Emma needed a job even more than she needed sympathy. And she was very hungry for that.

All she had to offer by way of qualifications were a neat appearance, a mezzo-soprano voice, and a record-breaking knack of knitting jumpers. They didn't stand her in very good stead; they were about as useful, indeed, as an open fire would be in the Sahara. She discovered, after several hours spent in the big stores that it was apparently the off-season for inexperienced saleswomen. In the majority of places where she called she was received with a disinterested shrug of the shoulders and dismissed with the none too cordial promise that a postcard would be sent her when a vacancy occurred.

By four o'clock in the afternoon Emma was out in the suburbs. Her hopes were not so high then, which was perhaps due to the fact that she had allowed the luncheon hour to glide by without acknowledging it in the customary way. Emma, as a plain matter of fact, was considerably depressed. Finding a job, she told herself, was about as easy as casually strolling through the eye of a needle Wasn't it the limit? Wasn't it enough to make a girl break down and sob in the street? Wasn't it sufficient—

Emma stopped asking herself passionate questions and proceeded to give her full attention to a sensational placard on a shop window across the way. "Fresh Pot of Coffee and Scone, 10c." So said the violently colored placard. Ten cents, mused Emma. Ten cents, with milk at a nickel a pint and scones not much more than a dim but delightful memory of a period almost as far back as the stone age. This looked good enough to be further investigated. Emma took twelve rapid paces forward. She was feeling better already.

It was a big establishment. Moreover, it was very crowded. There were little stalls dotted about the floor, and above each was a tin sign which advertised the fixed price of the articles below. From somewhere in the basement came the metallic tinkling of a piano. Emma did quite a lot of thinking as she wrestled with a somewhat leathery scone. It wasn't the success she expected it to be, whilst the coffee might easily have been passed off as licorice water. Still, it helped to stimulate her. She was almost buoyant as she descended to the basement.

It was fitted out in fair imitation of a music emporium. To her dazed eyes it seemed as though there were millions of songs lying about; in a far corner a very bored and somewhat sharp-faced lady wearing horn spectacles was extracting spasms of melody from a baby-grand.

Emma stood at the foot of the staircase for a moment or so and took in the scene. It was not likely to give anyone apoplexy, she told herself. There were plenty of people looking at the songs, but no one appeared to be buying them.

"I wonder what this is like," remarked a lady to her escort, as she picked up a song. "Can you read music, dear?"

Emma didn't hear the reply. The question as a matter of fact had been all sufficient to give her an idea. She hurried over to a desk where a young man sat—a young man who seemed to be spending half of his life stifling yawns.

"How does one get to see the manager?" asked Emma, a little breathlessly.

"Of this department, or of the business?" countered the young man.

"Of this department," replied Emma.

The young man stood up and bowed.

"You are in the Presence," he said, smilingly. "I am the manager—at least I was until this morning. Then a cruel

Powers permitted it to go on record that he never had come across such a lop

This is the first of two original short stories which inaugurate PHOTOPLAY'S great $14,000.00 fiction contest that has aroused the interest of the literary world. Next month two more.

fate handed me the push. What is it, fair lady? Do you want me to tell you where flies go in the chilly weather? It's a favorite question in this basement."

Emma looked at him coldly.

"No wonder you've been discharged," she remarked, with dignity. "You're too rapid. Fair lady, indeed."

"I wasn't until this morning," murmured the manager. "But what is one to do when one has had the push. It's a hard world. But don't tell me, please don't tell me, that you want to purchase a song."

"Would that be so strange?" exclaimed Emma.

"Strange!" The young man rolled his eyes. "Strange! The last person who bought a song in this establishment died in Australia twelve years ago. You know what people would say if the moon suddenly walked down Broadway. They'd call it a most unusual occurrence. It would be equally phenomenal if anyone bought a song in this delightful resort."

"I don't wonder at it," sniffed Emma—she had a feeling that she liked the man who had been "pushed" despite his flippancy.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, as he strangled a half-grown yawn. "Got something stirring in your mind, have you? I'm listening."

Emma came to the point at once.

"How many people know music well enough to read it?" she asked. "How many people are there in the place now who can pick up a song and know what it's all about by simply glancing at it? About one in fifty."

"I'm with you so far," said the manager brightly.

"What you want," said Emma, "is someone who can show them what a song is like. Up by the piano there ought to be a small platform, and on it there should be a girl with a mezzo-soprano voice. That's the way to sell songs. People won't buy things they know nothing at all about."

"I'm ahead of you now," remarked the manager, as he lifted himself to his feet. "You disengaged?"

"I'm looking for a job," said Emma.

"That's what I meant. Pretty certain, aren't you, that this little brain wave of yours is going to prove a winner?"

"I've faith in it."

"So have I. Care to show me what you can do? We'll talk about terms afterward."

Emma walked straight to the piano. She felt a bit fluttery, and she had a vague idea that her mouth had gone suddenly dry. The horn-spectacled pianist gave her the kind of look that she fondly believed was employed by all the best film actresses.

"Yes?" she inquired, loftily.

"Play anything the young lady selects," chipped in the manager, "and try and get a good grip of the soft pedal."

He sat down himself and closed his eyes. If a miracle was about to happen he wanted to observe it when it was fully created; he had no wish to see it approach. So he closed his eyes. He did not yawn.

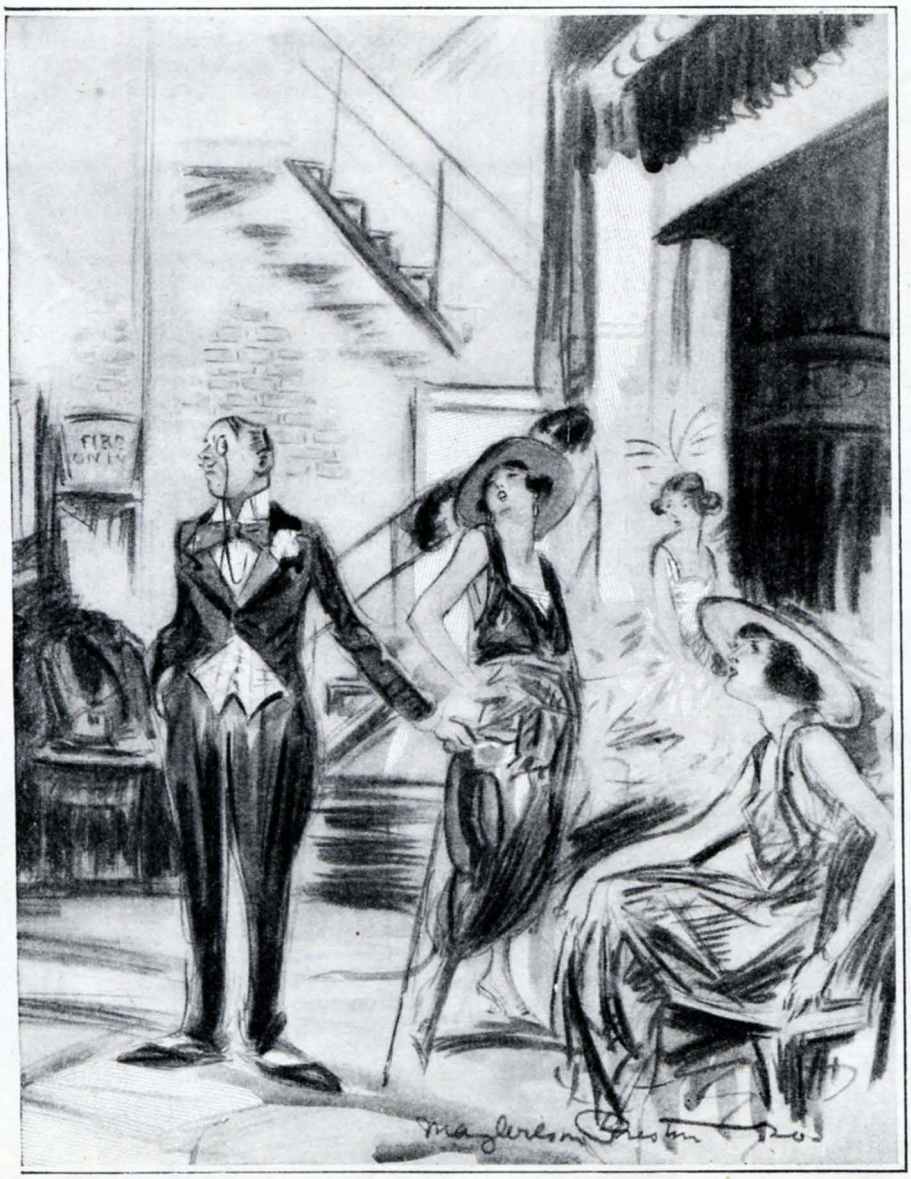
Emma picked a song that had a lot to do with somebody's yearning for a cottage by the sea. It suited her—suited her mood and most certainly suited her voice. The Home of Music—as the basement was called—halted in its stride, forgot to breathe, and paid instant and unprecedented attention. Emma concluded on a soft little note that was much like the trilling of a bird.

The manager opened his eyes to see a thoroughly pleased crowd fumbling with its pocket money.

"It's the moon walking down Broadway," he communed with himself. "There'll be a deputation of directors waiting on me tonight, imploring me to accept a raise in salary. Emily"—this to a pig-tailed young lady who had long since given up hope of ever selling a song—"gallop upstairs and tell 'em I want assistance down here. We're going to be busy."

It was two hours later before Emma moved out of the ranks of the great army of unemployed. The crowded hours had been given up to singing and to the handing out of songs. Milford's had never known such a happening in its existence. The Home of Music had been positively snowed under with frenzied requests for ballads.

"Gimme the last one you sang—that one



eared, unintelligent, blingumitty lot of actors and actresses in all his born days.

about the roses round the door," was the sort of clamorous appeal that was dinned into Emma's ears. Even the horn-spectacled pianist was ladling out songs. She was positively certain that Mary Pickford had never been called upon to do such a thing.

The anxiety of the public to buy grew stronger as closing time approached. Emma then was almost swept off her feet.

"How does this one go, miss?" would come from a lady with a baby in her arms, or "Just give us the hang of this," would be the prayerful plea of a thin gentleman in black. There was one period when Emma had so many songs in her hands—they had all been pushed on her by intending purchasers—that she could hardly see over the top of them. She was beginning to wonder whether there was not such a thing as too much success when the doors were finally closed. Her head was spinning.

"The greatest moment in my career," mentioned the manager as he leaned against the wall, "was one day when a young lady, with a slightly Irish nose, crept to my side and whispered into my ear that she knew how to cause a riot in a music department. That, Emma, is the way I'm going to start the story of my life, when I write it."

"Who told you to call me Emma?" asked the lady with the Irish nose. She stared at her employer, without resentment.

"Didn't expect me to call you Mike, did you?" exclaimed the manager. "Emma's a good old-fashioned name, and goes well with Jim. That's mine—James Ferdinand Wilson, to be exact. The Ferdinand came from an uncle of mine who started an ironmonger's shop in High Street, Bulgaria. Feel like a bit of supper before we go home?"

"We?"

" 'Course. Don't think I'm going to lose sight of you, do you?"

"You're very sure of yourself, Mr. Wilson."

"Jim," corrected the manager. "J-I-M. It's a comparatively common name, and it is popular with coal-heavers and cabinet ministers, with plumbers and poets, with dustman and dukes, and with miners and managers. You'll have no difficulty in remembering it. How'd a couple of well-trained sausages go, or a cutlet, or—well, anything you fancy?"

"M'yes," said Emma, thawing perceptibly. "I don't seem to have spent much time toying with food today. Besides, I don't want you walking on my shadow when I go home."

"It'll be so much nicer holding your arm," mentioned Jim. "There's eight crossings between here and the café. Horribly dangerous suburb, this."

Emma hadn't the faintest difficulty in holding down her new job. In fact, the Home of Music became so popular that a man had to be employed at the top of the staircase to regulate the traffic. On an average she sang at least fifty times a day. It was heavy going, but she had a voice that was built for endurance, and a personality that eventually brought her under the gaze of Big Tom Powers, the proprietor of the Majestic Theater, and the big noise in the revue world.

Prior to that, however, she had become the most popular person at Milford's. She had so many admirers that on early closing days they stood around in queues; the top of the piano had become a resting place for boxes of chocolates, and bunches of flowers, and gloves, and other presents. Had Emma so desired she could have lunched and dined a dozen times each day, and always with a different man.

Where she particularly shone was in the rendering of a light song. She could make a thoroughly silly lyric richly humorous; she could compel a smile when another person would have merely forced bored tears to the eyes of the listeners. Emma, although she didn't know it at the time, had the gift of comic expression. Humor simply bubbled in her, and it was more often than not brought to the surface by Jim Wilson, who looked on life very lightly indeed. Jim rarely allowed troubles to weigh heavily on his mind. His philosophy was that if the sun wasn't shining today it would certainly break through the clouds before the end of the week. Emma got to like him so very much that within a month of her first appearance in the Home of Music she frequently fell to sighing heavily when she looked down at a ring on one of her fingers. Jim had given her the ring, with a few appropriate words.

"That's a standing advertisement," he told her genially, "that you're not one of the million surplus women the papers are talking about. As soon as I've saved enough money to buy a new overcoat, we'll fix the glad day."

Emma hadn't by any means forgotten the swift passing of her father, but she was nevertheless moderately happy on the night when Wilson told her of the glory that had come to him. That was how he phrased it—possibly he had read it on the title page of one of the ballads in his department. Emma was very silent and very wistful that night. She could not have sung a funny song if she had been offered a fortune for so doing. It was her Big Moment, and it was not in the least spoiled by the fact that Jim told her of his longing between mouthfuls of poached eggs on toast. Jim was very eloquent, very loving, very, very eager for her answer. As for Emma, she simply wept quietly and without display. Why *do* girls cry when they're happy?

It was all over the store next day that Emma and Jim Wilson were engaged to be married. Naturally the news caused a flutter—the horn-spectacled pianist immediately left her instrument and arranged her hair in a new way. It had previously been brought to her notice that Wilson admired the style of hair-dressing favored by Pearl White. She had copied Miss White faithfully for a fortnight. When she came back to her piano in the Home of Music she really believed that any casual observer would mistake her for Violet Hopson. Anyway, her hair was fixed in exactly the same way; and the young gentleman in charge of the hardware department was a fervent admirer of Miss Hopson. Wilson, from the pianist's point of view, had been swept off the face of the earth. He was no longer a person to be sighed over. He had been removed from the list of eligibles; his day was done.

Emma would not have changed places with a princess just then. She knew that the other girls were viewing her with awed interest; discussing her, envying her the great good luck that had come her way. Becoming engaged to the good-looking manager of the Home of Music had been the ambition of quite a number of Milford's young ladies. As the day wore on they weren't quite certain whether they were glad for Emma or sorry for themselves. Wilson, however, was happy enough. He was whistling when he arrived to open his section of the big store, and his lips were still pursed about four o'clock in the afternoon when a fat man, with four chins in front and two at the back of his neck, waddled down the staircase and cast an interested eye around for the person who was making singing noises.

Big Tom Powers had come in out of the rain, and it was while he was examining some new ideas in shaving utensils that Emma's voice floated down to him. She was trilling out the comedienne's song in a new and popular musical comedy. Powers stood and watched her as she interpreted the giddy little song as it was obviously meant to be interpreted.

For the first time in her life Emma was acting as well as singing. Her deep contentment was responsible—she was so happy that she badly wanted to infect others with the wonderful joy that had come to her. Powers seemed to be fascinated. He was fresh back from the provinces, where he had been engaged in a vain search for a lady with a sense of humor, and now he had stumbled on the very sort of person he had all along had in his mind's eye. It looked too good to be true; he felt sure there was a catch somewhere.

"Oi!" he called to Wilson, who happened to be passing. "Got a minute to spare?"

"At your service, sir," said Jim.

(Continued on page 90)

Perhaps this story wins the first prize of

$5,000

Read the conditions of PHOTOPLAY'S $14,000 prize fiction contest on page 6 of this issue.

Stellar Supports

Or, one way to climb that ladder of fame

"MANY a woman has climbed to fame on a good pair of legs," said the old gateman with a chuckle.

"Now what put that into your head?" I asked, as the mournful notes of Wallie Reid's pet saxophone began to float down to us from his dressing room in the wardrobe building.

"Well, there goes Julia Faye," said the gateman. "They call her 'the legs o' the Lasky lot,' you know."

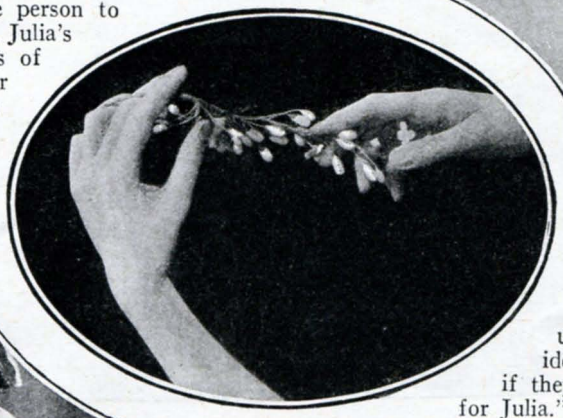
"The legs of the Lasky lot!" I gasped. "What in the world—"

"Sure. 'Tisn't so surprising. There's a sight of mighty fine ladies can't qualify below the knee. Did you ever happen to think why all the Lasky women have such nice lookin' feet, an' ankles, an'—an' limbs? In the close-ups?

" 'Cause then they're Julia Faye."

"Goodness!" said I.

"Makes her a mighty useful little person to have around the place, don't it? Yep, Julia's a nice girl; and she's been the legs of most every close-up picture that ever got posed 'round this studio. I'm not mentioning any names, 'cause it's my policy to be friendly with everybody on the lot, but we've had stars an' leadin' ladies on this lot who never graced no Follies show, unless Mr. Zeigfeld's changed his ideas on dressin' 'em considerable. So if they have to show their legs, they send for Julia."



"The legs of the Lasky lot" — and of almost every close-up ever posed around that studio. They belong to Miss Julia Faye. At the left—Lila Lee's perfect hands, which figure in all the inserts.

"Not Gloria," I pleaded.

"Nope. Gloria Swanson never had to have nobody double for her for nothing. Besides, when you see her feet an'—an' so forth, they're usually attached to her, if you know what I mean. But Miss—No. I ain't goin' to mention names."

Wallie had started on "The End of a Perfect Day" and I was about to take his word for it and go home when the old gateman let out another wild guffaw.

"An' by gum, there's the hands o' the Lasky lot, too. We're settin' pretty."

I peered down the driveway, golden in the Hollywood sun, and beheld Lila Lee, wrapped in a bedquilt.

"Must a' been doin' a drownin' scene," surmised the old gateman, "Looks kind o' ratty, don't she? She's our hands, though. I bet I've seen her pose for a thousand inserts and hand close-ups, since she's been with us. Some sculptor guy we had out here buildin' sets, said her hands were perfect. Right there he elected her for a lot o' hard work. Next time you see a close-up, or an insert, of a woman's hand, I don't care who's supposed to be attached to the other end of it, ten to one, it's Lila's.

"I dessay there's fewer ladies in pictures with nice hands than with good—er—ankles. The girl with the prettiest face may have hands strong and heavy and red enough to do the housework. I knew a girl once, worked here, too, that had a big name for beauty; she started in the chorus but didn't stay there, the managers figuring that the chorus was no place for a dame with a face artists raved about. They were right. But when she came out here to work in pictures she fell down. Flat. Julia Faye had to work so hard posing for knee close-ups for her they figured it would be cheaper to can the beauty.

The saxophone announced that Wallie had the "Prohibition Blues" and I quit, feeling I'd gone quite far enough into the Lasky lot anatomy for all practical purposes.

Photograph by W. R. Scott.

A little bit more of Julia, who has furnished the principal support for so many stars.

The Broadway of twenty years ago knew Corona Riccardo as one of its most beautiful actresses. She was the heroine of Bill Hart's love story.

Bill Hart's True Love Story

A Broadway Romance of Twenty Years Ago.

By
ADA PATTERSON

"I AM a bachelor and proud of it." The words are William S. Hart's, recently spoken. He adds: "And I am of no mind to change my state."

How glad will be the legion of girls who write him "mash" notes! Such mash notes as this, for example, that burden the cowboy king's mail. Mr. Hart has displayed this as a specimen of what arrive by bagloads. Gallantly he withholds the writer's name. Enough that she is of California, great-granddaughter of the Golden West.

"Dear Mr. Hart:

"I love you!

"I simply must write this letter and tell you of what I know is a hopeless love. I cannot help it. You are so splendid, so wonderful.

"Your picture is before me as I write. I seem to read sympathy and kindness in your eyes. Your face is so strong, so tender when you want.

"Believe me, Mr. Hart, the love I bear you is a spiritual love. There is nothing vulgar or mundane (is that the right word?) in it—the love I bear you.

"I do not hope for an answer. But won't you please publish an article in a magazine saying you are not married? Oh, I do so hope you are not. I would be sick if I thought you were.

"ALICIA."

My dear Alicia, you need not send for the doctor. He is not married. He says it is no part of his life plan to marry while he is in pictures. And if the pictures have their way he will never leave them. The motion drama loves William S. Hart as devotedly, albeit more mundanely than you do, my hopeless, devoted Alicias who write him letters. Loyal legion of Hartsick girls!

But gather about me, pink-cheeked little ones—the pink of sun-stain, not the rouge pot, thank heaven!—and I will tell you Bill Hart's love story. The Rialto of New York knows the story well, the Rialto of Hollywood not at all.

It is a tender story on which the dew of youth has dried. Mr. Hart himself has laid the sprig of rosemary for remembrance on its grave. He will not protest against this other little sprig of rosemary for remembrance that we lay on the grave beside it. When you have read it you may understand why we see him usually alone. The years have multiplied exceedingly since I saw his tall figure, save alone. He threads the crowd of Broadway companioned by his thoughts.

There has been but one exception. That was at the last Actors' Fund Fair. There was a gala evening near the close of the ten-day festival. There were loud cries of delight when it was announced that W. S. Hart would lead the grand march. It was gallantly repeated when suave Daniel Frohman, the "Uncle Dan" of all the children of the stage and screen, announced "And Miss Lillian Russell will be his partner." So the tall king of the plains and the golden-tinted American beauty, started with stately measure their promenade of the length and width of the Grand Central Palace, five hundred other celebrities of the stage and screen following.

That, however, was a professional meeting and parting. The heart story of Bill Hart began a score of years ago. The heroine was the enchantress *Iras* of "Ben-Hur." "Bill" Hart was the Roman *Messala*.

His heart, throbbing with youth's boundless impetuosity, leaped at the glances *Iras* cast upon another man. That man was Edward Morgan, who was to die tragically in his youth

while the star of his career was in the ascendant. Edward Morgan was the *Ben-Hur*. It was *Iras'* dramatic duty to charm him. Hart, looking on as *Messala*, thought how easy it was for Corona Riccardo to charm any man she chose. In that, though already blinded by the ardor of youthful love, he was right.

Corona Riccardo, granted the most alluring of all the dark, voluptuous beauties who played *Iras* in the long life of Lew Wallace's enduring play, was of Italy. She was born in that city of hills of which the travelers say, "See Naples and die." She was introduced to New York at a special matinee arranged by the teacher of dramatic art, Nelson Wheatcroft. She played a Mexican girl, so powerfully and picturesquely played the rôle, that the New York critics predicted for her a brilliant career. Wilson Barrett shared the opinion of the critics. He made her his leading woman in "The Sign of the Cross." England saw her first in that drama. Afterward America admired her stately, sumptuous beauty in the same rôle. She joined Robert Mantell's company and played *Juliet*. The critics blotted their pages in their rapid enthusiasm about her splendid beauty. She disproved the good old saw that no woman can play *Juliet* until she is past the age to look and live the rôle of the heroine of the greatest of love dramas.

Her dark, seductive beauty caused her engagement to play *Iras* in "Ben-Hur." The company's *Messala*, tall, thirty, and of a seriousness of many years more, saw and loved her. It was an instant love, like that born when Romeo's eyes met those of Juliet; when Henry Irving first focused his vision and admiration on Ellen Terry's golden head.

"Bill is still young enough to get over it," said the friendly lookers-on. But Bill didn't want to get over it. He didn't try to get over it. Does a bee try to avoid the rose or the honey-pot? The charms of the lovely Neapolitan drew, held, enchained him.

Broadway soon knew the romance because *Messala* rarely, if ever, arrived at or departed from the stage door alone. Usually by his side was the beautiful woman whose head reached his own imposing shoulder, whose figure was of the luscious type, whose eyes were soft as black velvet, but luminous as the stars that shone upon Broadway and all the lonely spaces that knew not Broadway but were to know both Bill Hart and Corona Riccardo.

An incident acquainted all the reading world with Billy Hart's love. The lovely Neapolitan *Iras* and her ever-attendant *Messala* issued from the stage door of the Broadway Theater. Out of the darkness sprang a narrow-faced, furtive-eyed man who pressed a legal looking document into Miss Riccardo's hands. Miss Riccardo with an imperious gesture dashed it out of his hand flinging it into the street.

"What is it?" asked the actor.

"This man has been annoying me for a week about some silly bill," said *Iras*.

"Stop annoying this lady, sir," said the majestic young actor. He knocked the man down. Walking around the writhing, prostrate body, *Messala* led *Iras* to a cab and escorted her to her home.

The news appeared on the front pages of the newspaper. The process server was ignored. He was merely the hook on which to hand a glowing story of the love that had grown with each performance of "Ben-Hur."

There were rumors of an engagement between the pair. There was an announcement of approaching marriage. Wherever the beautiful Italian went the American actor was seen beside her or in her wake. Their love was one of the chief ardors of many-ardored Broadway.

What intervened has remained a mystery. Bill Hart was a man of single-hearted affection. The Italian enchantress had many admirers. He went on tour. She remained in New York to play "Marta of the Lowlands," at the Manhattan Theater.

Tragedy impended one October evening. Miss Riccardo,

(Continued on page 109)

The fascination scene from "Ben-Hur," with Corona Riccardo and the late Edward Morgan. Miss Riccardo was the most alluring of all the dark beauties who played *Iras* in the famous Lew Wallace play.

"Oh, Red!"

FOR some reason ancient history frequently has impolite things to say about ladies whose crowning glory (Shakespeare) was the color of a California sunset—i. e. and viz.:—sort o' rosy. Vulgarians referred to this variety of beauty a generation ago as Strawberry Blonde. Yet here we find as delightful damozels as one would meet in a day's stroll on Spring street or Broadway, all thus bedizened. Just because Cleopatra, Lucrezia Borgia, Madames Pompadour and Du Barry, to say nothing of Zaza and Charlotte Corday, had red hair, is no reason why the rude myth should be continued.

Animble temper dances attendance upon the damozels with flaming tresses. When Kittie Gordon quarrels with the one-night stands in the speakie world all she has to do is sign a fresh movie contract.

Madame Olga Petrova, besides being an aristocrat of the stage and screen, a musician and a writer, possesses auburn hair that poets would rave about—and they have been known to do so. Madame, in her recent vaudeville tour, smashed all records.

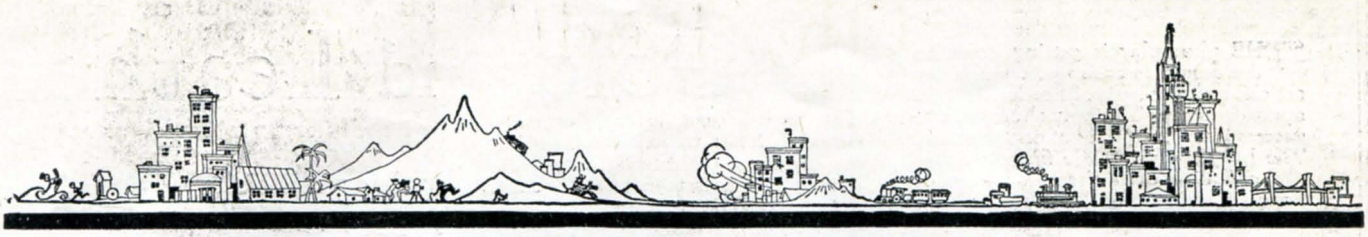
Billie Burke can see the Midnight Follies on a busy night and not even speak to the guy on the gate. It isn't because her hair is Titian, which it is, but because her husband is Florenz Ziegfeld, Follies owner.

Pearl White's public hair is golden, golden as the sheen of glittering, golden, ah—gold. Her private hair is sort of auburnish. The title of this picture is "Comin' Thru With the Rye." No, no, no, Rollo, not what you mean.

We recollect that one day a Harvard lad, by name Arms, trickled into a Boston newspaper office and got a job writing murders: The only reason we relate this zestful anecdote is that Mae Marsh is now Mrs. Arms. Oh, yes, she has red hair.

Mary Thurman has rosy hair and a rosy disposition. How could a girl be reared in Mack Sennett's comedy factory and have a happy disposition? Making comedies is no laughing matter.

If we ever get a job as press agent for Miss G. Swanson we shall always refer to her as Glittering Gloria. Or Gorgeous Gloria. Her hair qualifies her for this page but if we ever have a Golden-Haired Ladies' page, she'll be there, too.



WEST IS EAST

A Few Impressions

By DELIGHT EVANS

THERE was a Time,
Not so Long Ago,
When I was Thrilled
To a Frazzle
At the Mere Thought
Of Going to See
A Star.
Why, I would Go
To the Door of
Imogene Awful's
Apartment, and
Knock in
Fear and Trembling, and
Actually be Grateful when
A Scornful Maid
Told Me to Wait. And then
I'd Stumble over
The Near-Persians into
Imogene's Awful—
I Mean Imogene Awful's
Presence, and Stammer,
"It was Nice of You
To Let Me Come" and she
Would Smile Graciously, and
Say,
"So Sorry I Couldn't
Keep those Appointments
Last Week but
I was So Busy, so
Terribly Busy, having
Fits—
At the Modiste's, of course—
And Posing for Pictures and
Attending Teas—they
Will Give Teas for Me—"
By that Time
I'd Taken in
Her Apartment with
Its Chinese Lamps and its
Japanese Incense
And its New Jersey Phonograph and
Grand Rapids Antique
Furniture and
Its Portraits of Dear Imogene
On the Piano and
On the Mantelpiece and
Framed for the Walls:
Dear Imogene
With her Dear Dolls, and
Imogene with her
Thoroughbred Pom—
It Bore
A Startling Resemblance
To the Star Herself—
And Imogene
Frisking on the Lawn
And
Ever so Many Other
Little Poses.
And I Said
I was So Sorry to Bother her and
She Said, "Oh no My Dear—
No Bother at all—
Only, I've had
So Many Interviews, I never Know
Just What to Say. Would
You Like to See
My New Furs?
Mom," she Shrieked,
"Bring in
My Baby-Lamb."
A Timid Woman Entered,
Leading a Little Child
By the Hand.
Imogene
Screamed.
"Take him
Away. Not Algernon.
Me Coat, Mom!"
"Pardon Me," I Said,
"I did Not Know
You were Married."
"Ah yes," Sighed Imogene,
Resignedly,
"I Married
A Russian—no,
A French Count—by the way,
What is the Favorite
Nationality Among
Your Dear Readers
This Year?
Ah yes—he
Travels for his Government, and
Little Algernon
Looks Just like him.
Did you Ask Me
My Hobbies?
Words Fail to Express
My Love for Literature.
I Read
The Doll's House and
All of Ibsen's Children's Stories
To Algernon Every Evening.
As for Shaw—well,
I Think "The Restless Sex"
Was the Best Picture of the Year.
And Music—Mon Doo!
I Think Chopin's New
Musical Comedy is
The Sweetest Thing—
Isn't it Nice that
All the Violinists
Are Going in for
Musical Comedy?
And Sculpture—I Dearly Love
Paul Swan.
And Now—
Speaking of Art—
I Want to Show You
My Latest Portraits.
Here's One
I Rather Like—taken
In My Little Motor—
Custom-built Body,
Baby-blue,
Containing
Cellarette—that's
Only for Iced Tea,
Of Course—
Makeup Box,
Kitchenette, and
Just Everything. And—
By the way, I Forgot
To Tell You the
Most Important Thing
Of All. I
Am Going to Europe!"
"When," I asked Hopefully,
"Do You Start?"

Well, that's
Just about the Way It was.
A Personally Autographed
Photograph of
Imogene was Just as Good
As a Court Decoration,
Any Day.
Now,
How Different!
I've Discovered, and
Passed it on, that
Stars are not
Heavenly Bodies, after all,
But Only Human.
They Get Married, and
Raise Families, just like
All the Rest of the World, and
Take Cold in their Heads—
Here to Pay and Gone
To Borrow, you Might Say.
Films have Grown
Too Big, for
Stars to Shine
So Brightly, Any More.
No Longer is a Photoplay
Merely a Series of Closeups
Of Our Imogene.
Audiences want
Life, not
Curly Locks;
Stories, not
Baby-Stares.
We're Tired
Of Hearing
The Stars Talk
About Their Art: it's
Old-fashioned.
Of Course, we Wouldn't
Want them to
Twinkle Out Altogether—
They're
A Pretty Regular Bunch,
After All.

"I married a Russian, no,—a French count!"

"THE photoplay is getting down to the only true basis upon which any art can stand: a basis of honest, deliberate expression. The only short road to success is the long road of one at a time. The biggest output, the finest studios, the collaring of a champion crop of bona fide authors—all these have been tried, and have failed to advance picture art at all."

Gold and Leather

Photoplay Magazine's annual summary of motion picture progress and retrogression for the year 1920.

"WHAT have you done in 1920?"

Let's be sure we are putting that question to the right parties.

The surface aspects of the photoplay industry have changed less, in the past twelve months than in any preceding year of picture history. That is to say, the visible screen reflects almost the identical pageant of drama and comedy beauty and strength, enchanting construction and bizarre location that it did in December, 1919.

But behind the screen, really epochal things have been happening. A fascinating, changeable craft, almost fluid in its substance, has been settling down, solidifying, discovering rules and taking on the principles of an industry which is understood rather than the laboratory manifestations of an experiment. We doubt if anyone will ever wholly understand women or the picture business; but in the worth-while establishments there has been a little less high-flying, and much more getting back to first principles.

Heretofore great acting, notable direction and realistic writing have been more or less matters of happy accident. Now do not misunderstand us! We do not mean that the few genuine remarkables of our art have been mere blunders. We do mean that the conditions surrounding actor, director and author have heretofore been haphazard. There was no scientific progress because as yet everything was experimental. There was no painstaking following-out of any logical path because there were no logical paths. There was no systematic coöperation of writer and producer and player because these had not learned coöperation except in a very primitive, occasional way. Yet once in awhile, amid a welter of mediocre offerings, appeared a great photoplay, as scarce and strange as big, sweet raspberries on a wild raspberry bush. Then, everyone claimed the credit. The author was sure he did it. The director knew that it was all his. And on the very face of things, the actor embraced it as his own.

If you look below the present surface of photoplay affairs you will see that this haphazardry no longer exists. It is not the occasional, isolated masterpiece which makes picture progress today. Picture progress is being made by those individuals and corporations who have determined to make good pictures, one at a time; each, like a play or a novel, being worked out according to its individual premise, and whatever its corporate or series relationships, making its own way in the world, and standing or falling as it gives, or fails to give, an artistic transcript of human life. The quantity idea has been definitely junked where good pictures are concerned. Yet the solo photoplays in several instances are the product of houses which also have the old program obligation to fulfill. While good and bad grist cannot issue from the same mill, theoretically, it *is* issuing, actually, from several of the most famous sunlight factories in America.

The photoplay is getting down to the only true basis upon which any art can stand: a basis of honest, deliberate expression. The only short road to success is the long road of one at a time. The biggest output, the finest studios, the collaring of a champion crop of bona fide authors—all these have been tried, and have failed to advance picture art at all, or the producers' finances very much.

So now we are back to our very first question, and when we repeat, "What have you done in 1920?" we realize that the most responsible persons, the ones who can give the only final answers, are the producers themselves. The actors, the directors and even the aforementioned bona fide authors are bound in the net of the employer's plans, hobbled by his education and imagination, and either glorified or crippled as his vision is sane and far-seeing, or petty and avaricious.

It isn't "What have you done, Mr. Meighan and Mr. Farnum, Miss Frederick and Miss Joyce?"

It is "What are *you doing*, Mr. Paramount, Mr. Goldwyn, and Mr. Metro?"

By way of answering the question by reviewing the evidence let us consider, first, a few of the plays of the twelve-month:

The Year's

"Way Down East" furnishes marvelous directorial technique throughout and a new thrill at the finish.

"Humoresque" radiates the pathos and comedy of the simplest lives.

IT was easy, last year, to pick three preëminent photoplays. They were "Broken Blossoms," "The Miracle Man," and "Blind Husbands."

No single taste can ever be a universal criterion, hence "the best ten," or "the best three" or "the best half-dozen" of anything is never "the best" to everybody. But if we were to pick what seem to us preëminent, in this year 1920, we would name "'Way Down East," made by Mr. Griffith; "Humoresque," made by International; "Why Change Your Wife," made by Mr. de Mille of Paramount, and "The Devil's Pass-Key," made by Mr. von Stroheim of Universal. Each of these has a different excellence. "Humoresque" radiates the pathos and comedy of the simplest lives; "'Way Down East" furnishes marvelous directorial technique throughout and a new thrill at the finish; "Why Change Your Wife" is a glittering exaggeration of the ornate and voluptuous day in which we live; "The

Medals for the Year

By JAMES R. QUIRK
Editor of Photoplay

"SCREEN excellence has gone beyond the director's control even though these hard-working individuals still consider themselves the beginning and end of every photoplay worth while. Opportunity and progress lie in the hands of the producing masters who recognize the worth of individual effort by author, director, players and corporation combined."

Devil's Pass-Key" is a miracle of detail—in fact, we think it challenges, in its mosaic perfections, any photoplay ever made.

But there were other wonderfully enjoyable things. Ince, for instance, offered two, wholly dissimilar; the tragic and powerful "Behind the Door," and the inimitably droll "Twenty-Three and a Half Hours' Leave." There was King Vidor's "Jack-Knife Man," an unmatchable whimsicality. Or Vitagraph's "Trumpet Island," and its re-creation of "Dollars and the Woman," with Alice Joyce. Paramount-Artcraft's real super-pictures ranged from the great "Jekyll-Hyde" of John Barrymore, and "The Copperhead" played by his brother Lionel, to the Fitzmaurice-Murray "On With the Dance"—a piece showy and elegant despite its theatrical insincerity. Goldwyn vouchsafed the Will Rogers pictures, and such things as the audacious oddity "Scratch My Back," by Rupert Hughes, on the one hand, and the elemental "Madame X," and that daring psychic excursion, "Earthbound," on the other. Fox, frankly busy with mere program provender, still found time to issue such a novelty as the trilogy "While New York Sleeps," with its mediocre beginning, its maudlin middle—and its terrific and breath-taking finalé. And there were Tourneur's "Victory," and "Suds," via Mary Pickford, and "The Mollycoddle," from Mary Fairbanks' husband, and "Eyes of Youth," a magnificent photoplay from Clara Kimball Young; Universal's Harry Carey pictures; several worthwhiles by that Talmadge named Constance; Harold Lloyd's pictures; the Pathé serials; Roscoe Arbuckle's "The Garage," and his five-reeler, "The Round-Up"; Marshall Neilan's pictures, and a few of Anita Stewart's. Special mention must be made of "The Scoffer," and "Luck o' the Irish," directed by Allan Dwan, and in which the veteran Jim Kirkwood stages what is perhaps the most marvelously complete comeback in photoplay history.

Four Best

"Why Change Your Wife" is a glittering exaggeration of the ornate and voluptuous day in which we live.

"The Devil's Pass-Key" is a miracle of detail—it challenges, in its mosaic perfections, any photoplay ever made.

AMONG the actors we find, this year, one thoroughly deserved, thoroughly gratifying arrival at stardom: Thomas Meighan. He is a star absolutely made by that surest of all star-judgers, the public. The public followed him faithfully through longer years of apprenticeship than any other male luminary ever had, and when his elevation to the firmament came it was accomplished without jar to the subject, and without the infliction of flamboyant press-agentry on his following.

In "'Way Down East" Dick Barthelmess did his finest work outside "Broken Blossoms." Perhaps it was a harder thing to put across than the Limehouse Chink, because the part was "straight." Anyway, it was a revelation in registered emotion. Jim Kirkwood we have mentioned, but his accomplishments this year are greater than those of any actor save Tommy Meighan. Charles Ray is suffering from an attack of seriousness. Charles Ray of "The Hick" was the idol of young and old—masses of classes. If "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway" is a mere experiment, well and good. If it is a sample of new adventures—alas for Charles! Wallace Reid is a better actor than most of his pictures permit him to be; and he holds his idol's place more than those pictures warrant. Douglas Fairbanks flashed back to his old form once—in "The Mollycoddle." Elliott Dexter has returned—as suave, as polished, as spiritually alert as ever, if not as physically forceful. Eugene O'Brien needs better plays; he has had nothing of consequence since "The Perfect Lover." Antonio Moreno seems to be the king of serials, with William Duncan, a more robust but not so romantic actor, running him close for honors. William Farnum maintains his hold on the public not only by his force but by his great sincerity, yet he needs more vehicles which fit him as snugly as "If I Were King." Jack Holt has emerged from villainy to heroism, and he has proved the wisdom of his managers in so casting him. Harrison Ford, Douglas MacLean, David Powell, Casson Ferguson, Niles Welch, Charles Meredith, Ralph Graves, John Bowers, Jack Mulhall, Cullen Landis, Mahlon Hamilton, Kenneth Harlan, Wyndham Standing—all good actors enjoying wide favor. Conway Tearle, now a star, will probably always be Conway Tearle whatever his vehicle. Milton Sills as a screen husband is excelled only by Meighan and Dexter. Herbert Rawlinson has suffered from the lack of good stories. Bert Lytell might be said to be an equal victim of story-starvation; but, nevertheless, he has done notably good work at Metro in notably poor scenarios; "The Right of Way" probably gave the best demonstration of his talents during the past year.

Among the comedians Harold Lloyd is the leader. Roscoe Arbuckle has, to a greater or lesser degree, worn only well-won but ancient laurels. Chaplin seems to have retired from business. Buster Keaton is a comer. At Sennett's Ben Turpin is starring his way to fame, and Louise Fazenda is genuinely funny now and then; but otherwise the great laugh-foundry of Alessandro street keeps in work only to depict the lovely legs of Marie, Phyllis, *et al.*, and the sagacious antics of Teddy, greatest of picture dogs.

Among the character men Theodore Roberts and George Fawcett are undisputed leaders, with Roberts a few laps ahead

(Continued on page 110)

"All Is Not Gold, etc."

Which gives you some down-to-earth facts about the millions(?) which await the investor in new motion picture companies.

By JOHN G. HOLME

HOW do they get the money?

When sound, well established business corporations with millions in assets and great earning power find it difficult to market their securities at high interest, when foreign governments, offering what we would have considered a few years ago usurious rate of interest, fail to interest our investors, how do embryo motion picture companies with no assets and wholly speculative earning capacity manage to gather in millions of dollars in return for certificates which no sane banker in the world would recognize as collateral?

How did Lee Francis Lybarger, Chautauqua lecturer, manage to dispose of $500,000 stock to produce his picture play, called "Democracy?"

We are all fond of democracy. Millions of us are willing to sacrifice our lives for democracy. But how many of us are ready to "hock" our watches to see the idea of democracy, as conceived by Mr. Miller, converted into a film drama?

How did Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller, writer on historical subjects, manage to sell more than $100,000 of Crusaders stock?

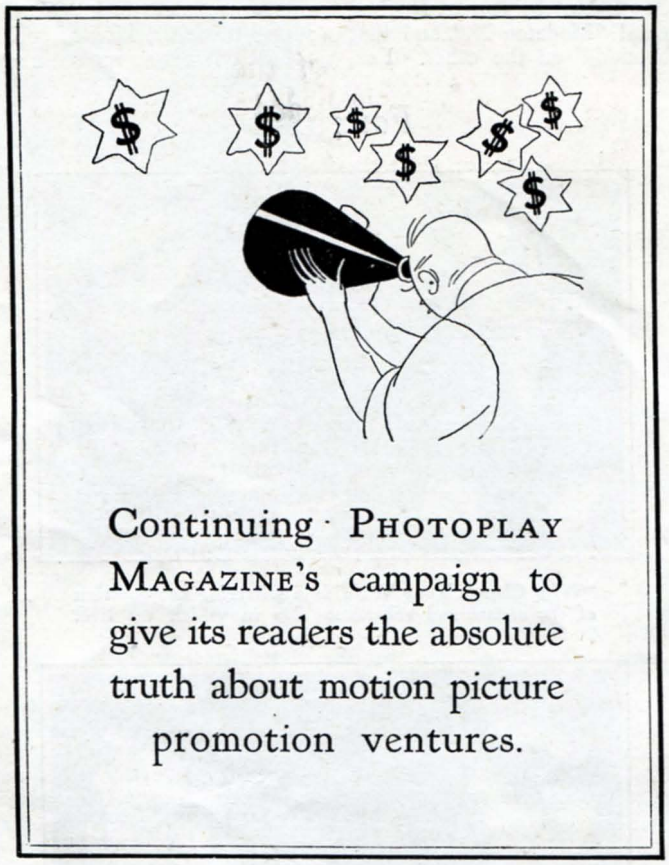
How did Frederick F. Stoll, real estate agent, miner and former post office employe, gather in more than $400,000 for the production of his "Determination?"

Most promoters in other lines have some small tangible capital to begin with before they start selling stock. They hold title to a supposedly valuable piece of ground, believed to contain gold or silver or oil or some precious or useful deposits, or they hold option on this piece of ground, or they have patented articles which they propose to manufacture and market.

But most of the motion picture promoters who induce the public to finance their companies, have nothing to sell but an idea, and you cannot patent an idea. And their ideas may not be worth patenting. One marvels at the ability of these men to "sell" themselves to the public.

But the fact of the matter is that they rarely attempt to "sell" *themselves.*

They "sell" "Birth of a Nation," "The Million Dollar Mystery," "Civilization," "The Miracle Man," "Daddy Long-Legs," "Mickey," and "Tarzan of the Apes." By the time this article is published, promoters of wild cat motion picture companies will be "selling" Griffith's "Way Down East."



In other words they sell their stock almost entirely, if not entirely, on the strength of the achievements of other men in the motion picture field. Every motion picture man knows this. Promoters of motion picture companies would starve to death if they could not point to the achievements of David Wark Griffith, Thomas H. Ince, Mack Sennett, George Loane Tucker and others. They manage to convey the idea to their investors that they can do what Griffith, Ince, Sennett and Tucker and the other successful motion picture men have done.

Well, what have they done?

These men, whom I have mentioned by name, and many others, have made magnificent pictures. They have achieved well-deserved fame. But how many of them are what we call today rich men? Not one of them. They are just moderately well to do. *The fact of the matter is that you could count on the fingers of one hand the men who have made a million dollars in the production of motion pictures.* And even if you have lost one or two digits, you will not be disqualified from keeping the tally.

David Wark Griffith, Inc. is offering $1,875,000 in stock through the big brokerage houses of the country, and Griffith pictures have grossed more money than the pictures of any film producer in the world. Would Griffith, who has never produced a big picture that failed financially, be issuing stock and pledging an annual dividend of $1.50 on a $15 share if he had cleared millions? Go to any successful motion picture producer anywhere and compliment him on his financial success, and if he is frank and good-natured he'll laugh at you. If he is frank and ill-natured, he'll kick you out of his office. But the chances are that he will feel under no obligations to be frank, and that he will treat you to a lot of talk about millions. Motion picture men, honest and dishonest, wise and foolish, have developed financial conversation to a fine art. *But the millions they talk about are mostly conversational millions.*

And if you pursue your inquiry further, you will learn, perhaps to your astonishment, that the big money in motion pictures does not lie in the producing end of the industry, but in the distribution and exhibiting ends. The producer is the lad that puts up the big money to make the picture and assumes all the risks, and the number of risks in film production is

(Continued on page 114)

NINETEEN *and* PHYLLIS

She placed her little hand on Andrew's arm, and they floated away into Paradise.

A tale of youth and love—and a Boy's first real dress suit—and a Girl's first diamond ring!

By LULIETTE BRYANT

"WHERE'S that Andrew?" demanded Uncle, belligerently.

"Up in his room," was Auntie's placid reply.

"Oh, he is, is he? 'Taint *possible* he's going to bed, for once in his life, at the proper hour for a boy like him *to* go!"

"No," admitted Auntie. Voice and look hovered over Uncle indulgently, as if he were a very small and fractious child. "He's getting ready for the party."

"Getting ready for a party! At this time of night! Eight o'clock this minute! Eight o'clock, and going somewhere! Just starting! Not started, even! Just *getting ready* to start, at eight o'clock!"

Uncle's accusing glare vibrated between the placid face of the kitchen clock and the placid face of Auntie. Neither of the faces showed a quiver of emotion. The clock kept on ticking, and Auntie kept on knitting.

"I don't know why you have him go out every single night!" Uncle went on popping his violent little sentences against the wall of Auntie's placidity. "A boy like him ought to be home and abed nights. When I was his age—"

"When you were Andrew's age," came one of Auntie's rare interruptions, "you spent every single evening of your life on my father's front porch, or in the parlor, talking to me. Unless we went to singing school, or to prayer meeting, or a strawberry festival or a corn husking. And I haven't a doubt that your father said to your mother 'what makes you *have* him go out every night?' And she told him 'that's what *you* did at his age!' Nineteen's been nineteen ever since the beginning of creation, Daniel. If Andrew didn't want to dress up and run after the girls and know more than us old folks about everything, I'd worry about him!"

"Urr-umm-ph!" grunted Uncle, rather ineffectively. He was spared the necessity for any more adequate retort by the appearance of Andrew himself, on whom he now turned.

"Nice time o' night to be going out! And I suppose you think you look about right! White pants! Well, you will admit, Alviry, that I didn't wear white pants when I was nineteen!"

"No, neither did anybody else in our village. But you had the first pair of them tight, creased ones, in bright blue, that any of us ever saw. You wore 'em first to Ellen Perkins's birthday dance. My, wasn't I proud of you! I guess Phyllis is going to think you look about right, Andrew."

The boy flashed a grateful look at her. He was a slim, straight youth, immaculately fresh and clean now, from his shining hair to the tips of his white canvas shoes. "My tie all right?" he asked, anxiously.

"Looks pretty as can be," she assured him. "If you behave as well as you look you'll do very well."

A little, reluctant smile tugged at the corners of Uncle's mouth as the boy went, whistling, down the street. "My mother always said *that* to me, too," he admitted, "'bout behaving as well as I looked. Well, the boy aint so bad, Alviry, only he prinks too much, and he's sort of fickle. Seems like he's got no persistency in anything!"

"Persistency! Daniel Cavanaugh, did you notice his hair? It's took six months of solid effort to get every hair on the top of his head to lay in just the opposite direction from what the Lord intended. But he's accomplished it. And how many hours do you think he practiced before he could knot a four-in-hand tie like that?"

"But why don't he use his persistency for something *sensible?*" urged Uncle doggedly.

"Why? Because he's nineteen, that's why!" chuckled Auntie. "Well, I hope he hasn't kept Phyllis waiting."

As if any man, however late he was, ever kept a girl waiting when she was going to a dance! As Andrew rang the bell Phyllis stood in front of her mirror, adroitly rolling her blond curls into a fluffy knot for the fourteenth time, the previous

It was a big, burly surprise, with the face of a thug and a revolver in its outstretched hand.

thirteen attempts having been unsatisfactory. This done, it was the work of several minutes to slip into the pink and white daintiness of her gown, apply a last fluff of powder and run lightly down the stairs.

"He's here! Grandfather's talking to him," she told herself, "and he's all excited about that burglar! Now have I to go all over *that* question again!"

"I consider it very unsafe for my granddaughter to go out, when a masked bandit roams the streets every night," the ponderous voice of Judge Laurin was booming. "In my day, a Southern gentleman carried a gun. Such outlawry was unknown. And we knew how to shoot. Many a duel—"

"Yes, yes, grandfather, but duels went out with quadrilles and powdered hair," interrupted Phyllis, saucily.

"But Southern chivalry did not go out then, nor any other time," declared Andrew unexpectedly. With a flourish he drew from his pocket a revolver. Phyllis screamed.

"Andrew Cavanaugh! The very idea! Is that thing loaded?"

"It is," said Andrew, with a nonchalant gesture which brought the point of the weapon in direct line with the Judge's heart. The Judge hastily moved himself out of range.

"The idea of a boy your age being allowed,—" he began to sputter. Then, recalling his previous remarks he began all over again. "Very creditable of you, Andrew. But don't be rash! Never point a gun toward anybody, friend or foe, unless you intend to shoot if necessary."

"Then you're willing for me to go with Andrew, of course," said Phyllis, quick to see her advantage.

"Hm-m-m! Well, you must take the street car both ways. No walking because the moon is bright, mind you!"

Another moment and for Andrew the great evening had really begun. He was walking the block to the street car, serene in the glory of his new white trousers, his freshly pressed coat, his real silk shirt, his absolutely spotless white gloves! Never before had a boy in Vixville donned gloves for a dance on a hot summer night! And clinging to his arm was Phyllis, the most adorable girl in all the Southland, the girl whom everybody wanted—especially Jimmy Long. Well, he'd show Jimmy—fresh thing! Just because he worked for Jimmy's father was no reason why a girl should prefer Jimmy to him. And Phyllis didn't, he felt sure of it. What could Jimmy give her that he couldn't? Nothing! He would work early and late, he would conquer fortune, surmount obstacles, slay bandits, fight duels—Andrew's fancy rose to ecstatic heights, while the little hand of Phyllis lay on his arm and the round moon laughed down through the low branching maples.

The car which they caught at the corner was filled with boys and girls who gave them uproarious welcome. A dance at Burban Hall always meant that the street car company ran a special car out there, which waited and brought the young folks back promptly on the stroke of twelve. Andrew gave a quick glance at the crowd and breathed a sigh of relief. Jimmy was not among those present.

"Stayed at home to pout, 'cause Phyllis turned him down for me," he thought exultantly. "No one looks so nice as you," whispered Phyllis. "I don't see how you manage it, Andrew. You look just like the fashion sheet in Dibbon's window!"

"I'll manage anything to please *you*," he answered, brushing aside the thought of several little unpaid bills for his elegance. "A man owes it to himself to look his best if he's going to make his mark in the business world," he went on, grandly. "I got a pretty important place now, you know, in Long's office."

"I hope he appreciates you," Phyllis said. "He's a very rich man, isn't he?"

"Oh, pretty rich. But he'll do a lot better when he gets ready to take in a young partner to push things along: 'Course he'll have to take in somebody, because that son of his hasn't got the brains nor the sense nor the ambition to do anything but walk around the streets and sit in drug stores and get fatter every day!"

"He is fat," Phyllis agreed. "I just *despise* a man that's so fat. And you really think Mr. Long notices you?"

"Notices me? Him and me had a long talk this afternoon, right in his office. I bet Jimmy hasn't had as much talk as that with his dad in his office ever, in all his life!"

Andrew did not consider it necessary to go into the details of his conference with Mr. Long. Why tell Phyllis that the "old man" had taken ten minutes to explain to him that something besides neat dressing and good manners was needed to make a successful office boy? Women didn't understand business, anyhow!

Andrew's joy and self-satisfaction went with him all the way into the coat room, where the other fellows eyed him with frank envy as old Mose brushed his coat with flattering deference. Then, suddenly, rendingly, as all great tragedies come,

his happiness fell from him like a tattered garment, and he stood wrapped in the trappings of deepest gloom.

Into the room had come a fat, smug, smirking creature, with a round, shining, loathsome face, wearing a detestable, complacent grin and *a real dress suit!*

Andrew rubbed his eyes feebly, but the nightmare did not vanish. There he stood, drawing off white gloves, handing a *silk hat* and a *cane* to old Mose who had basely deserted to this newcomer. A babel of young voices went up in good humored banter.

"Hello, Jimmy! Well, look what's here! Which bank did *you* rob? *Now* we know who the masked burglar is! How'd you come? Didn't see you in the car."

"I drove my own car up," was Jimmy's reply. It fell into the gay chorus like a bomb. There was an unbelieving silence, then "You got a car, honest?" came an awed voice.

"Certainly. Why not?" And Jimmy, having handed Mose a greenback, strolled from the room, amid absolute silence.

"Suah's Ise a live man, this heah's a puffickly good dollah bill!" Old Mose broke the stillness. "I guess things is lookin' up in Vixville sassiety from now on. Seems like the ole days befo' the wah, when gemmun dressed like gemmun and tossed theys money about easy like!"

"Oh, come on, fellows!" It was Andrew's voice, keyed to an almost hysterical pitch, "are we going to stand here and let a big fat mutt like him put it all over us just because his dad is rich?"

It was a good thing that the revolver in Andrew's pocket really held no bullets. For there was murder in the boy's heart as he saw Jimmy standing beside Phyllis, just about to swing her into the opening dance. With one bound, Andrew was between them, shoving Jimmy away with no ceremony.

"I think as a general thing it's customary for a girl to give the first dance to the man that brings her," he snapped. "I guess Phyllis is a lady who knows what good manners are, even if some folks don't know the first principles of etiquette!"

It was an inspired speech. Phyllis, like all her sex, loved to be fought over, loved to be bossed, loved to be flattered. She placed her little hand on Andrew's arm and they floated away into Paradise. But through Andrew's bliss ran one dominant thread of thought: Women's heads were easily turned. Somehow, he must make sure of Phyllis!

"Phyllis," the young voice was husky with emotion, "will you promise to marry me, sometime?"

"Why *Andrew!* I couldn't promise. I'm too young!" Her little-girl face flushed deliciously; her eyes looked up at him like two stars, silver-blue.

"You're not too young to be engaged, and wear an engagement ring!"

"Oo-oo-oo! A real engagement ring! A diamond solitaire! That one we saw in the window yesterday. Is that what you mean, you *dear?*"

Andrew's brain reeled. He had meant a little pearl that had been his mother's. He had quite forgotten the ring that reposed on a pink velvet bed in the jeweler's window. Above it was a card marked in firm, unswerving, black figures $500. Yesterday he and Phyllis had seen it and laughed. Yes, laughed! Would he ever laugh again? Where would he get five hundred dollars? But with the star-eyes fixed expectantly on his face he laughed and lied, calmly, like a gentleman.

"That's the one," he declared. "You'll be engaged to me, won't you?"

"Yes," she breathed, happily. "But let's not tell Grandfather until next week. I'll be eighteen then, and you can bring the ring on my birthday and tell him!"

"Splendid!" said Andrew. His spirits were rising. A week is a long respite, at nineteen. His thoughts raced feverishly to playing the curb market, finding an oil well in Uncle's back lot, perfecting and patenting an invention, wheedling Auntie's Liberty Bonds from her. That last idea struck him as fairly feasible. Anyhow, much could happen in a week.

Much *did* happen! That very night the masked burglar actually held up the car full of boys and girls, coolly striking down Andrew's unloaded revolver, making them all hold up their hands, and taking from them the grand total of seven dollars and forty-two cents, to which Andrew's contribution was one dime and one copper! And this resulted in Judge Laurin's offer of one thousand dollars for the capture of the bandit, the money to be paid over to the captor as soon as the victim was delivered to the Judge. *(Continued on page 116)*

He could not get the ring until he had paid at least half its value.

A Belle of Bogota

South American ancestry endowed Bebe Daniels with her personality and "background."

By
JOAN JORDAN

She has the eyes of a Mona Lisa and the swaying walk of a Carmen.

NOW that she has climbed the ladder into the Milky Way where she shines—a blazing, intensely bright little star amid its many luminaries—they are going to call Bebe Daniels "the good little bad girl."

But to me she always has been and always will be "the girl with the background."

There are girls who remind you of Tanagra statuettes, daintily aloof and isolated, or of splendid Rubens beauties sufficient unto themselves; or comet-like girls simply marking a swift, unattached trail across the sky of motion pictures. There are lovely women who somehow suggest an American beauty on its single stalk, stripped of even its leaves, instead of a rose in a garden or in a silver vase.

But Bebe Daniels, both in her vivid screen portrayals and her no less vivid private self, seems as rich in background as a Rembrandt.

Very clever women in history have often, by long and arduous and sometimes devious ways, established a sort of background for themselves.

Bebe, I imagine, was born with hers, and it is more a matter of personality and character, mannerisms and expressions than of surroundings or even associations. No matter what she wears, or even if, as will happen, she wears almost nothing at all, one sees behind her, streets filled with bright, waving flags, blazing beneath tropical sunshine; streets overhung with balconies where dusky-haired maidens, with scarlet roses held between still more scarlet lips, lean down in answer to the luring strains of a guitar.

This background gives Bebe Daniels that insouciance, that feminine insolence that more than any other one thing has brought her stardom, the latest of the Realart headliners.

You may not consider her beautiful, but she has the eyes of a Mona Lisa and the swaying walk of a Carmen, so it wouldn't matter if the rest of her were as ugly as Caliban.

"The good little bad girl."

Well, women will never believe her good and men will never believe her bad, so there you are. The woman doesn't live who can honestly feel perfectly happy when she looks at eyes like Bebe Daniels', that's all. We aren't made that way.

Her name is really Bebe. Her grandmamma named her.

And about grandmamma—

She had a lot to do, no doubt, with that background.

For grandmamma was a famous South American beauty and heiress, many moons ago. Her father was the Governor of Bogota. And the beautiful heiress, only just in her teens, ran away and married the handsome young American consul to the United States of Colombia. It was a famous romance, one of the first of its kind, a romance that has since been sung again and again by poet and novelist and short story master.

So it isn't strange that Bebe has a background of romance.

She is a naïve young person, with a rippling flow of language not entirely dissociated from her hereditary Spanish, and an appealing way beneath the hauteur which made her so attractive in Cecil de Mille's masterpiece, "Why Change Your Wife?" She began her career twelve years ago at the age of seven with Selig in a picture called "The Common Enemy."

Los Angeles and Hollywood, where she is now working at the Lasky studio, are full of people who remember her when she was a promising child actress. She has played in Ibsen, Shakespeare, Maeterlinck, and many other classics.

"I'm so glad I am a star I can hardly tell you about it," she said. "I love it. I either love or hate things, you know. I love acting. I liked my comedies with Harold Lloyd, but I love my serious work best. I love music most of anything in the world—the kind of music that makes me *feel*.

" 'The good little bad girl?' Well, they say there are four kinds of women, bad women and good women, and good bad women and bad good women, so—"

Christmas Gifts and Giving

Are you a last minute shopper?
Are you wondering what to give?
Here are suggestions

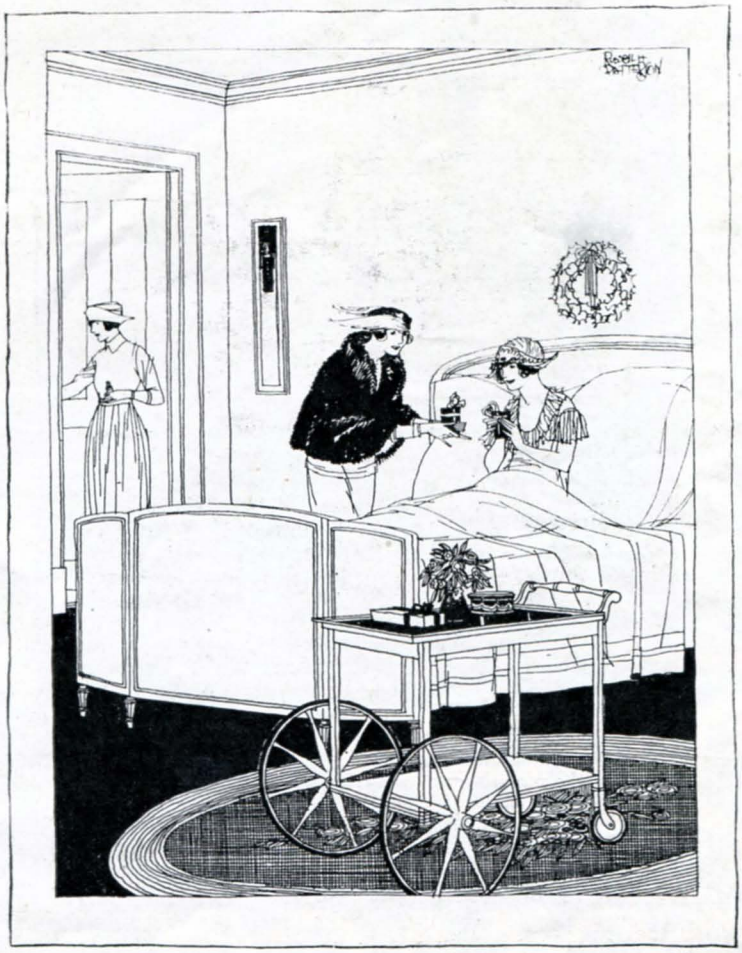
By NORMA TALMADGE

(Photoplay's Fashion Editor)

A FRIEND of mine decided one year to eliminate the giving of Christmas presents. It took too much time. Shopping was a nuisance. One never knew what to give people, etc., etc. All the old tried and true excuses presented themselves one after the other, and each one as it appeared seemed good and reasonable.

While other people were sewing and painting and embroidering their gifts she looked on in a superior fashion. While others were going from shop to shop picking and choosing gifts she went to lectures or the art galleries. Sometimes a little demon would whisper in her ear about the lovely scarf that Aunt Harriet had sent her last Christmas. It was a lovely scarf; she wished she hadn't decided to eliminate *everyone*, Aunt Harriet, for instance.

Things went on in this way with her through all the excitement of the last few days before the great holiday—through all the brightness of holly and mistletoe, of glittering shop windows and crowds of cheery people hurrying home, their arms heaped high with parcels—right up to Christmas morning, when it was time for her to open the gifts that had arrived in spite of her warning notes. A great many friends had calmly ignored the warning, other gifts had come from people she had forgotten to notify. Standing in the midst of their lovely profusion she had a good, old-fashioned, feminine cry. Then she wiped her eyes and out of the contriteness of her heart wrote to those friends telling them that at last she had come to realize the meaning of the Christmas spirit—the wish to bring happiness to others; that our little gifts do but typify the Great Gift that came to mankind that Christmas morning when the star shone over a stable in Bethlehem.



Tied with a saucy bow of red ribbon and topped by a sprig of holly, a glass of red jelly makes a delectable gift to Christmas sick-a-beds.

That is the Christmas message that I should like to bring to each one of you—while I am wishing for you the very happiest Christmas that you have ever known. I believe that no gift carries the spirit of Christmas unless it takes with it all the good wishes that the heart of the giver can send—that every gift must carry with it peace and love and good will to all mankind.

Those people who think that Christmas "is too much bother" are missing a lot of happiness. Certainly it is a lot of work—so is everything else that is worth while. But what do you care if the fir tree sheds its needles on your best rug, or if the candles *do* happen to drip? I hope you will pile the fire high with logs, and load the tree with gifts, and hang up bright holly everywhere. It is Christmas time!

Of course, if you are one of those exceedingly competent people, you have your gifts all made and wrapped up—had them done a month ahead of time. But most of us aren't like that. We make the best resolutions in the world and suddenly we wake up to discover that Thanksgiving is over and there is only a matter of two or three weeks between us and the happy hour of trimming the Christmas tree.

One woman I know always includes all the sick people she has heard about in her Christmas list. Back in the summer months she had remembered that there would be many of them, even at the happiest time of the year, and she had devised their Christmas gifts then. She makes the most delectable jellies for these folks, by putting a layer of red jelly in a glass, then adding the purple of grapes and the yellow of the crab apples. Tied with a saucy bow of red ribbon and topped by a sprig of holly, a glass of this brilliant three-colored bit of cheer goes to every Christmas sick-a-bed.

One of the clever plans that have been devised recently for helping busy and harassed Christmas shoppers was tried out last year in a number of big department stores throughout the country. When the question of Christmas shopping comes up most people think of two things—"It's going to take more time than I can spare," and "I don't know what to give." The clever person who devised the plan I am talking about realized this, and set to work to overcome both difficulties. The shop that has installed this system sends you—if you are one of its customers—a letter that invites you to give them a list of the people to whom you wish to send gifts. It also tells you that the shop will be pleased to find out for you just what they would like to have. Then a charming, Christmassy letter goes to each person whose name was on your list, telling them that

a friend has asked to know what they would like to have, and suggesting that they send a list of at least five things. When the lists come back to the tactful woman at the shop who is playing the part of Christmas fairy she notifies you what they contain. When you select from the lists the articles you wish to give—you may do it over the telephone if you wish—she compiles the cost of the total. If you wish her to do so she will personally select the articles, see that they are wrapped with all the necessary holly and red ribbon and that they arrive at their destination the day before Christmas. Efficient? Well, rather!

Of course, the ideal way is to make the gifts that you are going to present to your friends at Christmas time. It is really surprising what beautiful things may be made at a comparatively small outlay of time—and time seems to be the thing we have the least of in these strenuous days.

Among the exquisite fabrics that are offered to the girl who is deft with her needle I think the loveliest is batik. Personally, I like to use it for every purpose to which it lends itself and I have at least a dozen batik smocks. Perhaps you have seen me wear some of them in the pictures. If you do not wish your gift in this material to take the form of a smock you may use batik with equally good results in cushion tops, lamp shades, screens and table covers. By the way, the history of batik is most interesting. The art of producing the lovely batik designs originated in Java, and in the language of that little-known land it means "painting in wax." Specimens of it were brought to Europe for the first time in 1642, when the Dutch discoverers of Java realized the beauty of this kind of work. The art was, however, known and practiced in Eastern lands long before that time. Goods were made in Madras, by a combination of batik and block printing, as early as the fifteenth century. It is said that in the interior of Java there are some wonderful old ruins that are supposed to be at least twelve hundred years old, and that contain stone statues of Buddha clothed in the same kind of garments the Javanese people wear today and ornamented with batik in the patterns that are still fashionable with Javanese belles. Just think how comfortable things would be in this country if the styles only changed once in a couple of thousand years instead of changing—as they seem to do today—between luncheon and tea time!

The principal garment worn by both men and women of Java is the *sarong* and the decorations of the *sarong* must be proof against both water (for the Javanese are very fond of bathing) and the rays of the fierce, tropic sun. For producing the designs, the process of "wax resist" is used. This means that before immersing the goods in the dye pot the patterns are carefully drawn on the material with melted beeswax, applied with a tiny instrument called a *tjanting*. The *tjanting* is a copper cup with a fine spout through which the melted wax is applied to the fabric. If the background of the design is to be black or indigo all the surface except the background is covered with wax. After the first color is set, the wax is washed off with soap and boiling water and the wax again applied to the parts that are not to receive the next color. This process continues until the entire pattern is completed, then all the wax is removed by a hot bath of wood ashes and soap. It is the crackling of the wax while the process is going on that makes those beautiful wavy irregular lines that we see so frequently in batik materials. This "crackle" effect that we admire so much is considered by the Javanese a sign of poor workmanship and they try to avoid it by crumpling the cloth as little as possible when dyeing the goods.

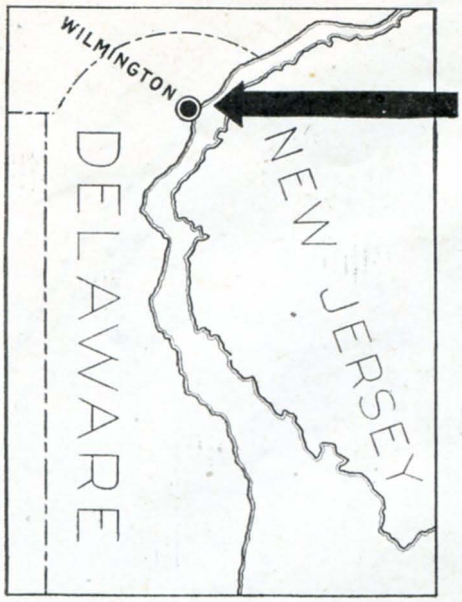
Among the exquisite fabrics that are offered to the girl who is deft with her needle, I think the loveliest is batik. I use it for many purposes, and have at least a dozen batik smocks.

What romance there is in every bit of material we use in the fashioning of our Christmas gifts! Countless silk worms have spun the thread for our embroidery work, and the history of the brilliant colors we use so carelessly makes the most thrilling fiction pale in comparison. There is romance and mystery in the smallest things that we use every day so unthinkingly. Kipling recognized this truth and gave it voice in "The Miracle."

In this matter of Christmas giving I hope you will not be *too* sensible. I am so sorry for the boy who gets a new cap for Christmas when his whole small soul has been yearning for skates. I knew a man once who bought his wife a sewing machine for Christmas! And when I heard about it I regretted that sewing machines aren't the sort of things that one can throw at people's heads! On the other hand, there is a boy who buys his grandmother the most frivolous of Christmas gifts. I met him last year as he was negotiating the purchase of the gayest negligée, all lace and frills and pink rosebuds, and I know that she was one of the happiest grandmothers in New York on Christmas morning when she opened this box of vanity.

Christmas is the time of magic; the time of good fairies; the time when dreams come true. Then why, oh, why, should we give "practical" things at this time? Every one should receive pretty things, the dainty things, the things that are too good to be true at any other time of the year. Mother would rather have roses and silk stockings than furniture or household linens. Perhaps father—bless his heart!—loves adventure tales. Then give them to him, and forget about bedroom slippers and neckties.

There is a young couple I know who contrive to have Christmas all the year. They have a penny bank in which are placed all the fines for "doing the things they should not do and leaving undone those things they should do." This bank opens its doors for business—so *(Continued on page 110)*



No Revolution Here!

Plainly, Estelle Taylor is a screen siren, and, contrariwise, she is not a royal refugee from Russia.

By
ARABELLA BOONE

Apeda

On the screen she's a most convincing coquette.

SHE glided on the screen with her easy grace, her slow sensuousness. She raised her arched eyebrows ever so little; she curled her provoking red mouth; one ringed hand was on her smooth silken hip. She was, the audience suspected, a vampire—that is, she would have been a vampire if they hadn't "gone out" a year ago. As it was, she made a first-class siren; and the masculine element of the audience sat forward. As for the women—they couldn't help liking her, somehow.

"Suppose she's Russian?" asked a flapper of her escort. "Or French, maybe."

"Naw," was the reply, "she's Spanish. Don't you know how they discovered her? Why, she was a Spanish dancer, and—"

A demure little girl in a box above the whispering couple smiled a little. She looked up at the screen where this Spanish lady in question was surely but subtly proving that Theda Bara, while effective, didn't know the half about vamping; and Valeska Suratt had a lot to learn about love. Then she considered herself.

She was a little above the medium height, with glossy black hair and glowing brown eyes and a red, red mouth. She wore a simple tailored suit and hat—she didn't look a bit sirenic. And if she hadn't been a modest young lady she would have patted herself upon her shapely back. For she was the vamp of the screen—Estelle Taylor; and she wasn't Spanish, or French, nor yet Russian. She was plain eastern-American—born in Wilmington, Delaware, to be disillusioningly exact.

For once Mr. Fox overlooked a good bet. You see he could have advertised her as a lady from Russia—who fled from revolution—and put her over. Or as a petite Parisienne, come to this country to escape her titled suitors, and finding refuge in the films. He simply gave Estelle Taylor, a promising, well-behaved young actress, a chance to show what she could do as a leading woman. Then, when she made good, a real rôle—or rather, three of them—in his melodramatic masterpiece, "While New York Sleeps." And having conquered this triple characterization, she was a full fledged prospective star, without benefit of foreign birth or artistic antecedents or anything like that.

Ever since she could remember, she has wanted to act. She went to dramatic school for a while but left it to join "Come On, Charlie," a musical comedy.

Then she joined the films, *doubling* for over a year!

Of course if you can stick at it you're in a fair way to become acquainted with casting and other directors. Which was precisely what happened to Estelle.

As it turned out she jumped right into leads. Did one with George Walsh for Fox. She had the leading rôles in "While New York Sleeps" and "My Lady's Dress."

Just as soon as she finished work in her first two big pictures, what do you suppose she did? She went home to Wilmington, Delaware, to visit the folks!

A vampiric moment from "My Lady's Dress."

The queen wept because she was getting fat. Then she ordered chicken patties, hot rolls, strawberry jam and cocoa.

When the Queen of Sheba Was a Kid

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

SOMEONE said to me the other day that Betty Blythe handled her body as a great artist handles a violin and with much the same exquisite results.

Perhaps that is why she was chosen from the clamoring thousands to play the title role in "The Queen of Sheba," the spectacular Fox production now being filmed.

But I suppose *my* thoughts of Betty must always be a bit reminiscent. We were "kids together." We went to our first dances and evening parties together. And talked all night after we got home.

My most vivid memory of her is at those first dances—when she was at the most trying period of a woman's life, that stage between girlhood and womanhood. I can see her now, tall, stiff, a bit too big and a trifle awkward. Yet making you gasp, in spite of it, by the real beauty of her face. I think I understood even then that she possessed beauty, as differentiated from prettiness or charm, though she herself knew so little how to display it or to handle it, and its impressive stateliness was more than half over the heads of the college boys and high school students.

She had, even then, that faculty for gorgeous, spontaneous, delightful laughter that still marks her. As a matter of fact she looks like Helen of Troy, 20th century edition,—and acts like the end man in a minstrel show.

We repaired to our favorite tea-room and after weeping together over the fact that we were getting fat, and speaking loftily of diets, lemon juice and exercise, we ordered chicken patties, hot rolls, strawberry jam, cocoa, and vanilla ice cream with hot chocolate sauce and fig cake with whipped cream. (Our appetites seem to have changed little since our school days.)

"Gee," began Betty,—and when she opens that lovely mouth you prepare for pearls of wisdom and roses of poetry, "Gee, these patties break all the commandments. Waitress, please bring me a lot more butter. Do you remember the night Warren caught his foot in the leg of the table and the punch bowl upset and the president said we couldn't have any more dances on the campus if the boys put a stick in the punch?"

I remembered. My only grown-up frock with a train was in the path of that punch bowl. Should I ever forget?

"And that day at the football game when I lost my—"

"Betty Slaughter," said I, "don't you know you mustn't tell things like that when you are being interviewed? Do you suppose I can fill the pages of my magazine with your personal past? What'd you think your public would say?"

"My public? My public!" said Betty, "Oh heavens!" And went into peals of laughter that made everybody in the room turn to look at us in cold amazement, that finally melted into answering smiles. For I have never known anybody who could laugh like Betty.

"Betty, be still!" said I firmly, "We'll get put out."

"It wouldn't be the first time, sweet lamb," she remarked, recovering and beginning to devote herself to a lot of lamb chops and fried sweet potatoes that somebody had brought her "by mistake" she said. "But when I think of those good old days—me in white, with roses in my nut-brown hair, afraid to move for fear I'd knock down the chandelier or wreck the grand piano—dancing with Bull Murphy, he was playing full that year. Do you remember how Bull always managed to get his foot in your skirt? He'd have to be some high kicker to keep up his average nowadays." (Loud laughter.) "And you with your pug nose stuck in the air, so snippy—well, and now here we sit and talk about my magazine and 'my public.' Ain't nature wonderful."

"It is," said I. "And I will tell you right now that if you don't stop eating so much that man over at Fox's who told me you could make Theda Bara look like a Sunday school superintendent's only daughter—remember the song about the preacher's daughter they used to sing at the Psi Phi house? —anyway, he'll be billing you as the female Roscoe Arbuckle."

"You always were an optimist," said Betty, spreading two pats of butter on a hot sugared roll. "And incidentally you were a bum history student. Wasn't it you told Doc Snyder that Nero and Cleopatra were affinities?"

"Goodness, that was about 4,000 years ago! I don't pretend to be sure who are affinities in Hollywood right this minute," I murmured.

Betty Blythe in the forthcoming production of "The Queen of Sheba." "Twenty-eight costumes," she murmured, "and if I put 'em all on at once I couldn't keep warm!"

"Will you *ever* learn not to interrupt! Johnny pretty near made you walk home one night for being as fresh as that. What I mean is—you poor, ignorant, uneddicated female—that the Queen of Sheba was a heavy vamp. At the present writing, I'm only in the middle-weight class and I'm after the heavy-weight crown. I'm fighting out of my class. And believe me, all the deceiving I do in this picture will be done with the make-up box!

"They sent for me one day to tell me some of the costumes were ready. I went over and waited around a while. Pretty soon I said to the wardrobe mistress, 'Where is it?'

"Then she showed me a real cute little lamp-shade with a few beads on it that had been lying on the table all the time.

" 'What's that?' says I.

" 'That's your first costume,' says she.

"When I came to she was trying to decide where she could put a hook without having it show."

Betty paused to wipe away a tear.

"But then, I started in the chorus. It was the only place anybody would let me start. The first day they made us rehearse in a bathing suit—split up one among the company, I think. Then they took our pictures. You know I was a nice girl—well, I was—but if you're going to do a thing, be game, and I needed that job. They published the picture, too, and that old cat Mrs. Van der Water spotted me and called up Tommie and said 'My dear boy, I hope at last you see the folly of your ways.' And Tommie came right back and said, 'I see a lot, Mrs. Van de Water, but I'd hardly call it folly!' "

Betty doubled with laughter.

"And I've had a pretty hard time getting near the top in pictures. I've worked awfully hard, truly I have," her voice was suddenly deeply earnest, "I—I really have a few ideals about it, you know."

"Say, who's paying for this lunch?"

"Well, it's a cinch I'm not," said I coldly, "I would like to see the day when I pay for lunch for a movie actress, old girl."

"I'm not such a good actress you need to get nasty," said Betty.

"How's your husband?" I asked.

Betty's beautiful face—and she is beautiful, with those great pansy eyes, the perfect nose and mouth, and her skin like pussy willow satin—took on a dreamily adoring expression.

"What did I ever do to get him? How was I lucky enough to find him? How did I ever have sense enough to take him? When I think about him I want to get right down here in the tea-room and thank God for—"

"Don't," I begged hastily, "I know you've only been married three months, but even then it's bad form."

"He's wonderful. He's so good to me. And so generous. We've been looking at houses. He's the best man in the world. He—"

"I know him, I know him," I said. "He's a fine man. Paul Scardon is a nice chap and a good director. But at that I fail to see anything that reminds me of the angel Gabriel."

"That's because you've got no vision, you cynical old Sinn Feiner," said my hostess. (She had paid the luncheon check by this time.)

"All right, stepmother," said I, viciously. "Married only four months and got a daughter seven years old! Mrs. Van der Water was right."

"My dear, if the man that wrote Cinderella had seen me first, one of the world's greatest masterpieces would have been missing. I am a positive jewel of a stepmother. And Joan is the sweetest kid."

"All right," I murmured, "Come on, let's go."

"Ye gods, what about the interview?" she demanded.

"Oh, never mind," I said loftily, "I can make it up. I often do. Or I might tell the truth."

"You never have yet," said Betty, "I shan't worry."

But I have.

Though it is only fair to say that I went back to the studio with her and before my eyes saw her transformed into a glorious, majestic, vivid conception of that famous Biblical lady, the Queen of Sheba, I was near falling on my nose before her myself.

And Betty has that gift that exceedingly clean-minded, big-hearted women sometimes have—the gift of ignoring the revelation her costumes make, a gift that I think is going to make her Sheba something infinitely finer than anyone expects.

She stood gazing at the gorgeous things she is to wear—heaps of pearls, brilliants, gold and silver tissues, rich embroideries, glistening beads, silks, velvets, brocades and satins.

"Twenty-eight costumes," she murmured, "and if I put 'em all on at once I couldn't keep warm! But anyway, I love her."

SILHOUETTES

Gloria Swanson

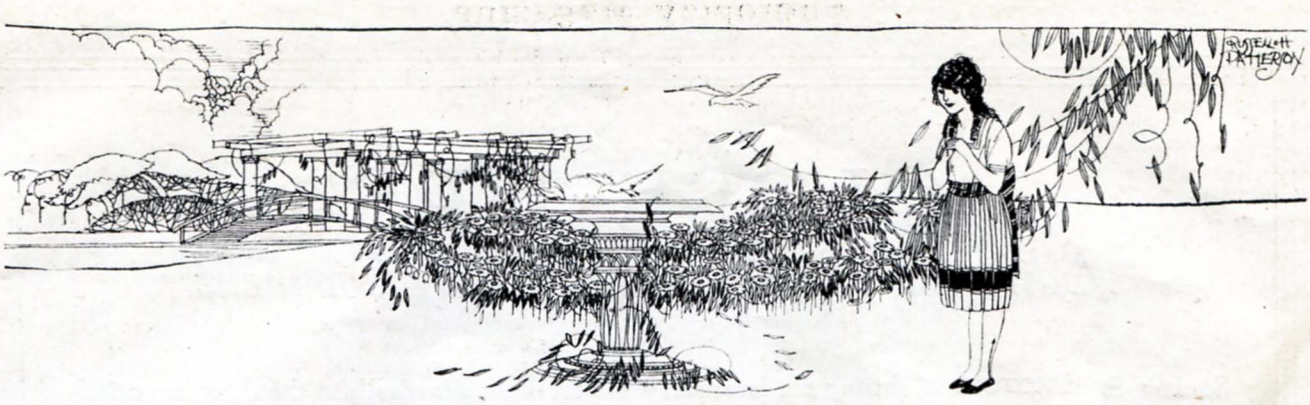
CRIMSON plush and yellow satin.
A poniard of hammered steel.
A teakwood cabinet.
A burning candle.
. . And the subtle scent of patchouli!

Alla Nazimova

MOONLIGHT in a rose-garden by the sea.
A maiden in a cambric frock.
The song of a nightingale from far off
. . And a lover waiting by the gate.

Constance Talmadge

A SQUARE room with gray walls.
A table upon which a bronze samovar is steaming.
A lacquered screen.
. . The music of a harp upon whose strings a madrigal is played.



Mary! Mary!

By OLGA PETROVA

MARY!

Name of a thousand dear women that have passed out and beyond the confines of this eternally revolving ball. Mary! Name of a thousand sweet souls that still tread its age-worn paths, what memories you conjure up, what fancies you weave from out the past and from within the present!

Mary!

Your very name is a caress. It rolls lovingly from the tongue. It is a smile and it is a tear. It is a title and it is a reproach. It is a guerdon of peace and it is a battle cry of war.

Out of the dim distance I see you queen and splendid courtezan; Mother of God and the lowly servant at His feet. I see you, young and tender and beautiful, shut in among the frowning walls of dark Hollywood and the still darker brows of those that guard you.

I see you again upon a throne. The ministers that stand at your side, glance at you with furtive eyes. Outside in the streets the crowd shouts your name. They call you Bloody Mary.

Once you had a little lamb. I remember that very well. The village crones used to peer at you over the geraniums in their window boxes, as you trudged to school one sweet May morning, the lamb in constant attendance at your side. They used to smile and nod at you and you used to shake your locks out of your eyes and laugh an answering greeting.

You are indissolubly associated with gardens, where lily bells and cockle shells are waited upon by tall slim girls dressed as Quaker maids, while you, high priestess of them all, wander up and down the lily paths, your hands white as the butterflies that flutter about your sunny head.

Again I see you as empress. A diadem wreathes your royal brow. They call you Queen of England, and many wait upon your word. Coming from so high estate to one less haughty they call you "Duchess of Suds."

And yet of all these shades I know you best and love you best in your garden, the garden that you have brought to the glory of fruitfulness from out a weedy waste that erstwhile stretched itself beneath a pitiless sun.

It is hard to realize, looking at this reclaimed desert, that so much care, so much labor and so much love have gone into its soil to nourish and bring it to fertility. It looks so neat, so immaculate, that one might easily believe that it had ever been so.

But we that work in other gardens, know the toil, the unrelenting care that are necessary to get even one blade of grass to grow in stark and barren spaces and how much more toil and how much more care to keep that blade from being scorched by the sun, or eaten up by the weeds, and the insects that menace its very being. Yes, you have worked long and hard in the garden, Mary. You have not worked with a union card in your pocket and one eye on the clock. From early morning until late at night you have hoed and tended and weeded and watered. And at night when the darkness has set in you have pondered and planned and hoped, for your blossoms on new and splendid blooms that you may bring into being even though they may need the fertilization of your tears.

And yet many that pass your garden see only the tilled and fertile soil. It is hard for them to believe that you have done this, made this out of your own personal toilings and strivings.

They say, "It is easy for this gardener to have a good garden. She has a wonderfully efficient staff of under-gardeners," forgetting that it is the head gardener that after all must be responsible for the final results be they good or bad.

They say "It is easy for this gardener to have a good garden. Look how abundantly everything grows. The soil is perfect. The irrigation system is furnished by nature. Any fool could obtain the same results with the same equipment."

But it is they that are the fools, for they can only grasp the effect and not the cause thereof. Nor can they reason that the same soil after it has been brought to bear flowers and fruit in abundance will bear an equal crop of weeds and other parasites that flourish only in lush and pleasant places.

Nor do they know of the maurauders that have broken in by night, rifling your fruit trees and trampling upon your lily beds.

Looking over the hedge of your garden one is somewhat surprised to note your choice of flowers, for most gardeners believe that they are obliged to cultivate many species for their patrons for which they have no personal affection.

No trailing passion flower winds its coils around the roof-tree of your gardener's hut.

No black and purple orchids sway in the breeze that fans your daffodils, whispering of strange and fetid swamps where men have died in their quest and left their bodies to stink in the sun.

No blood red poppy drowses its poppy life away. No vine hangs heavy, pregnant with purple grapes. I see mignonette and hollyhocks and snowdrops and tall lily bells.

Close to the earth, the good clean earth, I see violets. Their perfume is clean and sweet and nauseating to none.

But of all your flowers it is your pansy beds that intrigue my fancy most. There are pansies of every shape and size and color, pansies of velvet and pansies of soft silk that throw out a faint warm odor as I turn my head to the breeze.

As I draw nearer to them I see that they have faces. They are really little people.

Here is a tiny white blossom. It has queer little crisscross lines about its mouth. I know this face. It is the face of poor, wizened world-weary Unity Blake.

Close beside it I see one of braver hue. It looks up at me with the whimsical smile of "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," while on the very edge of the bed facing it, grows a pansy of rich deep purple. This bears the lineaments of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," pitiful for all her purple panoply.

And so on through the pansy bed I recognize people that I know. Raising my head I see in the distance tall blustering sunflowers. They too have faces. This one rollicking with mirth, shaking its bourgeois sides with merriment, speaks to me of "The Hoodlum." Perhaps *(Concluded on page 109)*

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Seeing is Believing. PHOTOPLAY, during the late war, was the first publication in the world to give the real story of the bolstering-up of French workaday *morale*. When the Germans neared Paris, and every tide of battle was destructive, the great danger that assailed French arms, and consequently menaced the whole allied cause, was not a crumbling of the front line; it was the imminent collapse of the toiling, supporting body behind, without which the French battalions would have been a tragic, strengthless shell. The industrious agents of the foe were nearly successful in their propaganda for an enforced peace because they had almost convinced the French nation that no one was really helping them; that, beyond a superficial show, no one really cared. America countered that insidious blow, warded it completely, and turned it into a terrible counter thrust solely and only by the aid of the motion picture. The camera was enlisted to show America everywhere preparing—preparing munitions, ships, armies, hospitals, farms, factories and finances. The motion picture convinced France that a hundred million friends, just across the Atlantic, were rushing themselves or their products, or their skill or their gold, to the rescue as fast as skill and fearless pluck could contrive to send them. France took heart and held on. The rest is history.

There is everywhere abroad today a foe more insidious than Kaiserism. It is a canker of the soul, whereas Kaiserism was a mere lust of the mind. It is the spirit of class hate, it is destructive dissatisfaction, it is unwillingness to work, friend with friend or brother with brother, for the common good of the world and ourselves. It is easy and wrong to ascribe all of this to the spread of Lenine's brand of Bolshevism. It is a plague rising like a miasma from the newly hatching eggs of the foul dead monster of war, and it would have come upon us, perhaps, had Lenine never been born, and had Russia's troubles never been entered upon the book of universal sorrow.

Now the motion picture remains, as it was in the sizzling days of war, the world's greatest convincer. Argue all day, and at best you convince only a few. Show the indisputable living evidence—evidence that can be bottled and transported and kept eternally vital *only* by the motion picture—and the most unwilling man on earth must be convinced in spite of himself.

No single set of men today can hope to write a prescription to make the whole world well. No set of men is wholly in the right, or entirely in the wrong. Peace, readjustment, material and spiritual progress on a permanent basis can only come by getting together. And men cannot get together until they understand each other. And they cannot understand each other until they are acquainted with each other's environment, conditions, needs, hopes and methods of work. More trenchant than any editorial pen, more suavely powerful than any silver-tongued orator, more incontrovertible than any demand, stands the motion picture. Its service in the war was only a sample, a factory test, a demonstration. It is time now for it to be put to work—high time! It stands ready to serve labor, just as it stands ready to tell the truth for the employers of labor. It will speak as clearly for government as for the governed.

Seeing is believing. It is not a question of what you see, or what we see, or what the other fellow sees. It is the truth for all of us to see. Let the screen step forth with the truth, and we shall be a good day's march toward the peace of the world.

The Play's the . . . . From time to time we are impelled to consider Master William Shakespeare's line, "The play's the thing."

It is true that one man's opinion is as good as another's, the casual visitor to a moving picture house being a far better critic of a good picture or a bad picture than the authority or experienced observer whose profession it is to write of and about the photoplay. A neighbor of ours—we think he is in the real estate business—was talking about the pictures displayed in a neighborhood theater where the bill is changed every night. "The great trouble with the pictures is," said the real estate man, "that there is too much bunk, too much close-up stuff, too much alleged artistic stuff in 'em. When I go to a movie I want action. I don't care whether the star is little Midgie Muggs or beautiful Beatrice Barber. I don't care if the director's name is Smith or Jones or Brown. It is immaterial to me whether Rupert Hughes or John Jay Jones wrote it. Who cares who did the art titles? I don't. But I want a real story. I want it to make me sit up and take notice and not slump down in my seat and feel as if I had taken a Dover's powder."

From all of which, so succinctly stated, we observe that the Bard of Avon must have been right: "The play's the thing."

After the war, Tom hurried right out and got him a bride — a Miss Mary Mersh, once of the stage and serial screen.

Fresh Horrors of War!

Army life induced Tom Forman to give up acting!

By ARABELLA BOONE

THERE are two nice little girls across the street from me whose chief concern in life seems to be the fact that they may never see Tom Forman act again.

But he likes directing and he likes writing stories and arranging continuities—and he doesn't like acting. It does seem to concern him that he was—and still is I suppose—one of the best young leading men the screen has ever had.

"After I came out of the Army, I just didn't like to act," he said quietly. "I don't know why. I liked the Army. I wish I could have afforded to stay. But I came back with a queer, whimsical feeling about acting—it didn't seem quite worth while, quite up to all I'd seen. Even if I didn't get to France."

He grinned and shook his head ruefully, —the same expression you've seen on hundreds of faces when the boys who were in service a long time and didn't get over to see the show talk about it.

And he told me a funny little story connected with that.

"I was in the service two years," he said, "I went in as a private, and I seemed to have a little tendency that way so they finally gave me a lieutenancy. I was set to training men in one of the Southern camps. Two or three times a company I had been with would be taken over when they were in shape, and I'd be kept, shifted back to start all over again training another set.

"Finally, I had an opportunity to select a pretty fine lot of boys to make up a company. I had them all to myself for a while, and I worked out my own ideas perfectly. I felt I had the finest bunch of men that could be assembled. When time came for them to go over, I was sure this time I was going. But, by jove, I got an order of transfer two days before their ship left port!

"I was heartbroken, of course. I nearly wept. I just made up my mind somehow, some way I must go. So I went to see the general in command. He was a gray, silent old fellow, but I put up the strongest kind of a plea I knew how. When I got through he made me look like a zero.

"He said 'Yes—I see. Well, young man, you've been at this thing eighteen months. I've been at it thirty years. You've given a few minutes out of your life—I've given the whole of mine. And I shall never get to France, either! You seem to have a certain adaptability to train young men. That's how you can best serve. They think I can serve best—here.'

"And believe me, I didn't have a word to say. But I think right here I learned the biggest lesson of life—and I made up my mind when I came out I'd direct."

The first thing he did in pictures was to write scenarios.

The last picture in which Forman appeared on the screen is "The Round-Up" for which he also wrote the continuity. Since then he has directed Ethel Clayton in "A Ladder of Lies" and "Rozanne Ozanne." He did the continuities on both of these stories but he didn't act in them.

When he got out of the army, Forman hustled right out and became a bridegroom. And now in addition to directing and writing continuities, he is proud father to Tom Forman, Jr. The young hero's mother was Mary Mersh, a charming stage actress who once appeared in serials but has retired.

Forman found his old job with Lasky-Famous Players waiting for him.

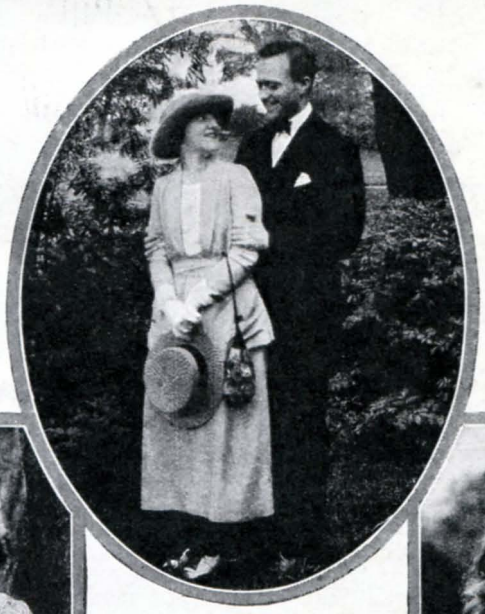
And, by the way, his first job in pictures —quite a good many years ago—was writing scenarios and original stories. Then a director saw him one day when he needed a handsome leading man—and you know what happened to Tom.

Drawn by Norman Anthony

"Does that poor little girl do the cleaning up around here?"
"I'll say she does—she's the star!"

How Long They Knew Their Husbands

ALICE BRADY has been married only a little over a year to James Crane, son of Dr. Frank Crane, editorial writer and philosopher. She met the fascinating actor of the grey eyes at a luncheon given in one of New York's big hotels. It was three years later, when Miss Brady was making "His Bridal Night," that she learned that the man she had not seen in all that time, but whom she had not forgotten, was to be her leading man. And during the making of the picture, Mr. Crane made up for lost time. On the twentieth of May, 1919, Alice Brady became Mrs. James Crane.



ENID BENNETT met her director husband, Fred Niblo, seven years ago in Australia, her native land. For three years she played with him in his own company until she decided to go to New York. Her first engagement was with Otis Skinner, but later went into pictures under Mr. Ince. All this time Fred Niblo and she met frequently. While doing pictures she twice saw him on eastern trips. Then he took a train to Hollywood to ask her to be his wife. They were engaged but three weeks and married in California two and a half years ago. Just at the time they were married, her husband accepted his first offer to direct pictures.

SOME years ago Mr. Harold Bolster, banker, Wall Street, saw Madge Kennedy's photograph in a Sunday paper. There and then he determined to know her. Upon going West, the very first time he went to the theater in Los Angeles, the first name that caught his eye on the programme was hers. Through a letter from a mutual friend, they had lunch together. The day after they dined together and the third day he asked her to marry him. At the end of six months they were engaged and married a year and a half later.

GERALDINE FARRAR met Lou Tellegen, matinee idol and motion-picture star, four years ago, in Hollywood. Previously Miss Farrar had evaded meeting the handsome Lou, as it is said she considered him too much of a dude. Through Morris Gest, they met in her studio and shortly afterwards, in the presence of others, Tellegen quietly told the wonderful "Jerry" that he intended to marry her. After announcing in an interview, dated October, that she had no intention of marrying him, Geraldine Farrar became Mrs. Tellegen the following February.

BILLIE BURKE met Flo Ziegfeld of Follies fame, New Year's Eve six years ago, and they were married April following in Hoboken. It was at a fancy dress New Year's dance at the Sixty Club near by. Mr. Ziegfeld was present attired as a tramp. She had never met Mr. Ziegfeld and therefore did not recognize him, but he knew her well and danced with her all the evening. When somebody called "Hullo, Flo," she realized who her perpetual partner was. There their courtship began, they were married four months later, and now they have the dearest little baby girl in the world.

The GOSSAMER WEB

A throbbing story that begins in a penitentiary movie theater. The second of two stories which inaugurate PHOTOPLAY'S $14,000 fiction contest.

By JOHN A. MOROSO

Illustrated by Will Foster

KENNEDY, the principal keeper of the prison, or "P. K." as he was more familiarly called, entered Warden Mallon's office at dusk and reported everybody safe and sound within the gray walls and production in the shops for the week just ended a little above the average.

"David Martin goes out tomorrow, Chief," he added. "He asks whether he can see you before the movie begins."

"Anybody waiting outside?"

"A bull, but not a regular."

"Know him?"

"Jim Tierney, the head of James Tierney, Incorporated; handles the business of the big banks, law firms and so forth in New York."

"Oh, yes. Send him in."

Kennedy stepped out into the waiting-room and motioned to a heavily built man with reddish gray mustache and small dull blue eyes.

"Evening, Warden."

"Evening."

The detective twirled a rather rusty derby between thick fingers until Mallon signed to him to take a chair beside his flat-top desk. "Who are you after, Jim? Joe Scott?"

"No," replied Tierney. "Joe Scott don't amount to nothing."

The warden, pulling at his white mustache reflectively, studied a memorandum on the desk before him. "The only other man going out in the morning is David Martin," he said.

"He's the one."

"Got anything against him?"

"Nope."

"He's done his bit, five good years."

Tierney shrugged his shoulders.

"Lookit, Jim," protested the warden. "Martin has paid for his mistake with the very heart of his life, the years between thirty and thirty-five, and he's been a model prisoner."

"But the bank is still out fifty thousand dollars and I'm hired to get it back."

"You think he has it cached?"

"Somebody's got it."

"How do you know it hasn't been spent long before now?"

"The money was in five ten thousand dollar certificates and the banks always keep the numbers of the big fellows. Not a one of ''em has ever appeared in circulation. The theft was pulled off in the summer of 1914 and the theory is that Martin was going to cross to England and try to float the bills there or on the Continent. But the war broke out and he couldn't get a passport without running too great a risk. He just pulled a bone, that's all."

As the warden pondered this fiasco in crime there came through the heavy walls shutting him off from the rest of the prison a sound as of the rise and fall of the sea on a distant shore. The prisoners were being marched to the great assembly hall where the movie show was to be given, the rhythmic shuff-shuff-shuff of their feet echoing through the corridors.

"The poor devil," sighed Mallon. "He had a family, too, didn't he?"

"A little wife and a daughter," replied Tierney. "But they haven't been starving. The girl is getting a good education and the mother manages to keep the shine off her nose." Tierney's broad face creased into a smile but it was not a cynical smile as might have been in keeping with his words.

"I don't get you, Jim," said the warden.

"O, she's just clever and pretty, one of these type pounders that began learning how to take care of herself long before she got to be fifteen years old. She worked in the bank before they were married and after he was sent up she managed to get her job back."

"Plucky, huh?"

"And wise."

It was Mallon's turn to smile. "Now I got you, Jim," he chuckled. "She knows where the money is and that's why she got back her old job in the bank." Tierney neither encouraged nor discouraged the warden's conjectures. It was seldom that he gave his personal efforts to a case of such small importance and he fished out his watch and stared at it as a hint that he'd like to be getting on with the business.

"Martin has just asked if he could see me," Mallon informed the detective. "Shall I bring him in?"

"I wouldn't like for him to uncover me," Tierney reminded. "My job is to keep close to him and be with him when he and his wife meet."

"You can get behind the screen in the corner." Mallon pressed a pearl button on his desk as the detective sought cover.

"Send in Martin," he told the "P. K."

"All right, sir. You haven't got any too much time if you want to see the feature picture."

David Martin, his little pill-box cap in hand, entered the office timidly and stood beside the desk until Mallon bade him take the chair just vacated by Tierney. His term in prison, with a wife and child outside, had turned his hair white save for a single black strand in the center. A rather wide mouth, long robbed of its capacity for smiling, was set grimly. Although the ivory hue that comes with incarceration marked his features, his eyes, brown and intelligent, shone as if with anticipation of the happiness of the morrow.

"I'm going out in the morning, Warden," he began in a nervous high-pitched voice, "and I have a special favor to ask."

"Go ahead, Martin. You've been a good prisoner."

"My daughter Dolly doesn't know I'm a convict and she's growing up into a young lady now. She's fifteen and for the past year her mother has sent her to a school in Westchester where she has met some very nice girls." He hesitated, his eyes downcast.

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir." The convicts voice dropped almost to a whisper.

"Speak up," urged Mallon. "I'll be as much of a friend to you as you'll let me be."

"Thank you. After I was convicted my wife went to work and did so well that about a year ago I advised her not to write to me for fear that Dolly might stumble over the secret. It would hurt her terribly. My wife was to tell my daughter that we had been separated legally, which was the truth in a way. But in case it was necessary for her to write I asked her to address me to 354 Hunter street, the street address of the prison. I expected a letter today." His face became flushed.

"She knows the date of your release?" the warden asked.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Did she stick by you at the time of your trouble?"

"Yes, sir. She knew I was innocent."

"Innocent?" Mallon lifted his eyebrows.

"Yes."

"I had a hope that you would restore the money. If you do that I'll go to New York with you to that bank and put up a talk that will get you another start, Martin."

"I have no money to restore. I was not the thief. The theft occurred the day I started on my summer vacation. In my office coat there was found the strip of paper from the

Drawn by Will Foster

"Just a minute." The detective's left hand closed on Vibart's right wrist, twisted it and shook the alligator bag free.

stolen package of certificates." He paused, as if fearing that his story was failing on deaf ears.

"Go on," urged Mallon.

"We had, that is my wife had, managed to save a tidy little sum and as it was the tenth anniversary of a happily married life we went to an expensive seaside hotel, taking Dolly with us. It was our first real vacation. I was arrested there."

"But they couldn't convict you on the testimony of the slip of paper and this little extravagance?" suggested the warden.

"Not by themselves. But I had accepted the $50,000 deposit myself just before the closing hour and, at the time, my dress suit was in my cage, for I was to meet my wife and daughter at the Jersey Central station. As I closed my window to business, Mr. Vibart, the bank manager, gave me my vacation money. I counted it and put it in my bag, fearing pickpockets in the crowd . . . it was a Saturday and we were taking advantage of an excursion. I was seen to do this and the evidence on the surface seemed to indicate that it was the stolen money I had put in the bag."

"Didn't the manager see you put your money in the bag?"

"He said that he did not. Mr. Vibart was in my cage for only a moment." Again he paused, a look of hopelessness on his face.

"Well?" Mallon's voice was kindly.

"Then, when it came to my defense," Martin continued with a heavy sigh. "But what's the use, Warden? I've finished my sentence."

"I'd like to hear it all."

"Well, it was hard for me to explain the extravagance we indulged in immediately after the theft. Through all the years of our married life my wife had been saving but she had not deposited it in a bank for the very good reason that at the end of the first year she lost her nest egg when a savings institution failed. She did just as most women do after such an experience, trusted none of them. My own savings did not amount to very much but I drew them out that very day and bought my wife a coral necklace, a thing she had always wanted. Even that was against me."

Mallon lit a cigar and puffed it thoughtfully. After a long silence he looked up sharply into the eyes of the convict. "That story may be all right, Martin," he said, "but as a friend I would advise you to forget it. You've paid for your mistake. Come across with the money and start out good and fresh again."

Martin rose from his chair with a shrug of the shoulders. "I didn't expect you to believe it," he said. "I didn't come here to tell it to you, Sir, I came to ask a favor."

"What is it?"

"I had a hope that I would hear from my wife today. No letter came. I also had a hope that she would come to meet me tomorrow. If she intended to come she would have written me. If a letter comes after I leave, would you mind holding it for me until I can find a place to live and inform you as to the address?"

"I'll look out for the letter for you. If she doesn't show up tomorrow what are you going to do?"

"God knows."

Kennedy answered the warden's bell and hurried off with the convict to the movie show. Tierney came from behind the screen.

"What do you think of it?" asked Mallon.

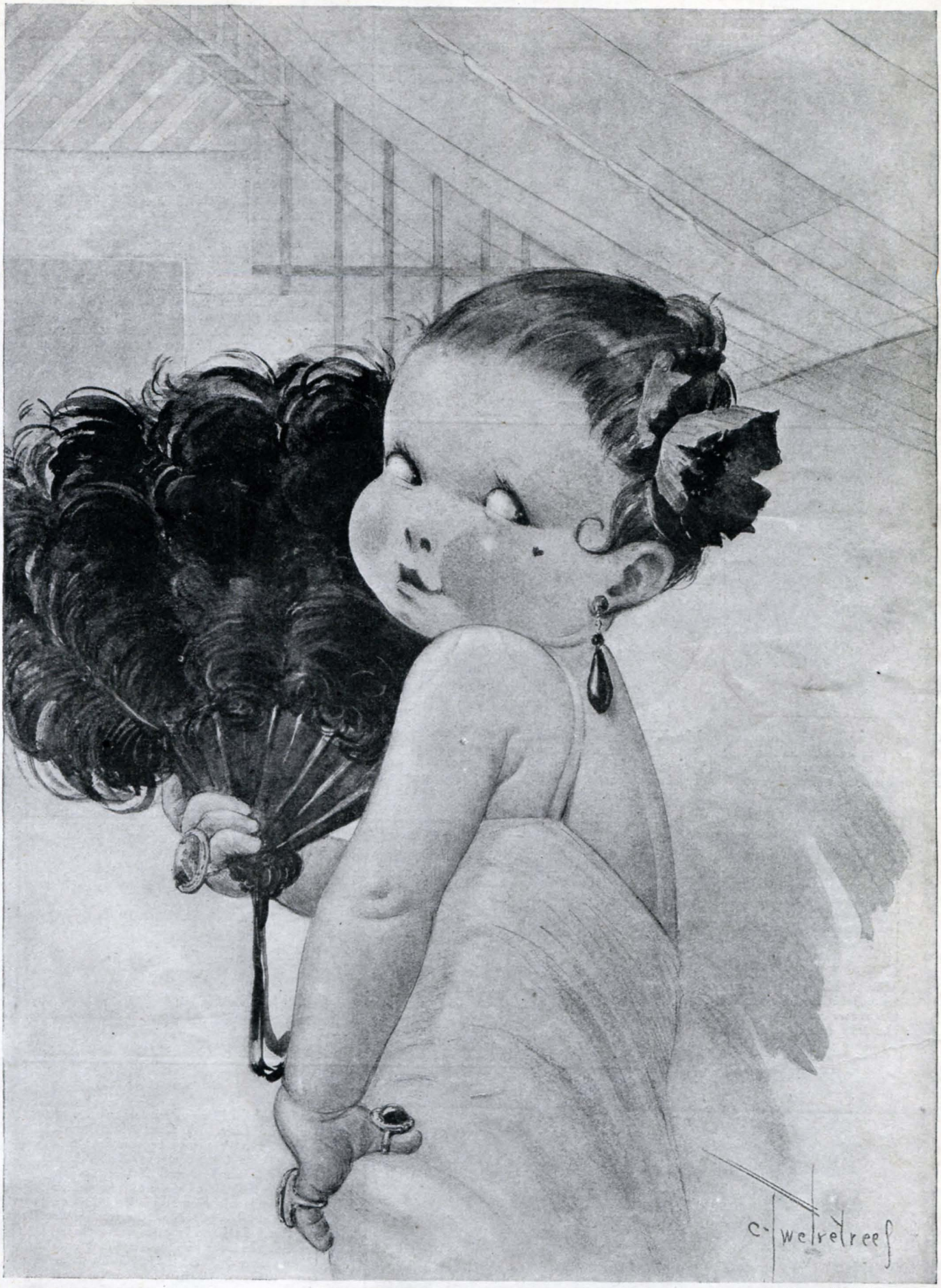
"I never think," replied the detective. "It ain't a detective's business to think. All he's interested in is cold hard facts. The jury does the thinking."

(Continued on page 90)

The Studio Lion

By JOHN ARBUTHNOTT

O I'm some Lion!
(*Felis Leo,* King of the Forest—
At least, that's what they called Grandpa)
But Little Me, I was born in a zoo-cage
And brought up on cow-milk,
And Zeke, he's my keeper
And I like him a lot;
But, say, when I want to get friendly and purr
And lick old Zeke on the sleeve of his coat,
He up and gives me a slap on the ear
And he says:
"Git fierce, gol-darn ye, git fierce!"
But I aint built that way,
For I like my old Zeke
And I like my sleep
And I'm tired o' being smacked around
And prodded up next to the Primitive Dame
With all the tinware chained to her bosom.
I'm tired of chasing that T-bone steak
Tied up under the tail
Of the Villain's coat,
So the Zoobs 'll think
I'm after the gink.
I'm tired of going around
With my incisors filed down,
Until even the fleas
In my mane are immune.
I'm tired of hearing those blanks go off
And being pushed through the palms,
And I'm going on strike
And walk off the lot,
If they don't quit trying
To get the goat
I haven't got.



Drawn by C. Twelvetrees

"Where's Theda Bara Now?"

—All on Account of Foolish Wives

PERHAPS we'd better put those two words in quotation marks. "Foolish Wives" seems to be justifying the press agents' dreams. Universal City has been torn up by the Erich Von Stroheim production of that name, and stupendous cost-figures in connection with its production are not out of place. Here is a motion picture actually costing every cent that is claimed. Monte Carlo—which everyone knows could never be permitted anywhere save on the Naughty Isle of Monaco—has been reproduced elaborately out in California, and it is said that the cost will run up around the half million mark. The group of settings is composed, most importantly, of The Plaza, constructed at Universal City, the famous Ocean Terraces, at Monterey, Calif., costing over $80,000, The Count's Villa, approximating $20,000 and the village of La Turbie, clinging to the steep cliffs overlooking the sea. The picture at the left shows a scene in this village.

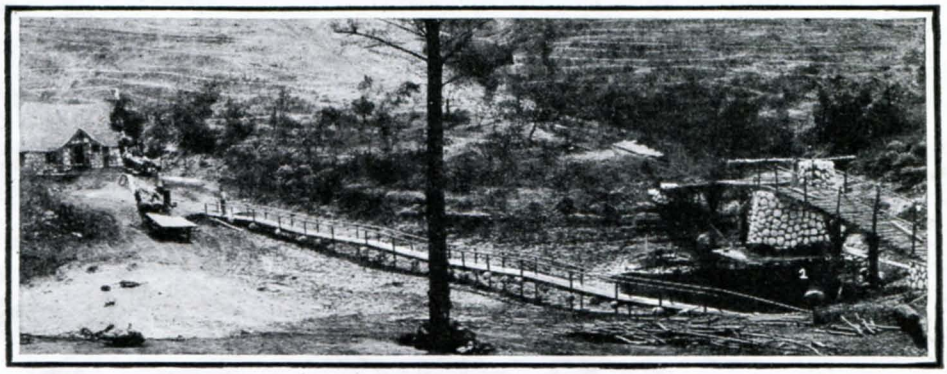
Cesare Gravina, as Cesare Ventucci, father of the half-wit girl and a clever counterfeiter. He kills the Count and throws his body into the sewer.

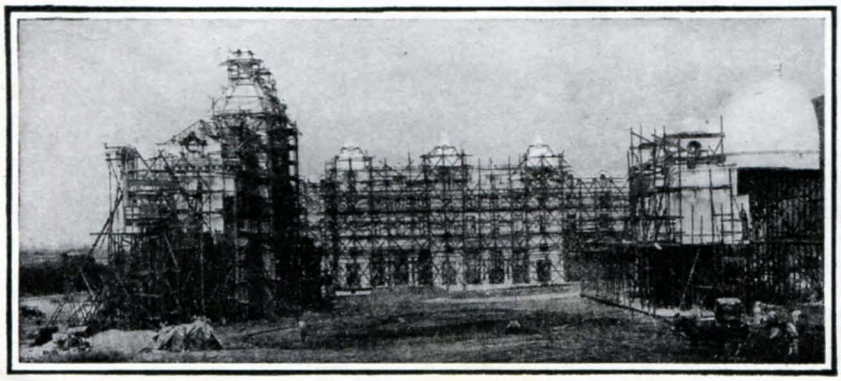
Maude George as Princess Olga Petchnikoff, the Count's "cousin," but in reality Paulowa Varechin, escaped from a Moscow prison.

Marguerite Armstrong, as Helen Hughes, one of the "foolish wives," and an American, twenty-one, newly married and slightly frivolous.

Erich Von Stroheim as his Grace, Count Sergius Aprezin, polished, and unscrupulous. Stroheim directed this picture which follows his "The Devil's Pass-Key."

The site of the Witch's Hut, complete even to spider webs. It is located at one side of a huge marshy lake, growing with cat-tails, and spanned by a rustic bridge 75 feet long. Here is the setting before the water was turned in by artificial means. The Witch's Hut is at the extreme left. In the story, the Count carries a woman across the lake during a storm, wading to his shoulders.



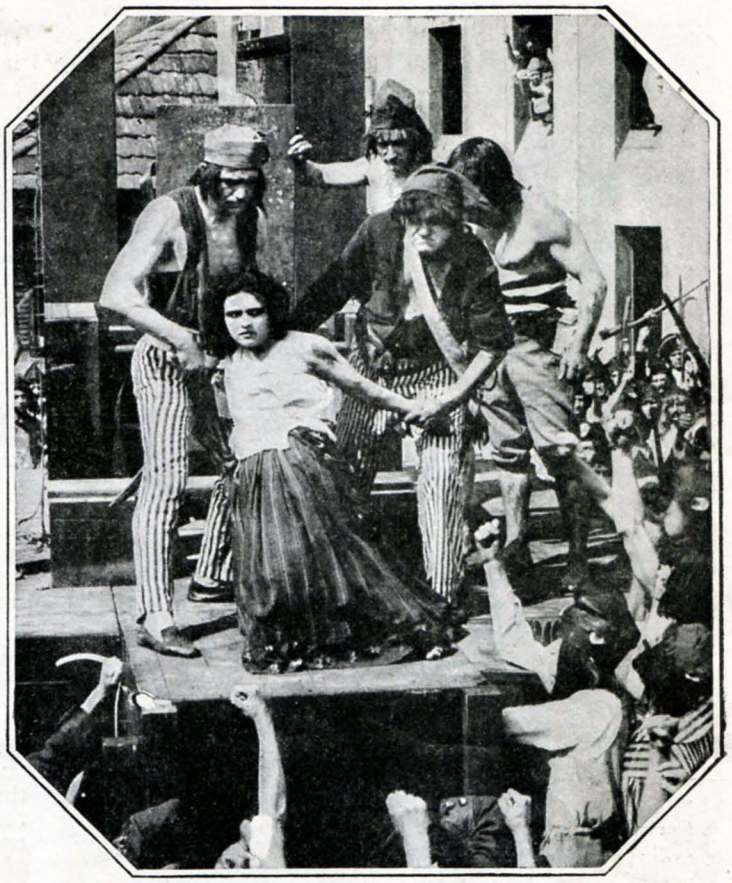


A view of the Plaza under construction at Universal City. A force of 160 men labored twelve weeks to complete this setting, at a total cost of $100,000. The set is 400 feet long and 280 feet wide, although the plot of ground from which the cameras will be set up is 1,000 feet on each side. The picture at the left shows the Hotel de Paris in the central background. In front of it passes the Monte Carlo tramway. At the left is the skeleton of the famous Casino, 174 feet long and whose towers are 74 feet above the walk. At the right foreground is the Cafe de Paris with its long first floor of crystal and its shining white dome 36 feet in diameter.

The Shadow Stage

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A Review of the new pictures by Burns Mantle and Photoplay Magazine Editors



"Passion," produced in Germany, is a spectacular costume play, based on the career of Madame Du Barry. The star is Pola Negri, a highly emotional Polish actress of some fame abroad.

BY BURNS MANTLE

"PASSION," produced in Germany, is a super-production scenically; spectacular and stirring in its employment of scenes from the French revolution, with great crowds of passion-torn peasants milling about the falling Bastile and the guillotine. It has color and dramatic value, and though it is a costume play performed by actors unknown to American audiences, the story is sufficiently human to overcome the handicaps of its foreign origin. With Pola Negri, a Polish actress who is said to be the most popular cinema star on the continent, playing the Du Barry role, and with a cast of competent actors supporting her, it adds novelty to the succession of native films to which we are accustomed.

The title may prove something of a disappointment if you go to see it because of its sexy appeal. It is not excessively physical at any time, nor nearly so daring as many American films. The story picks up Du Barry as a milliner's apprentice devoted to her citizen lover but eager for finery and admiration and quite willing to barter her charms for wealth and position. Her first conquest is that of the Spanish envoy, whom she leaves to become the mistress, and later the wife, of the dissolute Count Du Barry. Attracting the attention of Louis, who had a keen eye for pretty women, she proudly transfers her allegiance to him, and though in a sense she is still faithful to her lowly lover, effecting his release from prison and forcing his promotion to a captaincy in the army, she is thoroughly consistent in her loyalty to her royal patron. She excites little sympathy at any time, but holds the interest in her tragic fate to the end. Mme. Negri is physically attractive, highly emotional, technically facile and dramatically effective.

MADAME PEACOCK—Metro

THE suggestion is plain that Mme. Nazimova has had a lot to say about the filming of "Madame Peacock," the screen version of which she adapted from a story by Rita Weiman, and as a result it is the most theatrically strained and least humanly convincing of her recent pictures. Set a temperamental actress to playing her idea of what a temperamental actress is like and the resulting portrait is quite certain to be extravagant to the point of absurdity. The actress-heroine in this instance is utterly without sympathy; she deserts her husband because he is an unsuccessful newspaper man with a cough, and her baby girl because she cries too much. She goes on the stage, achieves a triumph and lords it over her world until—years later, a younger member of her company rises to take the curtain calls away from her. She demands the dismissal of the upstart, only to discover that her manager is more interested in his find than in his star. Then, beaten to tears, madame goes home and learns that the young actress is her own daughter. Husband, having cured his cough, is back on the job and a happy ending is imminent. Not a bad story, sanely treated, but in the Nazimova version all values are sacrified to the demands of the star, with the result that no part of the story gathers an interest that is cumulative or convincingly real. Nazimova plays both the actress and her daughter, being a little more human as the girl than as her impossible mother. The peacock theme is extravagantly overworked in the decoration. As the deserted husband George Probert's face was the picture of woe, a sadness which may have been inspired by the gloomy story or by watching the star act. We suspect the latter cause.

CONRAD IN QUEST OF HIS YOUTH—Paramount-Artcraft

HE was a sweet singer, and observant, who put into verse the discovery that while we can all go back to the scenes of our childhood none can return to the days of his youth. He was a fine novelist who caught the spirit of the theme for his story of "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." And he is a conscientious workman who has adapted the story for the screen. But the spirit and charm of the Leonard Merrick classic are too fine and too elusive for the camera and the screen. The minute you try to visualize Thomas Meighan as the dreaming Warrener of your fancy the picture is thrown out of focus, and when in his effort to catch again something of that which he had lost by inviting his little playmates back to the old garden they had romped through as children, and you see them actually indulging the adventure and accepting it half seriously, it someway is neither laughable as comedy nor convincing as fantastic drama. Later, when the story approaches the more conventional, but likewise the more solid division of the romance—that in which the tired

"Nomads of the North" is the newest of the James Oliver Curwood series of Northwest stories. Lon Chaney and Betty Blythe carry the dramatic burden, while Lewis Stone is more incidental than he was to "The River's End."

"Behold My Wife," screened from a Sir Gilbert Parker novel of another name, is the sort of romance that appeals to the primitive story-loving instincts. Elliott Dexter and Mabel Julienne Scott play the leading roles.

"Once to Every Woman" is a story of a small town girl who achieves fame in opera abroad and then loses it back home, thanks to the persistence of a foreign suitor with a gun. Dorothy Phillips, as the star, is interesting.

little lady who had married into the aristocracy from the stage, and wandered back for a week's trouping with her old companions, just to revel again in the smell of the grease-paint and the excitement and fuss and muss of the theater—it has its moments. The scenes of Conrad's renewal of his acquaintance with Mrs. Adaile, and her discovery of him dozing in his chair the night which was to be devoted to the renewal of their most ardent youth, are splendidly done. There is much beauty in the pictures, and distinction in the playing. The cast includes Margaret Loomis, Sylvia Ashton, Kathlyn Williams, Mabel Van Buren and Mayme Kelso.

THE SONG OF THE SOUL—Goldwyn

THE pathos is a little strained in "The Song of the Soul," and not always logically achieved, but it is in many respects a beautiful picture. The assumption that a blind mother, after looking upon the face of her child, would voluntarily return to blindness to save her husband the shock of having her see his scarred features, or that because his features were marred she would cease to love him for the noble qualities of heart and soul he commanded, is not a convincing denouément. Nor is the husband's frequently reiterated fear that with her sight restored his wife would immediately be impelled to leave him inclined to strengthen one's admiration for his character. But the scenes in themselves are holding and well played, especially by Vivian Martin as the blind girl. The background, which is that of the everglades of Florida, is picturesque but excessively damp. It is not, as the camera catches it, either an attractive or a healthy place to live. Were I a Florida real estate agent I should feel like bringing suit for damages against the producers. This swampy, alligator-infested setting, combined with the uncomfortable feeling one gets from constantly visualizing the hidden scar on the hero's face, does not provide a happy evening in the theater, but it does strengthen the actuality of the proceedings. A trumped-up charge on which the neighbors threatened to lynch the hero is also a dragged-in incident that fails of its intended dramatic effect. John Noble is responsible for both the scenario and the direction, the story being taken from William J. Locke's "An Old World Romance." The cast is adequate and the baby a delight.

THE SINS OF ROSANNE—Paramount-Artcraft

THIS new Ethel Clayton picture varies the monotony by being unusual—unusual in locale, which is that of a diamond mine settlement in Kimberley, S. A.; unusual in story, which relates the adventure of a young woman who was brought under the influence of a Malay "witch doctor" in her infancy, cursed with a love of diamonds and given an abnormal power of hating and hurting her enemies, and unusual in the "sins" of the title in that they do not refer to the lady's lapse of morals in the accepted or cinematographic sense. Rosanne thus becomes an interesting study in heroines, and though you may greet her spells under the baleful influence of the voodoo lady as a little extravagant you are always interested in the outcome. She is impelled to become the assistant to a diamond smuggler and acts as the go-between who carries the stones from the place where the kaffir boy hides them to the jewelry shop of the merchant who sells them. He, naturally, is a bad boy, and though his advances are restrained until the last two reels, when he does make up his mind to have Ethel—he is most determined. Fortunately Jack Holt arrives on the scene in the well-known nick of time, gives the villain a good beating, and, the witch doctor having died and lost her power over the girl, carries her triumphantly to the altar. There are good performances by Miss Ethel, who is intense; by young Mr. Holt, Fontaine La Rue as the witch, and Mabel Van Buren as the mother. Tom Forman directed.

NOMADS OF THE NORTH—First National

IT is a well-named picture, this newest of the James Oliver Curwood great outdoor series. The seven tribes of Israel never did a better job of wandering than do the principal characters in "Nomads of the North." Corporal O'Connor of the Royal Mounted wanders in from 'way off yonder, thinking to marry Nanette, the storekeeper's daughter, but he discovers that Nanette is engaged to Raoul, the trapper, just then wandering the northern snows in search of pelts. So the

corporal readjusts his pack and wanders away disconsolate. Then Buck MacDougall wanders in with the news that a wandering friend of his has brought tidings of Raoul's death, which frees Nanette from her promise. She is about to marry Buck when Raoul wanders back, stops the wedding, and kills the conspirator who had lied about him. After which Raoul and Nanette are married and start wandering on their own account to escape the law—in the person of Corporal O'Connor. O'Connor's pursuit of the bride and groom covers most of the Hudson Bay country and ends with his finding them and his effort to bring them back to the outposts of civilization through a forest fire that seems to be close enough to the camera to have exploded the celluloid on which it is most realistically photographed. You may forget much of this picture, but you will remember for a long, long time the forest fire, the crashing, burning, smoldering trees and the blistering heat of it, which you almost feel. And in the center of the fire is stalwart Lewis Stone with Nanette's baby in his arms, now skirting the edge of the blazing trail, now wading into a lake to escape the leaping flames, now plunging through a bank of smoke. Lewis is more incidental to "Nomads" than he was to "The River's End." The dramatic burden is carried by Lon Chaney and Betty Blythe, and the humor of it is strengthened by the antics of a pet cub bear and a small dog who have many experiences by flood and fire. A good family picture, this one.

DRAG HARLAN—Fox

"DRAG HARLAN" is William Farnum at his shootingest best. He is again a two-gun man, and so versatile "on the draw," and so sudden, that whenever he was cornered I confidently expected him to elevate a leg and send a bullet through the toe of his boot crashing into his surprised enemy. It is the type of Western picture that men like and women thrill to. "Drag" is a good badman who protects a fatherless heroine from all sorts of dangers and finally turns over to her the map of a gold-mine location her dying father had entrusted to him. The fights are exciting, the killings satisfactory, the background typically, and frequently most beautifully, western. And that is all any one who likes westerns has a right to demand. Jackie Saunders is the pretty and capable heroine, and there are two good performances by Arthur Millett and Raymond Nye, with "Kewpie" Morgan to provide the fat-faced comedy and Hershall Mayall to contribute a death in the desert scene with the expected realism.

KISMET—Robertson-Cole

IN "Kismet" we have a picture of gorgeous backgrounds and impressive distances; long shots of palaces in which men walk a city block and are still within the marbled walls and also the camera's range; a gorgeous picture in its color and sensuous appeal. But more than merely gorgeous in that the story furnished by the Knoblock text, which is faithfully followed, is a good enough story to justify the production, and the advent of Otis Skinner as a screen star is really an event of importance to the cinema world. Important not only because he is a fine actor, but because he happens to be exactly the type of fine actor who is best fitted for screen work. His basic training was that of the old school of sweeping gestures and romantic swagger, of free facial play and booming rhetoric. You can't hear the booming rhetoric on the screen, but you can sense it, and the other qualifications become positive virtues before the camera. His is, so far as my experience goes, the finest first performance of any actor who has gone from stage to screen. "Kismet," as said, is of that type of gorgeous production on which a small fortune is expended in the expectation of winning a large fortune back. It is sensuously heavy in the faithfulness of its Orientalism, in the thick depths of its blue-tinted nights, and the flashing warmth of its gold-shot days. The smells—and the perfumes—of Bagdad the Beautiful are in the nostrils as one watches it—until one grows a little weary with the length and sameness of it. The story of Hajj, whose day of days lifted him from his beggar's throne on the steps of the mosque and carried him through adventures in the caliph's palace and the harem of the wazir of Mansur, saw him revenged upon his enemies and, though banished from the city, sent him away knowing that his only daughter was the caliph's bride, is interestingly related. The famous pool scenes, that in which the harem beauties bathe, being altogether beautiful in the altogether; and that in which Hajj drowns the

"Drag Harlan" is William Farnum at his shootingest best in the rôle of a good badman. It is the type of Western picture that men like and women thrill to. Jackie Saunders is a pretty and capable heroine.

"Half a Chance," Frederick Isham's strong, healthy yarn, concerns itself with one Sailor Burke, shipwrecked on an island with little else than a book. Mahlon Hamilton was never suspected of such depths as he here displays.

There is conscientious workmanship of production, in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." Also much beauty in the pictures and distinction in the playing. Thomas Meighan and Kathlyn Williams play the leads.

"Curtain" was produced by James Young simply and logically from the Rita Weiman story. Katherine MacDonald continues to improve as an actress, in this story where a woman marries the wrong husband.

"Kismet" faithfully follows the Knoblock story, introducing Otis Skinner to the screen, an event of importance to the cinema world. Skinner is exactly the type of fine actor that is best fitted for screen work.

Wally Reid, in his latest and merriest comedy, "Always Audacious," gives two different characterizations, a crook and his wealthy double. This is a picture well worth your time. Margaret Loomis is a charming heroine.

wicked Mansur and gleefully lays himself down upon the edge of the pool to watch the last of the bubbles arise from his submerged enemy, are the effective high-lights of the picture. Mr. Skinner screens exceptionally well, even the tell-tale closeups being works of art, and his acting is as near the perfection all actors strive for as any of them attain. There are also good performances by Hamilton Revelle, Rosemary Theby, Elinor Fair, Hershall Mayall and others.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Universal

THE new Allan Holubar feature, "Once to Every Woman," has a reasonable theme and is away to a good start in the promised story of a small town girl who grew arrogant and selfish because she had a voice and came to accept the family sacrifices as her due. But the development is unreasonable. The girl attracts the attention of a wealthy patroness, bids her family a tearful adieu, goes abroad to study, achieves success and returns to New York to embark upon an operatic career. True, she has accepted a loan from a gentleman friend who, when she tries to repay him, suggests that he had rather have her than her money, but there is no suggestion, in title or picture, that he threatens to follow up his advantage. In New York the heroine, though the family is only an hour or two away in Pleasanton, Conn., neither goes to see them or invites them down to see her, which makes all the pumped-up loneliness on their part pure movie foolishness. The foreign suitor, still after his ducats or his heart's desire, chases after her and, having a sudden brain storm, fires at her from a box at the Metropolitan, which frightens all the song out of her—and then she discovers—what do you suspect?—that "be it ever so humble there is no place like home!" And as an anti-climax the picture labors through the mother's death scene in an extravagant attempt to show how the singer's voice came back to her when she sincerely repented having treated the poor old dear so outrageously. Dorothy Phillips gives an interesting performance as the girl.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL—Realart

YOU never can tell is right. Bebe Daniels might have been a hat check girl in a New York hotel, and the chances are a hundred to one if she were, and had an opportunity of becoming a model for a gentleman who was displaying fine gowns in the hotel ballroom, she would have created a minor sensation, for none of the beauties of the screen can wear exquisite raiment with more distinction or better pictorial effect than she. It is also possible that if she were to meet a handsome youth in the lobby while she was all dolled up that he would straightway lose his fluttering heart to her, and not care a hang when he discovered that she was really not what she seemed and that she lived in a basement apartment where her father and mother and two or three sisters and brothers slept in the living room. A pleasant little comedy romance, this one, artfully humanized by the introduction of several characters who have little to do with the story but much to do with the entertainment. A bibulous gentleman who carries samples of the liquor he has for sale in imitation fountain pens is one of them and he is splendidly played by Neeley Edwards, once a vaudevillian. Miss Daniels justifies her elevation to stardom. All she needs is carefully selected stories to be numbered with the best of the cinema ingenues. Jack Mulhall is the personable young hero.

HELD BY THE ENEMY—Paramount-Artcraft

THEY did not get a great deal out of this civil war play. There are too many characters and too much plot, and too much reliance placed upon the old-time reputation of the play. Had the story been stripped of everything except the dilemma the heroine faced after she had given her heart to the brave Northern officer who had been placed in command of her Southern home, and then learned that the husband she thought dead is alive and a spy in the house, the suspense would have been greater and the story value strengthened. There is in the picture, as there was in the play, one strongly dramatic moment when the heroine is trying to get her wounded husband out of a hospital by giving him a heavy sleeping potion and swearing he is dead—which, in fact, he is, though she does not know it. It is a good average picture *(Continued on page 101)*

THE Squirrel Cage by A. GNUTT

ARABIAN women are allowed to leave their homes but once in every seven days and they must spend their outing in the cemetery over the graves of deceased relatives.

FOLLOWING the performance of Hamlet by an old barnstorming actor in a small western city, the local paper carried the following criticism:

"The performance of Hamlet last night by the distinguished tragedian, ———, settles for all time the vexatious controversy as to whether Shakespeare or Bacon wrote the plays generally accredited to the former. Let the graves of both be opened at once. The one that turned over last night is the real author."

MAUD: Carol is a wonderfully clever and absorbing conversationalist.

Beatrix: She has other bad habits too. —*Life.*

THEY'RE showing, by slow motion cameras, how baseball players purposely fumble balls to "throw" the games. To do the country a real service, someone should produce a slow motion picture that would reveal how collar buttons always fall under the dresser, how movie players change clothes by merely walking through a doorway, and why successful coffee merchants insist on going into the film business.

EIGHT of the Hippodrome dancers come from, respectively, Cincinnati, Kankakee, Ill., London, Greenwich Village, Copenhagen, Nashville, Flatbush and Kansas City. Now watch their feminine population dwindle.

"UNCLE JOHN" SHELL of Leslie County, Kentucky, attended a meeting of the Illinois health authorities in Chicago in November. He claims he is 132 years old. The Illinois health authorities, in an effort to raise the average life span, were to ask "Uncle Johnny's" advice, and while we didn't get that in press-time, we'll wager a year's subscription to the Congressional Record that he has chewed, smoked and cussed the reformers all his life.

BLANCHE SWEET'S press agent asks us to believe that a certain young Italian in New York chiseled a love letter on marble and sent it to the star. A soft heart of stone, surely. This letter should last as long as that historic proposal of marriage, for the hand of a certain Egyptian princess, made 3,500 years ago and carved on a brick. It lies in the British museum.

SHOPPER: I want to get a fashionable skirt.

Saleslady: Yes, madam. Will you have it too tight or too short?—*Life.*

THE police bureau of missing persons of New York advocates the passing of a law requiring physicians, when filing birth certificates, to include the finger-prints of a new-born child, thus "furnishing scientific identification of every person from the cradle to the grave."

A CELEBRATED revivalist came to address his flock, and before he began to speak the pastor said: "Brother Jones, before you begins this discourse, there are some powerful bad negroes in this here congregation, and I want to pray for you," which he did in this fashion:

"O Lord, gives Brother Jones the eye of the eagle, that he may see sin from afar. Glue his ear to the gospel telephone, and connect him with the central skies. Illuminate his brow with a brightness that will make the fires of hell look like a tallow candle. Nail his hands to the gospel plough, and bow his head in some lonesome valley where prayer is much wanted to be said, and anoint him all over with the kerosene oil of Thy salvation and set him afire."

—*Congressional Record.*

WILLIS: I told my wife we must begin to economize, and that she must keep account of the household expenses.

Gillis: Is she doing it?

"She has made a start. She has bought a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar desk, a three-hundred-dollar filing cabinet and has ordered a seven-hundred-and-fifty-dollar adding machine."

—*Life.*

WE fought for the freedom of Cuba in '98 and and now we have to go there to enjoy it.

—*Cornell Widow.*

"ACCORDING to this magazine," said Mrs. Pincher, "sliced onions scattered about a room will absorb the odor of fresh paint."

"I suppose that's right," rejoined Pincher. "Likewise, a broken neck will relieve catarrh!"

—*Tit-Bits.*

THE largest buoy in the world has just been finished in England. It is made of steel plates three-eighths of an inch thick, and has four watertight compartments. A forged iron mooring-bar passes through its center, capable of withstanding a breaking strain of one hundred and eighty-five tons. On the outside of the buoy is a wooden fender, made of elm, which protects it from collisions. The buoy itself, with mooring-bar, weighs fifteen tons. Lying alongside the giant is a three-foot buoy, the smallest type now made, looking like a mere watch-chain pendant beside its big brother.

ONE of America's most famous professional magicians and sleight-of-hand performers tells this one on himself:

"I was coming from San Francisco to Chicago, and on the train were three men who looked like professional gamblers. They roped me into a poker game against my protests and after I had told them that so far as I knew there was no card trick which I could not perform. It was a no limit game and big sums changed hands rapidly. I had a roll of about $5,000, and had lost about half of it when I caught one of the gamblers cheating. I said nothing. I had been playing straight, but thereafter I showed no mercy, and when the game broke up I had doubled my money—or so I thought till the next day when I reached Chicago and tried to deposit it in a bank. Then I found out that I had not been playing with professional gamblers at all. There was just one lone twenty-dollar bill in my roll that was good. The remainder, $9,980, was conterfeit."

"THAT was an awfully big tip you gave the waiter, Charles!"

"Got to jolly him along, darling. He owns the apartment house we live in."—*Life.*

LEW FIELDS wants to stage tabloid musical comedies on the big transatlantic liners. He declares that the girls in his musical comedy, "The Poor Little Ritz Girl," would doubtless be willing to play gratis for the sake of a two weeks' vacation on the ocean.

MARION DAVIES has had her feet insured for $300,000. Presently this craze will spread to the bathing girl division, and then—could Gibraltar stand the test?

ACCORDING to Fabre, the great French naturalist, insects have anticipated many of our great inventions. Long before man discovered formic acid, the bee used it to preserve its honey from fermentation, and both the bee and the wasp used hypodermic needles before man thought of them.

The first suspension bridge was built by the spider, which also made airships and diving bells thousands of years ago. Man cannot imitate the wax made by the bee, nor can he approach the silkworm as a silk spinner and manufacturer. The ant has been making subways and tunnels since the dawn of history, and the mason bee constructed cement works centuries before we made use of this substance for buildings.

I RECEIVED a letter from a friend in America, the other day, and was interested in the unusual method he had adopted of affixing the stamp, says a writer in Sketch. It was explained in the letter postscript, which said: "Please excuse the safety-pin; but we are too dry over here to lick stamps."—*Sketch.*

AN English newspaper has discovered a milkmaid who wears a monocle.

A VENTRILOQUIST went into a public-house with a small dog. Putting the dog on the counter, he ordered a glass of beer. When it was brought the dog remarked, "Aint there no beer for me? Give me a sip!"

The publican was much impressed, and eventually succeeded in buying the dog for £25.

The ventriloquist stood talking for a while and then left the bar, but before he went the dog said: "Well, I do call that a dirty trick to do on a pal! I'm hanged if I speak again for twelve months!"

Photograph by Burton Holmes

WHEN a youngblood in rural Belgium wants to feel like half a million dollars, he goes out and buys a pair of these shoes. What if they *are* of wood? Are they not painted up with buttons, buttonholes and seams—just like any $10 pair of American shoes retailing for $18? Burton Holmes discovered these during a trip through Belgium.

West Is East, Hey?

War smiled upon Yung Han and took him to the movies.

By LIGE MEE

THE report of the Y. M. C. A. engaged in welfare work among the half-million Chinese coolies who comprised the labor battalions near the front, in the great war, lays emphasis upon the fact that the nightly moving picture entertainments proved to be the most important factor in sustaining the morale and erasing home-sickness among the yellow men who became great "fans" after their first fears of bedevilment and witchery were overcome.

THREE years and three months, to the day, from the time Yung Han left his humble dwelling-place in the Street of the Parrot Cages, in his native Canton, did he return.

In the interim, whilst Yung Han had been engaged in an interminable round of adventure not unmixed with a certain modicum of toil, and all in a strange and fascinating land, his faithful wife, by name Fan Mock, had held together the shabby household chattels that were his all-in-all. There had been no written word pass between them in this long succession of moon upon moon, and had Fan Mock been any less of a devoted wife, it might have fallen that on this smiling May day, Yung Han would not have found his dwelling-place as it was when he went away.

But there it was.

And inside, scrubbing the yellow stones of the hearth, was the faithful Fan Mock, just the same as before, save that she was older and thinner and her eyes a bit dimmer, perhaps.

But Yung Han, the wanderer, returned: Alas, he was not the same Yung Han at all, and as his shadow fell upon the floor of hardened earth, his wife leaped to her feet and uttered a faint cry of alarm.

"Ai-ya," said her husband placidly, "and what is the matter with you?"

Fan Mock gulped in her surprise.

"It is my husband, Yung Han," she cried, happiness crowding into her features.

"Indeed," returned that worthy, "and whom else should it be?"

But the insolent fellow knew in his grinning heart that his coming had caused a sensation within the soul of his wife and he was not at all displeased. No wonder that she scarce recognized him, for in the place of the nondescript garments that hung upon his angular frame when he had been taken away from Canton to go to the other side of the world which was bathed in the blood of a mighty conflict, our hero, this same Yung Han, wore garments of smart military cut and upon his swelling bosom there glittered that medal which the Republic of France had awarded to all the coolies who had worked faithfully for three years and more.

"My husband," cried Fan Mock, making genuflection, "all is well with thee?"

"Aye, my wife," replied Yung Han loftily, "all is indeed well with me." He patted an odd swollen place at his side and there came the clink of metal upon metal.

"Thy arms?"

"Arms," he scoffed. "Bah! You are a woman of no perception."

"I discern thou art become a personage," she said, timorously.

"Aye, a personage and a rich man, a very, very rich man, *machere.*"

Fan Mock lowered her eyes to the floor.

"I fear my lord husband that I have offended that thou should curse me thus," she whimpered.

"Cursed?"

"Aye—those strange words, they are of the tongue I know not of." And she stared at him uneasily.

The wicked wanderer smiled slyly.

"You will learn presently," he said.

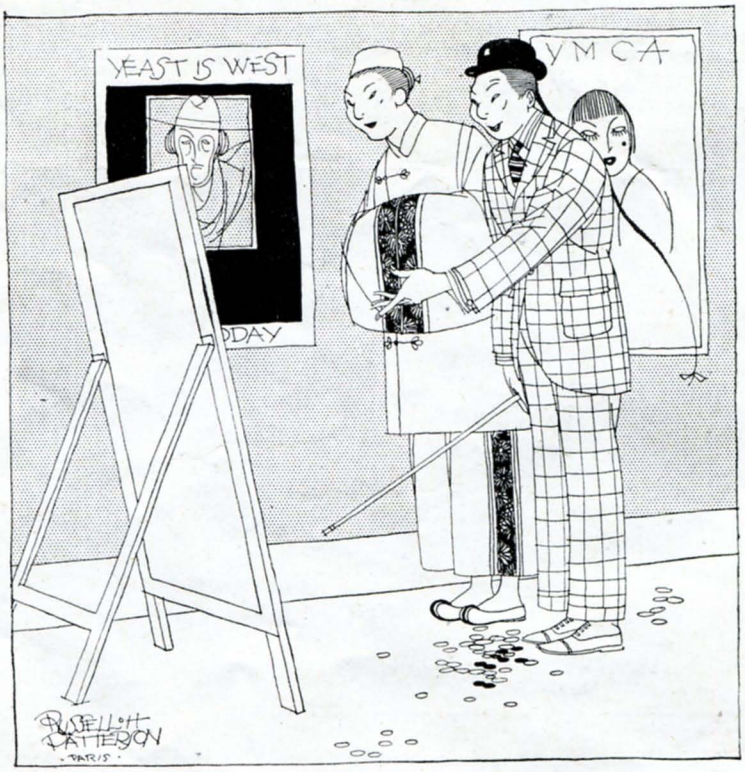
His eyes sought the hearth and Fan Mock hastily prepared the tea, taking from the high shelf above her head the chest of the precious Seven-Temples-On-Seven-Hills, not one single tiny curled leaf of which had been brewed since that winter day when the white men had bidden Yung Han leave behind his Canton and his wife.

Yung Han sipped of his tea with relishing tongue, whilst his wife, as becomes a Cantonese wife of fair deportment, sat beyond and waited.

"I have seen the wonders of the earth and the waters and the sky, Fan Mock," said the great personage, her husband, "and they are very good to know."

"Ai-ya." His wife saluted gravely.

"I have gold, more than enough to provide for this household and for the children of my children."



"Like joss? It has got joss skinned to death!"

Fan Mock blushed and a guilty chill swept into her heart, for she had borne her lord husband no sons, since she had been but a bride of four-and-twenty days when the call had come, more than three years gone, and her husband had marched away. True, she was but the unwanted daughter of a river-woman and the lousy matting of a sampan had been her cradle. Still, she had taught herself to read, and she knew the tablets, and she knew that it is the unforgetable sin—that to be a wife and to eat of her husband's rice without bearing him a son that might live to burn red papers at the grave of his father.

(Continued on page 113)

Home Wanted!

By young woman eager to end screen career as social queen and to resume role in domestic drama. Address Ethel Clayton.

By
SYDNEY VALENTINE

"I WANT a home," said Ethel Clayton wistfully, "a real home."

I looked at her as she said it. Her lovely gray-blue eyes with their black curly lashes were thoughtful; her sensitive, half-smiling, half-grieving mouth was sad; her Grecian chin quivered. I looked at her —and thought of the pictures I had seen of her charming home in California with its vivid gardens and its cool rooms with their rows of books and period furniture and—why, she *had* a home!

But Ethel elucidated. She meant, she said, a home in films. A new domestic career. Domestic drama—the kind of thing she used to do. She was the tenderest, sweetest, truest little wife in pictures. Remember the first "Dollars and the Woman" which she did for Lubin and followed with a series of charming human slices of real domestic life? But dollars—and the drama—changed all that. Would the producers allow her to continue to expose the ins-and-outs of the existence of the modern married woman? They would not.

They found that Ethel could act all around many of their stars, that she always looked at home in any drawing-room and possessed a wardrobe that looked like the real thing. It was. Ethel, they said, had it—the Air. So—they cast her for social queens with pet poms instead of children. They gave her a husband once in a while but seldom let her keep him—if they did, made him a negligible quantity to furnish tea-gowns and diamonds. Ethel made enough money to buy several homes for herself to live in after office hours, but she had only a pale palace or a dingy hall bedroom or a vine-covered cottage at the studio, and never had a chance to indulge in any home life at all.

The real Ethel Clayton, you know, is a sweet and subtle woman who, since the sad death of her own husband, the gifted director, Joseph Kaufman, has longed to cast aside the frivolous robes of unreality and do only serious things. They worked together, the Kaufmans, with Ethel as star and Joe as director; and, in the good old days, Joe was also her leading man. "Dollars and the Woman" was the finest fruit of their artistic combination; and the later version, admirably done by Alice Joyce for Vitagraph, still failed to erase the impression of that first domestic drama. Miss Clayton would have done another picture of this story herself—but could not bring herself to work alone in it.

She has been in pictures seven years, this youthful veteran. She remembers when she was chiefly a "stunt" actress—when she used to be washed upon rocks and flung from cliffs and run over. She narrowly escaped death scores of times.

Ten years ago a fortune-teller told Ethel Clayton she would never go to Europe. She tried to cross several times, but always something prevented. Her scheduled trip to Europe six months ago materialized in the shape of a tour of China and Japan—but finally she secured passport and passage and sailed in late summer for a vacation of several months. She did not make any pictures over there as originally intended, but she will cross again early in the new year to take scenes all over the continent when the Paramount studios in London and Paris and Italy are in working order.

Ethel, they said, had the Air—so they cast her for social queens with pet poms instead of children.

You can't tell Miss Clayton anything about books—best-sellers or first editions—that she doesn't know. She has perhaps the finest library of any film celebrity—with the exception of Harrison Ford, and she supplemented it with rare binding and new editions while she was in London. But—this lovely lady-literatus loves a good detective story once in a while!

Her gowns are charming; her jewels few but perfect; and she has a complexion which goes with the shining red-gold hair God—and not her hair-dresser—gave her. Her mother has lived with her since her husband's death—and usually her brother, Donald Clayton, is with her, too. Her devotion to her husband's memory is seldom spoken of, but sincere; it is a vital memory, for Ethel Clayton lives in a glorious future all her own, filled with hope and colored with dreams.

And that last, I suppose, should end this essay. But I can't for the life of me resist telling one more thing about the lady. There are a few film stars who permit a pretty girl to play in the same picture with them—very, very rarely. And there are a few who permit their leading men to share honors with them. But Ethel Clayton, do you know what she does? She insists that Jack Holt, who has been her leading man in several pictures, always share some of her close-ups and have all the scenes necessary to build up his part; and she actually permits one of the other most beautiful women in pictures—Anna Q. Nilsson—to play important roles with her! She and Anna are the best of friends. It only goes to show it *can* be done.

Alfred Cheney Johnston

She looked very much like one of her own heroines. She has red hair, slanting eyes, and a red mouth.

Tiger Skins and Temperament

Both are mere backgrounds for Elinor Glyn, now of the films.

By
DELIGHT EVANS

YOU have read it.

Everybody has read it.

You may not know your Shakespeare or your Psalms, your Louys or your Longfellow, but—

You most assuredly know your "Three Weeks."

I read it when I was not supposed to read anything stronger than the Elsie books. I read it again when nobody cared much what I read.

It is safe to say it has been smuggled behind more Histories of the United States and more Plane Geometries than any other book in the world.

And now I have met her. The lady who wrote "Three Weeks" in six.

Elinor Glyn. I have not had such a thrill since I went to see Theda Bara. And Miss Glyn—or it should be Mrs. Glyn—out-Baras Miss Bara.

Because Miss Glyn is really Miss Glyn while Theda is Theodosia Goodman, if you get what I mean.

I went into her apartment at the St. Regis Hotel in Manhattan and was immediately intrigued by two things: a tiger-skin and a scent.

The tiger-skin, I learned later, came from India; while the scent can trace its beginnings far, far back into the lore of ancient Egypt. On the tiger-skin sat Elinor Glyn.

She looked very much like one of her own heroines. She has red hair, slanting eyes, and a red, red mouth. She wore black satin and emeralds.

She is a sister of Lucile—Lady Duff Gordon. So you might expect her to be well dressed. She was.

She believes she was a tiger, once. She believes everybody was once an animal. She likes to tell, in a large gathering of people, which one was once a lion, which a bear, and so forth, in a previous incarnation. Sometimes her observations must be embarrassing, to say the least.

There were pictures on the wall of Queen Marie of Rumania, Queen Ena of Spain, King Alfonso, and others. There were, also, numerous Duchesses and Lords and Ladies, but I didn't have time for them.

She visits the Royal family in Spain every once in a while; she spent some time at the Court of Russia when there was a Court of Russia; she lives in London and Versailles. It was while she was the guest of the commanding general in Egypt that she discovered the perfume she now uses. Do you want to hear the story?

She went into a perfume shop and a young man came up to her—an Egyptian young man, I believe. He said, "Are you Madame Elinor Glyn?" "I am," said Miss Glyn, "but how did you know?"

"I felt that you were," said the young man very simply. And he went on to say that his father—or was it his uncle?—anyway, the elderly and invalid proprietor of the perfumery, had long cherished a copy of "Three Weeks." It was, in fact, his favorite book. Miss Glyn sent upstairs for the old man's copy of her novel and autographed it. The perfumer returned the compliment by concocting the very special scent she now uses—Persian Attar of Roses, it is called—one drop of which lingers for days, and days.

Miss Glyn is in America, you know, to study the films. She is going to write stories for Paramount—Gloria Swanson will enact the first. She has seen only fourteen films in her life. "How much I have to learn!" she says, "but I am so humble—so very humble. I volunteered for war work in England, you know, and was assigned to wash dishes in the canteen. I knew nothing about dishwashing when I started but before I finished I was the best dishwasher they had. I know nothing about films now—"

The inference is obvious.

She wants to find the representative American man for her film stories. Not an actor, but a model for her new screen heroes. She visited Harvard and many other places—even Kansas City—in her quest. Perhaps her first film will show us the result of her quest. Or perhaps there are no *Pauls* in America.

She studied and read twenty years before she wrote a line. Her first book, "Elizabeth," sold well. "Three Weeks" sold better—in fact, it was a "best seller." It caught on in America chiefly because America was not used to that sort of thing. It was read, much discussed, and finally filmed. She hopes someday to supervise a new version of it.

"Mark Twain," she said, "asked me how long it took me to write 'Three Weeks.' When I told him it was completed in about six weeks, he nodded sympathetically. 'I know,' he said, 'I wrote my "Joan" in a few months.'"

There's no doubt that she has sufficient funds for a hundred screen stories. She has travelled *(Continued on page 120)*

The Tale of a Tear

Who would ever suspect May Allison of tragic intentions?

By
MARY WINSHIP

Hartsook

"I'm just me. I don't get married or divorced, or stand on my head. I work hard and have lots of fun, but there isn't anything mystic, or unique about me."

I KNEW there was something wrong the moment I entered her rose-and-white boudoir.

I couldn't imagine what it was. She hasn't any husband. I'd seen her only the day before in a marvelous new ermine cape, and I could see a gold mesh bag flung half-open on her dressing table.

Now what could disturb a pretty woman who has no husband, an ermine cape *and* a gold mesh bag?

Nevertheless, there she sat—her eyes narrowed to glittering slits, her chin resting on a curled fist *and* sitting on her left foot. A fighting pose, that's all. Anybody knows what it means when a perfect lady sits on her left foot.

In spite of these signs of approaching storm, I waded right in where even a prohibition-enforcement officer might fear to tread.

"So—" she said slowly, in a hard-hearted-landlord voice. "So, I'm not going to die after all."

That rocked me a bit. "My goodness," says I to myself, "I know it isn't exactly fair to expect anybody as pretty as that to be all there, but I've always heard May Allison was one of the intellectual lights of the famed film circle. What can this mean?"

Just then I noticed a Tear—a really, truly Tear, slipping down her cheek. I stopped trying to be or feel funny. A pretty little blonde, preferably under thirty, with big blue eyes and an underlip that quivers, is the only female in captivity that can cry without spoiling the party.

"What's the matter, Miss Allison?" I asked diplomatically.

May Allison shook her head, while another tear slipped down and fell on her Chinese house-coat. "N—nothing," she murmured.

"Oh—" I said, "Must be something. I'm awfully sorry whatever it is."

She sat up straight at that and managed a crooked little smile. "It isn't anything, really. I'm a baby to act like this, only—"

And then it came out, the story of May Allison's Tear, told in the fashion of a woman who has kept silent quite a long time and must talk.

"It's just what I said. I'm not going to die. That's an exaggerated way of putting it, of course, but I've wanted to die ever since I came into pictures. If I could play Camille—Anyway, this was my great chance. Lady Kitty really did die—in 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' you know. But I suppose they're right. I'm a comedienne and I've got no business to aspire to dying and things like that.

"I've been in pictures a long time. Everybody remembers the days when Harold Lockwood and I were together for the old American. In the years since I have tried sincerely, honestly, painstakingly to better my work.

"I hope I am a good screen actress. And there are times when I just *long* to have a chance, only a chance, to play a big part, a serious, strong part. But I'm a comedienne—and such I will have to remain to the end of the chapter, I reckon. I think I would feel better if I were sure the public understood that I give them my very best, even if the medium seems light. I should hate them to think because I continue these light roles that I am content to stand still. I'm not. It's only that—I can't change my spots, you see."

"My dear," I said, as earnestly as I knew how, because she was so very sincere and earnest herself, "There's only one supreme thing to attain in this world. That's happiness. You give a lot of happiness and sunshine and laughter to the world. There's plenty of tragedy—in every newspaper, in every courtroom, in every home, to last the world a very long time. It's a whole lot more important to cheer us up a bit than to be a great artist, perhaps. Can't you be content to make us happy?"

But the little shower was over anyway. May Allison was smiling her pretty, ripply, good-fellow smile. Only a faint sparkle on her dark lashes told of The Tear.

"Oh, I am content," she said simply, "Really, I am. I'm naturally a very happy creature. I only want to be sure I have been climbing in these years of work—climbing in ability, in work, not merely in the size of the letters they put my name in.

"I'm just me. I don't get married, or divorced, or stand on my head. Nothing very much happens in my life that the public can enjoy. I work hard and have a lot of fun when it comes my way, but there isn't anything oriental, or mystic, or unique about me. I'm absolutely sure to be judged on my merits."

But if you trace May Allison's *(Continued on page 104)*

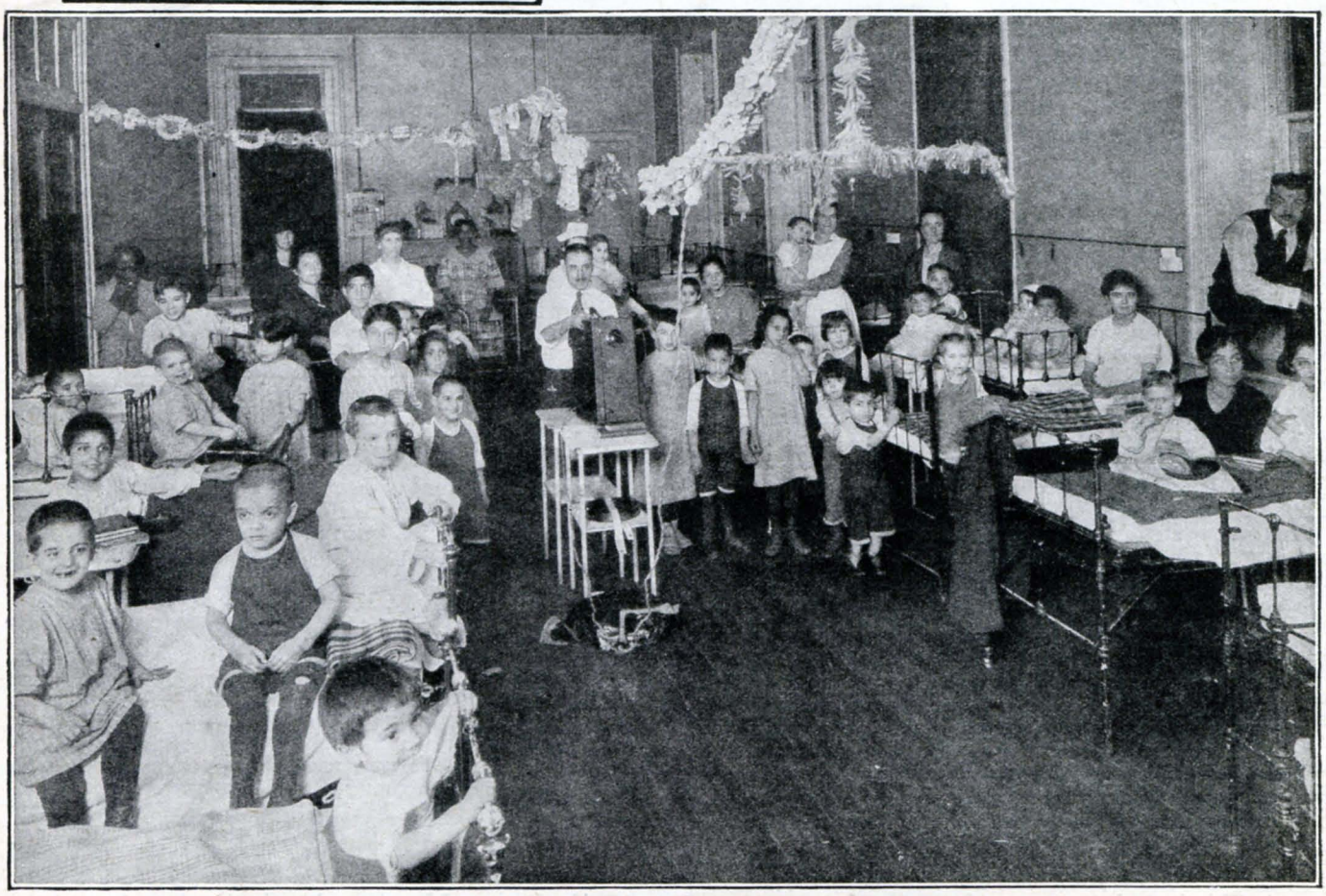
In the oval—a picture-show in a hospital for crippled children. They like Charlie Chaplin.

A serial showing in an East Side hall. See the intense attitude of the children.

Spreading Sunshine Through the Films

FIFTY little faces were turned toward a patch of white at the other end of the long, severely plain room. Fifty tired, pinched little faces watched Chaplin on the screen. Somewhere a tiny voice rose to what resembled a laugh.

The little voice was stilled forever the next day—but not before its baby owner had laughed—laughed for the first time at the antics of a comedian with funny feet and kindly smile. The scene was the White Plains Orthopedic Hospital where the little patients were enjoying a "pitcher-show" personally provided by the editor of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Since that time many shows have been given to shut-ins: crippled children, prisoners, the aged and infirm. Approximately ten thousand have been entertained in the one hundred and thirty-seven shows given since the first of July when the activities of the magazine extended in this direction. One company supplied film for each day in the week. First National, Universal, Pathé, Educational, Metro and Paramount contributed. Organizations in New York took up the work of spreading joy with comedy and travelogues for children, romance for the old, and slapstick for all. Any society which wants to start a Sunshine Club in its community may be furnished with information regarding costs, etc., by writing to the Editor of PHOTOPLAY. The initial cost of the projection machine is $200.



The babies of the Laura Franklin Children's Home prove a most appreciative audience for Photoplay's picture-show.

A Corot woods, composed by Everett Shinn for "Polly of the Circus."

Enter—the Artist

Into the realm of light and shadow—the kingdom of which they are the rightful heirs—come the artists, distinguished ushers of a new era.

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

PRODUCERS of motion pictures, having brought nearly all the great dramatic artists and celebrated authors to the screen, are now signing up pictorial and scenic artists of international standing. The International forces have annexed Joseph Urban, designer of scenery for the Metropolitan Opera House, the Ziegfeld Follies, and Broadway productions ranging from Shakespeare to musical comedy. Already some of the fruits of his art have reached the screen and enriched it, as for example in the only masterpiece of that company, "Humoresque"*. Paramount has signed the magazine illustrator and portraitist, Penrhyn Stanlaws, and the distinguished architect and decorator, Paul Chalfin. Max Reinhardt, greatest of German producers and master of half a dozen fine stage artists, is coming over to make movies of great pictorial appeal.

The era of the artist in pictures has come. What have been the steps in its development? What lies in the future?

The art of the screen is various. It is story. It is action. It is acting. It is characterization. It is personality. It is idea. But above all it is picture. The skill of story teller, director, actor, film editor is vital; but just as vital is the skill of the pictorial artist. Out of the pictures come story, action, acting, characterization, personality, idea. If the pictures are not good pictures, it will be so much harder for the story to be a good story, the actor a good actor, or the film a good film. The individual picture is the essence of the movies. It is bound to be, so long as light is the final, necessary, single essential of the camera. And so long as the picture holds its unique place, the artist hold his.

* An article on Mr. Urban's contributions to screen art appeared in the October issue of this Magazine.

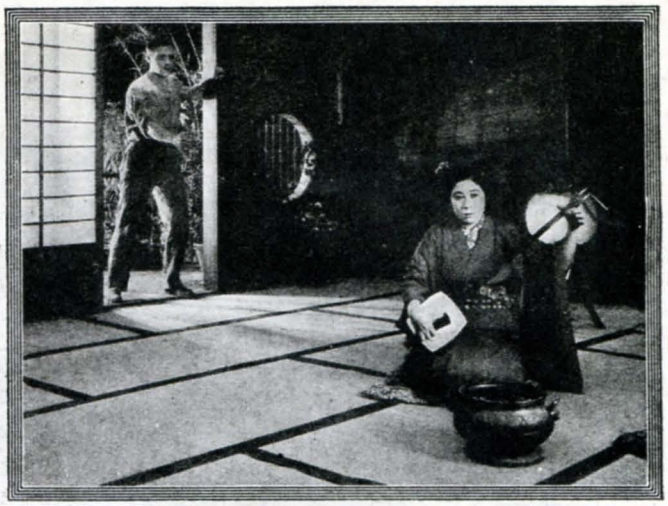
Thus far it is a place won by accident. Its progress has been the progress of men unbound by tradition and convention, meeting new opportunities and seizing them. In ten years it has led the screen to accomplishments in setting an atmosphere, which the stage only haltingly attempted under the proddings of Craig and Appia.

It was from the warm skies of the Mediterranean and the Pacific, that the first impulse to beauty came. The Italians found castles and palaces to photograph and the marvelous southern sun to dramatize them. California with the same endowment of the essentials of screen beauty—light and shadow—built its own castles. And soon California went one vital step farther. It began to foreswear the economy of open-air stages and to bring the electric light into a darkened studio. Hitherto the direct sunlight and the Californian hills had made "exteriors" marvelous. But "interiors"—flimsy rooms set up on open stages and lit economically, but with a flat glare, by the sunlight filtered through a cotton roof—remained bare and uninteresting. They needed shadow. One day an innovator supplied it.

My first recollection of this new beauty is the dungeon of Maciste in "Cabiria," and a great black body straining against the bars of a bright window. My second is the ship's hold in "Peer Gynt," which Lasky's sister-corporation, the Morosco company, made for Cyril Maude. The thing that I saw there was a thing I had never seen in the theater—faces and dim walls lit from a single flaring lamp. Those tense faces were shadowed with a drama that lay deep in the lines of lips and eyes, and leapt out with each slightest movement.

Then—in a literal flash—came "Lasky Lighting." Farrar's "Carmen" was the vehicle. Cecil de Mille, once a common-

From the earliest use of artistic detail to modern simplification. Fannie Ward in "The Cheat" — a Belascoan product by Wilfred Buckland, ever-elaborate though in good taste.



"The Call of the East," with Tsuru Aoki as the Japanese maid, made by the same company some years later, with simplicity adding to the atmosphere and dramatic effectiveness.

place actor, Alvin Wycoff, cameraman, and Wilfred Buckland, long Belasco's art man, may divide the credit. At any rate here were faces, groups, and interiors lit by a warm glow of light, clear and yet full of the modeling of delicate shadows, and dramatized by discriminating concentration from one general source. At one point a touch of "back lighting" shot across the scene, picked out a curve of throat, a twist of bright hair, or a fold of lace for a glowing, glistening highlight.

There was something else to the pictures of Lasky. There were backgrounds to catch the light into shadows. Because Buckland had worked with the master-realist of the stage, he brought something besides the Belasco plays to Lasky. He brought tasteful richness of setting. Under the flat lighting of most movies, it would have bored and distracted with quite the force that it does on the stage. Occasionally it did this in some of the fairy films of Lasky's sister-company, the Famous Players—in much of "Snow White" and "The Blue Bird" for example. But made over by "Lasky Lighting"—as it is today in most of the Famous Players-Lasky productions—it has a splendid and satisfying richness.

It is the danger of distracting the eyes from the actors by over-developing setting or costumes, which made the next contribution to the screen picture so immensely valuable. Another art director, Robert Brunton, under the supervision of Thomas H. Ince, undertook that ever essential task in creative progress—elimination. He built his settings with taste and restraint, but he made assurance doubly sure by blotting them out with shadows. Realism and minutia he borrowed, and light from a single major source; but with one he killed the other. Through windows, doors, high casements or shaded lamps, he drove his light upon the actors of his films, and almost upon the actors alone. They held the center of the stage, illumined and dramatized by light. Behind them were mere suggestions of place—surfaces that were at once atmosphere and a frame.

Lasky and Buckland, Ince and Brunton have given us the essential structure of the screen picture. You can go no farther in principle. Directors, art directors and camera men have absorbed all this and contributed nothing new. The rest—the future—lies in the expansion and refinement of what they have established. And, that, of course, is where the individual artist—whether architect, electrician, camera man or director—comes in.

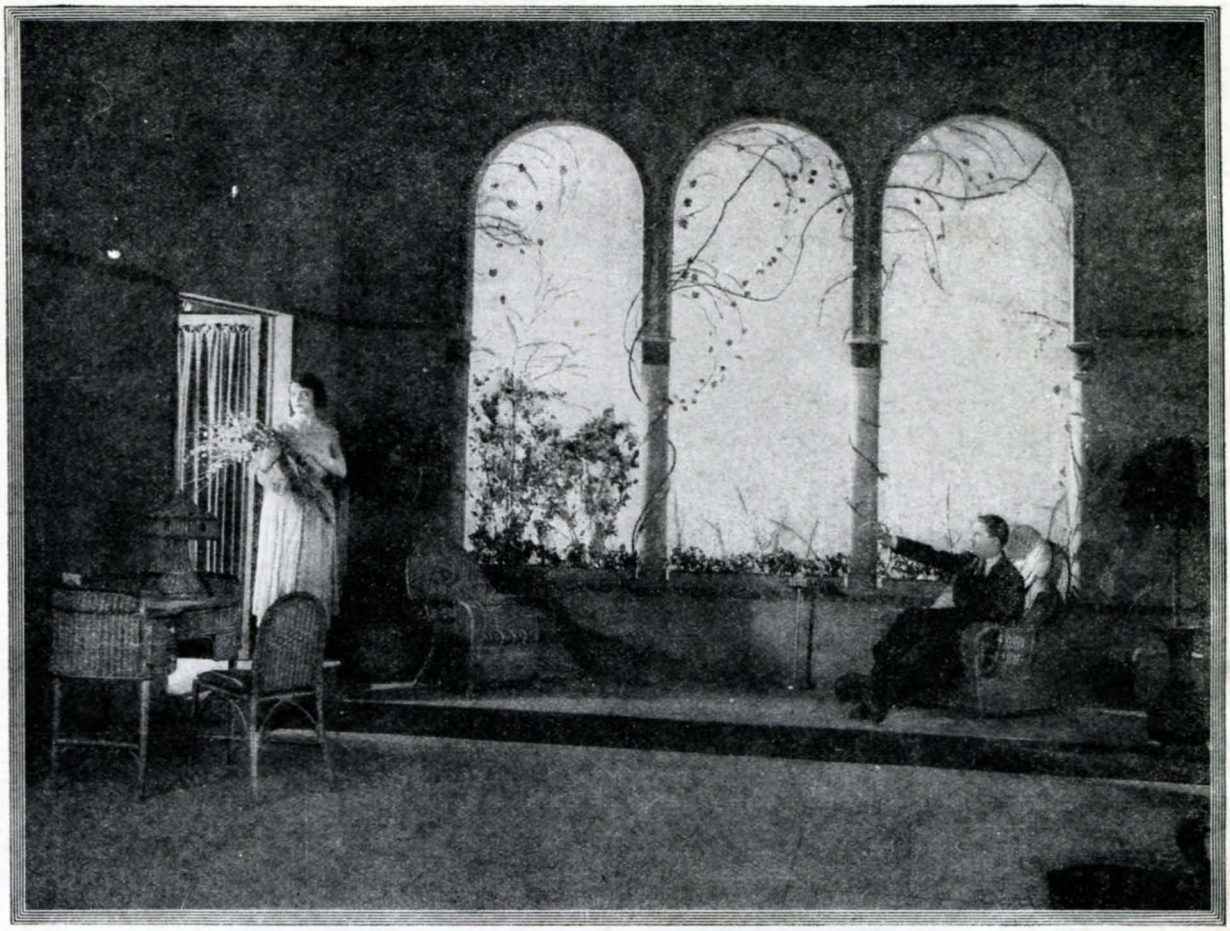
At least one artist has made splendid progress in the physical things, in the designing of settings. He is Hugo Ballin, the mural decorator, who worked for some two years with Goldwyn. A great part of Ballin's work has been rendered commonplace by the compromise and hustle of a great studio. But most of it has borne authentic marks of progress. He has left unornamented the solid walls that beaverboard allows the studio to substitute for the canvas of the stage. He has used draperies ingeniously, constructing a Sherry's handsomer than Sherry's out of a few tall stone pillars and some heavy curtains. He has applied design skillfully and with discretion. Above all he has kept his background subdued and his floors free of cluttering furniture. Consequently, the actors can be easily detected on the screen, even by the most unpracticed eye.

Hugo Ballin would go farther. Until now he has spent his time making a solid, tasteful and expensive background that tries to eliminate itself by pure restraint. His own belief is that he could eliminate it much more cheaply and effectively by not making it at all. He believes in the Ince-Brunton effect of lighted actors with a mere suggestion of atmosphere about them. If he had his way, he would get it by starting with the light—and the shadows—and adding just the few bits of draperies and corners of walls or doors that would actually appear on the finished film. It is a little difficult to decide whether the simplicity of the theory or the immense saving it would make, prevents the harassed producers from letting him do it.

An excellent composition in masses of light and shade. Arthur Hopkins, director. A scene from "The Eternal Magdalene."

Ballin not only made sketches and ground plans of settings; he worked out on every ground plan the positions of the camera for the various scenes; and while the photoplay was being photographed Ballin stood beside a professional director day in and day out studying positions, groupings, action, business and lighting—everything that went to make the finished production.

There have been experiments on the screen with the highly conventionalized, almost posteresque style of scenery which has crept into the theater under the stimulus of the new theories of stagecraft. A number of scenes in "The Blue Bird" showed the



An Urban setting for "Humoresque," adapting the technique of the stage to the motion picture. The effect of the sky secured by carefully worked out coloring and lighting.

players against backdrops painted in fantastic flat designs—with perhaps a mountain or a castle in silhouette. There was no attempt to light these drops so as to imitate reality or to create an atmosphere of vague dreaminess. It was a "stunt," an attempt at abstraction. The effect of individual scenes in the case of "The Blue Bird" was pretty enough, but the contrast between these and succeeding scenes of three-dimensional realism or stage carpentry was disconcerting.

It would be foolish to condemn this sort of production from a few experiments. Yet the reality of the camera suggests that the ideal artist for the screen is either the architect with a stage training and a brilliant romantic flair—a man like Joseph Urban, the movie's latest recruit—or else a new sort of artist in light alone. The stage is a place of deliberate self-deception. There we are always pretending and we welcome the opportunity that "abstract" scenery gives us to voyage far from make-believe actualities into places of the spirit alone.

The position of the artist in light—or of the Urban trained to moving picture possibilities—is assured. He has, first, the solidest of settings or the gauziest of suggestions, whichever he pleases. Next, he has the marvelous medium of light, controlled as never before. Finally he has the camera ready for any tricks. Nothing is impossible. He may range from the blazing beauty of a Greek temple in the summer sunlight, to the dimmest haunt of mist and monster. He may build an apocalyptic vision out of a Cooper-Hewitt and the night sky. Or he may capture the tortured soul of a murderer with a lamp and a few yards of black cheese-cloth.

"SURELY you do not wish to put your husband and Mrs. Havilow — both now en route for Europe — in such an embarrassing position?"

"Is their position more embarrassing than mine?"

"At least they cannot marry until there is a divorce."

"Ah! Then I still have some power left!"

WHICH is essential to a man's success: infatuation, or the clean, undying affection of a wife? "Non-Essentials," a fiction story to appear in February PHOTOPLAY, answers this question, as well as proves that love can be only as great as its power to forgive. "Non-Essentials" is another of those splendid fiction stories, entered in

Photoplay's $14,000 Contest

which is attracting the best writers in the country. The stories selected for publication are the standard of any fiction in America's best magazines. Throughout the year, PHOTOPLAY will continue to publish two such stories per month — twenty-four in all. For details of the contest prizes and regulations, consult page six of this issue.

Drawn by Norman Anthony

Photoplays We Do Not Care to See

Ben Turpin in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Nazimova in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

The Joy of the Season

A Holiday Talk with the Family Circle

By

MARGARET E. SANGSTER

THE Spirit of Christmas stood in the middle of the street and blew upon his cold fingers. All about him surged crowds—expensively dressed holiday crowds—but the Spirit of Christmas felt very lonely, even in the midst of them. He wondered, and his eyes were filled with a vague wistfulness, if the city had changed—or if his viewpoint had changed. For it seemed to him that the people who passed him by were strangely sophisticated—strangely lacking in the joy of the season. The women shoppers seemed over-eager and curiously unsmiling—the men hurried frantically and their lips were set in hard, straight lines. Even the Santa Claus figures, ringing bells on every street corner, looked tired and faded in their white beards and red coats. Indeed, the whole world looked tired and faded. No wonder the Spirit of Christmas was lonely!

"There's something wrong," he told himself gloomily. "There's something very wrong! Folk are too rushed, nowadays, to enjoy themselves. They're too busy to get any real pleasure out of life. Once—and it wasn't so very long ago—people used to have a good time. But now all that they ever think about is the making of money—and the spending of it!"

A little slum child, with a small, pinched face and weary eyes, shuffled past. The Spirit of Christmas followed her with his pitying gaze. And then, suddenly, a resolution came to him.

"I believe," he said slowly, "that I will go into the homes of the people. Perhaps, in their homes, I will find the joy of the season!" And with something of a smile on his lonely face, the Spirit of Christmas followed the slum child.

Down into the east side he went, following the child. And as he went his smile died—died almost before it had had a chance really to live. For all about him was turmoil and confusion and poverty—all about him folk were dashing hither and thither in their struggle for existence. When the child that he was following entered the doorway of a dingy tenement, he went in after her, but he went hopelessly. He only needed one glance at the room that she walked into to know that he would not find joy of the season there. For the room was filled with anxious, tired people—a mother and three little children—who worked feverishly at a great box of artificial flowers. The Spirit of Christmas saw that their listless fingers were constructing the leaves of artificial holly—the petals of great velvet poinsettias. And he sighed as he turned away.

"I will go," he said to himself, "into a home where wealth lives. And there, perhaps, I will find the joy of the season. For I cannot find it here!"

And he swung about as the child that he had followed sat down, with a sigh, and took up a sheaf of scarlet petals.

Quickly, for an immortal does not have to wait for subways and cars and traffic regulations, the Spirit of Christmas whirled himself away to a street of great mansions and limousines and butlers and French governesses. And, before very long, he had entered through the key hole of a huge white granite house, and was standing on the threshold of a gorgeous drawing-room—a splendid place that was softly lighted with rose-colored lights. And he was not alone, for a mother and her three grown daughters were seated there, having tea together. And as they sipped the amber liquid from cups of fragile China, they talked in bored tones. And one of the daughters said:

"These holidays are such a nuisance! All of the children are home from school and the house is quite overrun with them—children do clutter up a house! I suppose that we'll have to prepare a tree for them, and perhaps give a party. What a bother!" The daughter grimaced her displeasure.

And the mother answered, saying:

"Yes, the holidays always annoy me, too. I have to buy so many gifts for people that I don't in the least care about! I wish that the holidays had never been invented!"

And the Spirit of Christmas left hurriedly. For he knew that he could not find the Joy of the Season there!

"I will go back to the street that I started from," he said, as he left, "I will go back with all hope taken from my heart!"

Margaret E. Sangster

AND so the Spirit of Christmas went back to the crowded street and stood, a lonely, unseen figure, in the throng. It was twilight, now, and lights were flashing across the city. And as he stood there, it seemed to him that somewhere, among those lights, there must be some joy—some unhurried, peaceful happiness.

Across the street from him a great hotel teemed with restless people. Behind him a huge dance hall glittered and scintillated. At his right a department store was closing its doors and its underpaid employees swarmed like tired ants upon the pavement. And at his left a little theater, with a gay sign in front of it, twinkled out a warm invitation. It was toward the theater that the Spirit of Christmas turned finally. But his steps lagged, and his eyes were hopeless. And even as he went in at the doorway, he shrugged his shoulders.

It was a moving picture theater, warm and cozy and dimly lighted, that the Spirit of Christmas entered. He noticed, half heartedly, that the long rows of seats were filled with contented people; that all eyes were fastened upon the screen. And then he, himself sank into a vacant place and folded his hands. *(Concluded on page 113)*

Why-Do-They Do-It

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THIS is YOUR Department. Jump right in with your contribution. What have you seen, in the past month, that was stupid, unlifelike, ridiculous or merely incongruous? Do not generalize; confine your remarks to specific instances of absurdities in pictures you have seen. Your observation will be listed among the indictments of carelessness on the part of the actor, author or director.

Pearl's Patent Healer

AS Nan in "The White Moll" Pearl White, in order to ward off suspicion of the blood spots on the floor, has rare presence of mind to cut her hand on a broken lamp chimney. In a few minutes, when she becomes the "White Moll" again, the wound is entirely healed, and she even allows the "Adventurer" to squeeze her hand!

MARION SHALLENBERGER,
Johnstown, Pa.

A Confident Calf

IN "When Arizona Won," with Shorty Hamilton, there is a scene in which a calf is to be branded. The cowpuncher removes the iron from the fire and applies it with all his might, yet no smoke arises and the calf refuses to struggle. They must have tipped him off that the iron wasn't hot.

R. N. L., Nampa, Idaho.

Oh—That Often Happens

KEITH, in "For the Soul of Rafael," Clara Kimball Young's picture, approaches the Indian camp and a few seconds later we see him lying on the ground with an arrow in his right side. Later, when he is convalescing, we see him with his right arm in a sling. How come?

D. L. M., New York City.

Frenzied Finance

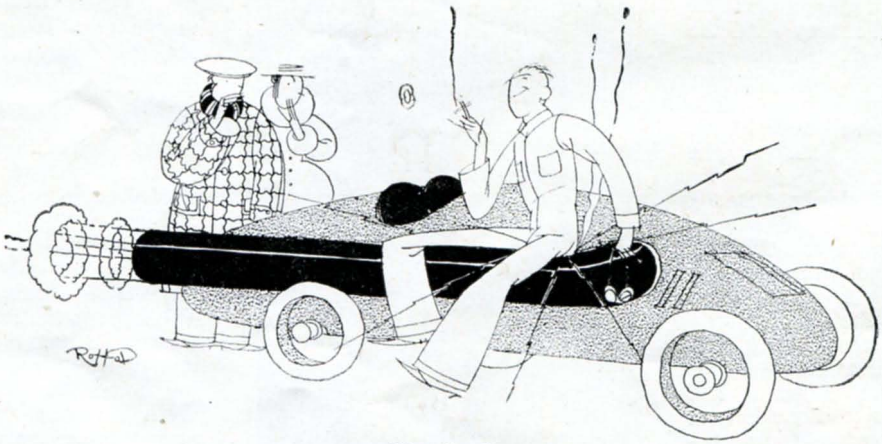
IN "Jiggs and the Social Lion," a "Bringing Up Father" comedy, Johnny Ray as *Jiggs* has just been robbed of all his money, but he pays the circus man five dollars for the loan of a lion for an hour.

EDWARD E.,
Toledo, Ohio.

The Marvelous Mr. Mix

TOM Mix, as the United States Marshal in "The Terror," bravely and gallantly loads many boxes of gold ore in a truck and starts for the city. On the way he encounters a band of highwaymen. Resorting to recklessness Tom drives the car into the most impossible places, over huge boulders, down steep grades and precipices, and one is not at all surprised when he sees Tom speeding up the street of the city with an absolutely empty truck—it was impossible to take the drive pictured without losing everything. The surprise comes when he appears in front of the office, the front end of the truck only being visible, and calmly announces, "Here is your gold," and becomes a hero for his accomplishment!

WALTER KELLEY, Fredonia, Kansas.



Hot Stuff

Wallace Reid, in "What's Your Hurry," gets out of his racing car, after driving something like one hundred miles in a race, and leans against the exhaust pipe. The exhaust pipe is sure to be extremely warm after such a drive, yet Wally doesn't seem to notice it.

A Pupil of Houdini

IN "The Hope," *Morton Dudley,* while trying to get the truth from the Major in regard to his daughter, locks his office door and puts the key in his pocket. After the Major tells his side of the story, *Dudley* picks up the telephone to call his clerk in from the outer office. The clerk opens the door of *Dudley's* office without any trouble at all!

PAULINE KAPLAN, Bronx, New York.

Another Hat Mystery

HAROLD LLOYD, in "Get Out and Get Under," places a perfectly new straw hat upon the running-board of his car (popular make) and a little later, majestically steps on it, crushing the crown completely. In the next scene, behold the straw hat, reposing serenely upon the seat beside Harold, once more a perfectly new hat.

J. C. KEESBERRY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Fifteen Noticed This

EVERY ex-soldier will see the mistake made in Hart's picture, "The Cradle of Courage." Bill rushes from the troop ship to his home, with kit, helmet, and gun. Now a soldier is never demobilized with a government gun in his possession. Troops are first sent to demobilization camps and disarmed before being allowed to go through the streets or to their destinations.

T. M., New York.

It's Being Done

ONE of the poor children in "Shore Acres" had on a thick woolen dress, but the stockings she wore were the thinnest silk.

EDYTHE,
Decatur, Ill.

Matrimonial Miracles

IN Norma Talmadge's picture, "Yes or No?" she is seen riding up to her house in a limousine with *Derrick.* Her husband goes to the window and looks down in time to see her get out of the car. But the window is seen to be of stained glass.

J. E. HORAN, Dalton, Ga.

Sealed Hearts and Sprained Ankles

I KNOW "Sealed Hearts" is an old picture, but I want to register this kick anyway. Eugene O'Brien and the young wife are playing tennis when she falls and sprains her ankle, seemingly the right. When carried in by her husband, she shows him the left and he administers the right treatment to the wrong member.

L. V., Peoria, Illinois.

Then her own world came back to her with a rush. It was a portrait of her baby and husband on the mantel. "Julian," she almost screamed, "my husband—my little girl—your best friend!"

"MIDSUMMER MADNESS"

Some have too much romance, some too little — it's hard to get just enough.

By
JEROME SHOREY

THERE'S nothing surprising about the scarcity of successful marriages, when you stop to think what amateurs the majority of the people are who go into it. And when you stop to think about it a second longer, you must realize that this is a condition that cannot be overcome, because marriage itself has to be its own training school. If a young man decides to be an electrical engineer, he goes to a school where they show him the difference between an ampere and a radio station, and lead him gently along the path of knowledge, so that when he goes into the business he can at least put a new plug in the electric iron without tearing out all the wiring in the house. And also when a young woman decides to become a stenographer, she goes somewhere to learn the loops and pothooks, so when the boss dictates a letter to her she does not write "Dearest Sweetheart" when he says "Dear Sir."

But when either of these young persons decides to marry, there is no place where they can study the business at first hand. A lot of friends and relatives give them a few bushels of more or less good advice which has been hanging around until it is musty and moth-eaten, and usually contradictory. If they don't follow the good advice they get into trouble, and if they do they get into a lot more trouble. Most of them learn this as they go along and soon decide to sink or swim on their own judgment. The remarkable thing is, how many muddle along into something approaching contentment.

That was what the Merediths and the Osborns were doing. Just regular young American married folks, rather prosperous, envied by most of their friends, satisfied with one automobile to the family, and not finding it necessary to have a new one oftener than every second year.

Bob Meredith and Julian Osborn had been friends in college,

so had Margaret Meredith and Daisy Osborn. They were married about the same time, and the double friendship made the four a happy little community of companions. Formalities soon were abolished and they were more like one family than two. When Margaret's baby was born, Daisy was almost as happy as if little Peggy had been her own, and she poured all the love of her boundlessly affectionate nature into the making of layettes and other dainty things for the nursery.

So for five or six years they all prided themselves upon being ideally happy, and laughed at all the problems of modern marriage about which so many volumes are written. Bob and Margaret loved each other as fondly as they did in their courtship days, and so did Julian and Daisy. They did not know, and did not care, that not once in a thousand marriages is there an equal balance between husband and wife in one tremendously important matter—their love of romance. But the discovery was bound to come.

It came with Margaret's birthday, when little Peggy was six years old. As usual the event was to be celebrated at the Meredith home, with a gathering of the four friends and Julian's mother, who lived with him and Daisy. Bob had become a successful lawyer, and the dignity of his profession, together with the feeling of responsibility as father as well as husband, had gradually dulled his feeling for the romantic phases of life. But it had been such a gradual transition that Margaret had not been conscious of the difference, and just one of the little things of life made her realize it and feel suddenly chilled.

The birthday gifts were laid out upon a table. There was something from everyone. Even Mary Miller, little Peggy's nurse, and almost a member of the family since she lost her parents several years before, had contributed her offering—a scarf knit with her own nimble fingers. There were pretty silken things from Daisy. But when Margaret came to the gifts from her husband and her husband's friend, side by side, she gasped.

Bob had been more than usually busy, and the question of what to give his wife had bothered him, until, at the last minute, he had made out a check for $1,000 and put it in a business envelope, with the name of his firm in one corner. Julian had sent a little basket of roses with a card, in his own handwriting:

For
My friend's wife—
My wife's friend—
From
Her friend's husband—
Her husband's friend.

Here was poetry and prose, romance and materialism, and Margaret almost wept at the realization that she wished the roses had come from Bob. Then with a rush, her hunger for romance took form and tortured her. She magnified it, looked back upon years that had been happy and felt that they were barren. She recalled bitterly, that she had spent hours making herself as beautiful as possible that evening, and while the others had showered compliments upon her, Bob had simply taken it all for granted.

But she concealed her disappointment with a stern determination to devote herself to Bob even more constantly than ever, and rebuild her little world that seemed to have crashed about her.

The merry badinage of the dinner table revived Margaret's spirits, and as she looked at Bob across the table she accused herself of being an ungrateful wretch. She recalled his sterling character, his generosity, his consideration for all her whims and his tireless patience, until by the time they had returned to the drawing-room she believed she was more in love with him than ever. Daisy went to the phonograph, looked over the records, and suggested dancing. Margaret and Julian were on their feet in an instant, and Bob looked over at them indulgently.

"Enjoy yourselves, children," he said, in his best court-room manner. "I have an important case coming up tomorrow. I must go to my study."

"Oh Bob, not on my birthday!" Margaret exclaimed, with a pout, but he only laughed.

"Julian's a better dancer than I am anyhow," he said. "You've told me that often enough." And he left them.

Daisy had started the machine and Julian swept Margaret into step.

"It's cooler in the patio," he said, and led her outside, the music floating to them through open doors and windows.

The shock that Margaret had received lent a little added dignity and aloofness to her manner, and aloofness was something which Julian did not encounter at home. Daisy was anything but aloof. In fact, Julian frequently was bored by her persistent devotion—she could hardly pass the breakfast rolls to him without patting his hand. And to Julian, pursuit was half of romance. Daisy was a mere child, and as he danced in the soft evening air he looked down at Margaret and told himself that this was indeed a woman.

There was a mere edge of moon in a wisp of clouds, a meadow of stars, jasmine on the breeze, and one of his roses in Margaret's hair.

"A night for romance," he whispered, and he felt her tremble a little as she answered:

"I'm afraid I've had all the romance I'll ever have. Bob hardly notices me, any more."

They danced up and down the length of the patio in silence, and then as they reached the end farthest from the house, Julian bent his head and kissed Margaret's bare shoulder.

"You are beautiful," he breathed.

Bob had been looking from one to the other, bewildered mind, searching for unbiased evidence, found a way

Mrs. Osborn, looking out at the dancers, saw her son's lips touch the shoulder of his friend's wife and gasped. Then, as Margaret suddenly realized what had happened and drew back, Mrs. Osborn turned away to assure herself that Daisy had not seen.

A few days later Daisy was called away by the illness of her father.

"I'll be gone for two weeks at least," she told Margaret. "I want you to take care of Julian for me while I'm gone and see that he doesn't get lonesome."

Margaret promised, but she was filled with apprehension. The memory of the kiss had not left her as she had hoped it would, and there was a light in Julian's eyes as he looked at her that menaced her peace of mind. Bob was immersed in big business, and Julian never let work interfere with the business of living. She decided she would not again see him alone, and for a week she succeeded in carrying out the determination.

Then, one evening, Julian was to dine with the Merediths and they were all three going to the Country Club together to a dance. Julian arrived, but Margaret waited in her room for Bob's arrival. Instead of Bob there came a telephone message saying that he would not be home that night, as he had to go to a nearby city for a conference. Margaret's first impulse was to send word to Julian that she was ill, but she called herself a silly fool, and went downstairs. Then she decided that they would be less alone at the club than if they stayed at home.

It was half past one when they returned after a drive through moonlight flooded fairyland of dreamy shadows. Julian helped Margaret out of the car, but stopped and drew her toward him in the shadow of the patio.

"What a heavenly night!" he whispered. "Must it end so soon?"

"Please, Julian,—you know it must," she answered, softly.

Mary Miller, aroused from sleep when the car came down the driveway, glanced from an upstairs window just as Julian threw both his arms around Margaret.

"All the world is asleep," he urged. "We are alone, and the night is young. We have a few hours yet—why waste them?"

"Julian! Don't!" Margaret protested, but she had not the strength to resist the call of romance for which she was starving.

"Come! We'll drive up to my lodge in the hills and back," Julian urged, and Margaret found herself back in the car.

It was midsummer and there was magic astir in the mountains. The air was cooler in the higher altitude, and when they reached the lodge Julian suggested that they go in, light a fire and warm themselves before they returned. In a dream Margaret consented to everything. Her will seemed to have deserted her. She sat on the long couch in front of the fireplace, while Julian started a cheerful blaze. Then he sat beside her and folded her in his arms.

Julian had forgotten his caretaker who lived in a cabin near by. The caretaker, awakened by the motor, looked out, saw lights in the lodge and decided to investigate. Hurrying across the road he looked in at the window, saw his employer with a woman in his arms, and went back, informing his wife that Mr. and Mrs. Osborn were at the lodge.

"But Mrs. Osborn is in the East," the wife reminded him.

"Well, it's Mr. Osborn anyhow, and the rest is none of our business," the excellent servant replied, and dismissed the matter.

Margaret was dreaming romance. It meant nothing to her that the arms were the arms of her husband's friend. She hardly knew who it was beside her, but only that her hungry heart was being fed upon the fare for which she had longed.

"It's springtime, darling, and the night is on fire," he whispered. "I am Pan, and you are a Dryad, crushed in my embrace."

She lay limp and helpless in his arms, and his lips met hers. She struggled instinctively for an instant, and then surrendered, until at last, for very surfeit, she pushed him from her with a gasp. Then, as she stared, something came into her line of vision, vaguely at first, and then more clearly, and her own world came back to her with a rush. It was a portrait of her baby and her husband on the mantel.

"Julian," she almost screamed, and pointed at the picture.

"My husband—my little girl—your best friend!"

He tried to soothe her, but the spell was broken.

"No—you must protect me—I can't fight for both of us," she moaned.

And the appeal to his manhood awakened him.

"I am going to protect you," he said. "Come."

And they went quickly back to the car.

Pinned to her pillow in her room at home Margaret found a little note in a printed scrawl.

"Sweet darling little mamma," it read. "Please come in and kiss me when you come home."

Here was refuge from the storm. Hurrying to the nursery, she knelt beside Peggy's bed, but she could not touch the innocent lips with hers. Softly caressing a baby hand that lay upon the coverlet, she let her tears fall, and knew that all the romance her heart needed lay here before her.

But the caretaker's wife had a sister, and the sister was cook in the home of Mrs. Hicks, and Mrs. Hicks was a friend of Daisy, or pretended she was. So Mrs. Hicks took occasion to call on Daisy soon after she returned from her visit to her father, and after much beating about the bush, adopted the motherly tone, and asked:

by the charges and by Julian's tacit confession. His legal out. "We'll ask Mary Miller," he said, "She was here!"

"You have betrayed yourself a dozen times tonight," Daisy replied coldly. "You are the woman."

"My dear, I'm a much older woman than you, and I know the world, so you mustn't be offended. But, do you quite trust your friend, Mrs. Meredith?"

"Of course I do," Daisy replied. "How silly!"

"I mention this only because I'm a real friend," the gossip explained. "I saw Julian and Mrs. Meredith leave the Country Club dance last week a little after one o'clock, and at three o'clock they were seen at your lodge in the mountains."

Daisy scoffed, but Mrs. Hicks insisted, and quoted her authority, repeating the assurance that she told Daisy only out of true friendship. Daisy continued to insist that she was certain there must be a mistake, but the moment Julian arrived home she confronted him.

"What time did you take Margaret home from the Country Club dance?" she demanded.

Julian looked at her in amazement, realizing that he was in a corner and wondering who had spied upon him and Margaret. His mother stood behind Daisy and met her son's eyes. She knew what time he had reached home that night, for she had been sitting up, anxiously awaiting his return, troubled by the memory of the kiss she had seen as they danced in the patio. But so long as Daisy had only asked a question, Julian determined to brazen it out, knowing his mother would not betray him.

"One-thirty," he said, "or somewhere around there. I can't say to the minute."

"You were seen making love to a woman in the lodge at three o'clock that morning," Daisy snapped back. "You must have taken Margaret there, after the dance."

Julian could not find words to explain, and he knew there was no use in persisting in his denial.

"Do you expect me to go on living with you, after this?" Daisy cried, and bursting into tears fled to her room.

But Mrs. Hicks was not satisfied to fire only one barrel of her murderous weapon. She found Bob and Margaret sitting in the patio at their home, and quickly unburdened herself of another version of her story.

"My dear," she said, after an exchange of formal greetings, "I have terrible news for you. Daisy Osborn has just discovered that her husband was making love to some woman at their lodge after the Country Club dance."

"Margaret can prove that is not true," Bob answered. "She was at the dance with Julian herself."

Mrs. Hicks did not care to enter into the controversy. She was satisfied with having winged her bird—she would let it flutter as best it could, so she departed.

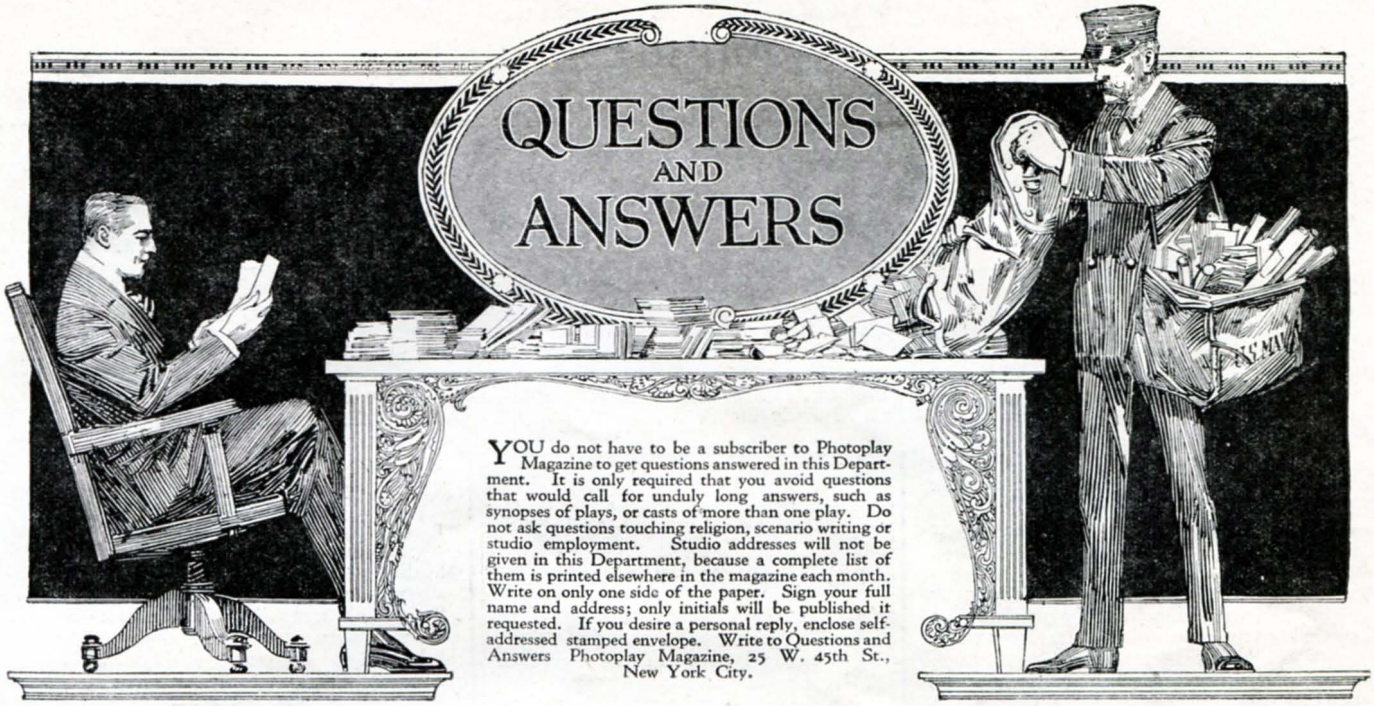
"We'll straighten this out for Julian and Daisy," Bob remarked. "I'll phone them to come over."

In reply to the invitation Julian said he did not think Daisy was feeling well enough to go out, but she heard him making explanations, and taking the receiver away from him, accepted. Then she shut herself again in her room.

"It was—Margaret," Mrs. Osborn said, looking her son straight in the eyes.

"It was midsummer madness," he exclaimed. "I risked friendship, honor, the happiness of four lives. And my punishment is that no one, not even Bob, can believe the truth. I dare not even warn Margaret for fear she will betray herself."

So night brought the four friends together, neither couple knowing what was passing in the minds of the others. But the coldness of restraint was over them all, and they spoke in forced and too calm tones of *(Continued on page 93)*



YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published it requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers Photoplay Magazine, 25 W. 45th St., New York City.

CORA H. LANSING.—All Cook's tours don't happen in Europe. I know some of my friends complain that their cooks are touring all the time. Franklyn Farnum is not related to Bill and Dustin. Farnum's real name is Smith. Shirley Mason and Viola Dana are sisters; the family name is Flugrath. Viola is the widow of John Collins and Shirley is married to Bernard Durning. Margaret Shelby is Mary Miles Minter's sister. Margaret often plays in pictures with Mary but is now in the real estate business in California.

V. L. G., MISSOURI.—Oh, I am so sorry—so awfully sorry! But blame the printer, don't blame me. Conway Tearle played opposite Anita Stewart, not Norma Talmadge, in "Human Desire." I hope nothing untoward has resulted from your being misinformed. Isn't that a fine word—untoward?

CORINNE, LOS ANGELES.—Many thanks for the clippings; they were most interesting. So a million dollar studio is being erected across the street from you. Is it possible there is room for another one? Conway Tearle's tired little smile performs for the camera at Selznick's, in Fort Lee, N. J. Marguerite Clark, I understand, is soon to make her reappearance in the film version of the stage farce, "Scrambled Wives." We'll all be glad to see Marguerite again.

D. P., FREEPORT.—If you mean the celebrated English actress, Ellen Terry, you may be able to locate her by addressing your letter to 215 King's Road, Chelsea, S. W., London. Or her summer address, Tower Cottage, Winchilsea, Sussex, England. Miss Terry has appeared in several pictures and is soon to make another, I hear.

LLOYD, WASHINGTON.—You should have seen the Fox production of "Les Miserables" with William Farnum, long before this. There was a recent revival of this classic and you may be able to see it yet. Ask your theater manager. Note your request for stories and will see what I can do.

BOBBY.—Yes, I understand that young actress had a very difficult part to play in her stage debut. She doesn't have to say a word. A letter to Constance Binney care Realart will positively reach her—you probably addressed it wrong. She is working at the Paramount studios in Long Island City, but it's better to write to her at the company which releases her pictures. Ruth Renick and Betty Bouton opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mollycoddle." Understand Doug and Mary are going to the Orient very soon. The French are eager for Doug to make "Three Musketeers" in France and he will probably do so. Charles Meredith, Lasky, Hollywood. Nigel Barrie, 1919 North Van Ness, Hollywood.

PPL. S., NEW YORK CITY.—Reminds me of the little girl with a new teddy bear. Asked what she called it she replied, "Gladly," and elucidated thus: "I call him after the hymn—the one that says, 'Gladly my cross-eyed bear'!" They should have given her a good one. Guy Coombs is going on the stage, if he hasn't already gone. Franklyn Farnum was last in serials. I haven't his present whereabouts unless you want to write him "Somewhere in Hollywood."

GEE, MATLOUSY, N. Y.—Also gosh, also gee whiz. You want to know about Gareth Hughes. Well, he isn't married. And he is twenty-three. And he's Welsh, under contract to Metro and loaned to Paramount to play "Sentimental Tommy" in the Barrie story. I saw him the other day but I didn't give him your love. Constance Binney went to Cuba on location for "Something Different." Three guesses as to what the something different down in Cuba is.

N. M., WINNIPEG.—No, your letter didn't require any answer. That's why I'm answering you. Your wishes have been noted and will probably be carried out. So you don't like to hear Mary Pickford called Mary Fairbanks or Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks or anything but Mary Pickford. All right—we'll call her Mary just to please you.

MOVIE FAN.—Original nom de plume. How did you ever think of it? So you could laugh at Lydia Yeamans Titus even if you were having a tooth extracted. Hope you'll never be called upon to make good your boast. She was *Mrs. O'Mulligan* in "Nurse Marjorie" and was on the stage for many years. Matt Moore will soon be seen in "The Passionate Pilgrim"—the title role of Samuel Merwin's story, picturized by Cosmopolitan—and "The Manifestation of Henry Ort." Matt is the only unmarried Moore—but no, that isn't right, is it? They are all unmarried now, Tom having been divorced from Alice Joyce, Owen from Mary Pickford, and Joe from Grace Cunard. It was Victor Moore, no relation to the Moores of filmland, who played in "Chimmie Fadden." Victor is a vaudeville comedian.

H. M. S.—Give my regards to Gilbert, old top. And many thanks for your consideration of me. It touches me profoundly—only six questions! Anna Nilsson is now playing for Metro in "Temple Dusk," working in the eastern studio. Norma Talmadge's new picture has not been definitely titled. Wallace Reid in "Always Audacious" and "The Charm School." Don't mention it.

M. C. M., TACOMA.—You want Ben Turpin's name? Dear child, that's it. Ben plays in Sennett comedies under his own monicker. Polly Moran was *Sheriff Nell.*

KATHERINE, JACKSON.—You look at an envelope as you do at a human being. It isn't the appearance—it's what's on the inside that counts. Go to the head of the class, Katherine. Your stationery is very easy on my eyes; don't worry about that. Mary MacLaren is playing at the International studio in New York City. Alma Rubens is divorced. Her contract with International has expired. The picture in which she is now appearing is "Thoughtless Women," by Daniel Carson Goodman. Alma lives in New York. Call often.

WOGGIE.—What a whimsical name. Frank Keenan, whom you like best of all actors, is now playing the title role in "John Ferguson," St. John Ervine's fine play in Los Angeles. Mr. Keenan is married and is the father of several children. There are two little Ed Wynnlets who call him grandpa, too. In other words, Mr. Keenan's daughter married Ed Wynn, the well known comedian. I know Frank Keenan and like him—he's an excellent actor and a gentleman. Selah.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

D. D. D., PITTSBURGH.—Yes—that music was original—once. Harrison Ford is now playing opposite the Talmadge sisters. Write him care Talmadge studios in New York. Ethel Clayton is the widow of Joseph Kaufman. Miss Clayton is one of the most charming screen ladies I know. She was abroad this summer. Madlaine Traverse is five feet nine inches tall. June Elvidge is the same height.

AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL.—A new writer is always welcome, whether she's old fashioned or not. I say—can you make pies? Alice Lake's latest is "Body and Soul"—one of those nice little Metro titles. Ruth Roland appears only in serials now. Her latest is "Ruth of the Rockies." Herbert Heyes opposite Ruth. Don't forget to write again.

FRANK EDWARD SLATER, LONDON.—Your letter was the best I've read for a long, long time. You say you have nearly seventy large photographs of stars in your room, but half of them are divorced. Why do you keep the other half? You also say it is pure vanity that makes a fellow write to me, just to see if he is considered important enough to have a decent long answer or an also-ran. Well, well—I didn't know I ran any also-rans. I'll have to remedy that right away. Cast of "Love or Justice" follows: *Nan Bishop*, Louise Glaum; *Paul Keeley*, Jack Richardson; *Jack Dunn*, Charles Dunn; *Winthrop E. Haines*, J. Barney Sherry; *Phyllis Geary*, Dorcas Matthews; *Judge Geary*, Charles K. French. Drop over again soon old thing. Toodle-oo!

A. L. M., BALTIMORE.—I should be very glad to give you the picture of Miss White if I had anything to do with it—but I haven't. PHOTOPLAY does not sell its covers or its photographs, either, so I'd advise you just to write Pearl at the Fox studio and ask her for a good likeness. Her cover appeared in April, 1920.

H. C.—Estelle Taylor isn't married. She's a Wilmington, Delaware, girl. Mighty nice child, Estelle. Now appearing in "My Lady's Dress." Oh, don't mention it. It's a pleasure to answer a question about Estelle. (Now I've started something.)

MARY.—I met my landlord this morning and he never spoke to me. No, I wasn't offended—only relieved. May McAvoy is coming along now: she is *Grizel* in "Sentimental Tommy." She never was on the stage. Monte Blue in "Something to Think About," "The Jucklins" and "The Kentuckians." Monte alleges there is no Mrs. Blue. There is a Mrs. Charles Meredith. Yes, the Vidors are very devoted—to each other and to small Suzanne. Did you know PHOTOPLAY first called attention to Florence Vidor in her first little bit in "A Tale of Two Cities?"

AILEEN, BUENOS AIRES.—I enjoyed your letter very much. Your friend is slightly misinformed when he says that all the actresses in pictures are old except Vivian Martin. Vivian isn't old—she is quite youthful, in fact, but then so are many others. Mary Pickford, the most famous of them all, is only twenty-seven. The Talmadge girls, Mary Miles Minter, the Binneys, the Gishes, and many many more I could name are in their early twenties. It's a youthful industry, ours. Look at me.

BROWN EYES.—Joseph Schenck doesn't direct—except his wife's business career. He's a theatrical and film manager. Olive Thomas' last picture was "Everybody's Sweetheart." Answer to Marguerite Clark question elsewhere. She's Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams. Enid Markey opposite Elmo Lincoln in "Tarzan of the Apes." Enid has been on the stage over a year now; she played in the Woods' farce, "Up in Mabel's Room" and is now in a new play. She isn't married.

A. L., BROOKLYN.—There's no fun arguing with you. You agree with everything I say. Your letter was very nice, however, so we'll let it go at that. Mae Gaston opposite Thomas Carrigan in the Nick Carter films. Carrigan is divorced from Mabel Taliaferro. Miss Taliaferro plays the *Painted Lady* in "Sentimental Tommy."

The Solitaire

By LEIGH METCALFE

I AM the Engagement Ring—
That ever-ready clincher, to be gouged out of a waistcoat pocket
By a fiery lover who would have forgotten it but for the director's assistant.
Between proposals, I relax in a velvet case in the studio vaults.
I have aided in plighting more troths than are broken yearly in Reno.
If all the lies, husked under the calcium
Were exploded in real life, Cupid would be bald-headed.
Half of the ingenues who wear me
For the brief moment the camera turns
Will never get nearer to a real happily-ever-after! . . . .
Oh, dear! Here comes that Property Man again, fidgeting with the lock.
I wish I were back
In the belly of the Transvaal.

CURIOUS KATHRYN.—All I have to say to you is that you are too curious and that I am not bald-headed.

ELLEN, PHILADELPHIA.—The only time a telephone ever comes in handy is when a young man wants to ask a doting father for his only daughter's hand. At that it requires courage. It usually takes so long to get a number that I should change my mind in the meantime. Can't say I adore Dick Barthelmess but he is a nice chap and a good actor. He is still with Griffith at the Mamaroneck studios. It isn't likely that Conway Tearle will ever play with Norma Talmadge again. Tearle is now a lone star.

BLUE EYED JEANNE OF FRISCO.—So your fiance gave you a diamond ring, a pearl necklace and a wrist-watch. Has he any money left? You can't start housekeeping on a diamond ring and a wrist-watch, you know. Wanda Hawley is twenty-three. Gloria Swanson doesn't tell her age. There's a new Gloria Swanson now, you know—arrived at the Herbert Somborns' home in Los Angeles in October. Gloria is coming back to the screen as a Paramount star the first of the year. Charles Ray is twenty-nine. Mae Murray, twenty-four. Dick Barthelmess, twenty-five. Robert Harron died in New York City.

ELEANOR, CHICAGO.—Ruth King played *Ana* in Clara Kimball Young's "For the Soul of Rafael." The Young lady isn't married. She was divorced from James Young some time ago. Her latest picture is "Mid-Channel."

WONDERING, OHIO.—Of course it takes courage to face the music—particularly a wedding march. I've never tried it—yet. Charles Meredith opposite Ethel Clayton in "The Thirteenth Commandment."

L. K., NEKOOSO, WIS.—You ask me if I realize that every time I take a breath someone dies. Yes, and I know that if I stop taking breaths I'll die too. Is that all? Cleo Madison returns to the screen in "The Price of Redemption" and "White Ashes," both Metro pictures. Miss Madison is now a member of the western Metro stock company.

E. S. D., DETROIT.—Tony Moreno has made his last serial. Hereafter he will only appear in features. Pauline Curley is his leading woman in "The Veiled Mystery." Address them both at western Vitagraph. No, Tony isn't married. He's Spanish—that is, he was born over there. He speaks English—not, perhaps, as she is spoke, but fairly well. That's all right.

MIMI.—Doris Keane is at present in London. She intends to present "Romance" in Paris, I believe. Basil Sydney is her husband. Did you see Miss Keane in the screen version of her famous play?

RICHARD, PHILADELPHIA.—Curiosity isn't really idle at all. I have found this out all by myself. Charles Ray has his own studio in Los Angeles. His manager is Richard Willis on the Coast while Arthur Kane handles his productions. Ray was in musical and dramatic stock for four and one-half years. He was also in vaudeville. His screen career commenced with Ince and he appeared in "Peggy," "The Coward," "String Beans" and others. His latest production is "Nineteen and Phyllis" the fictionization of which appears in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

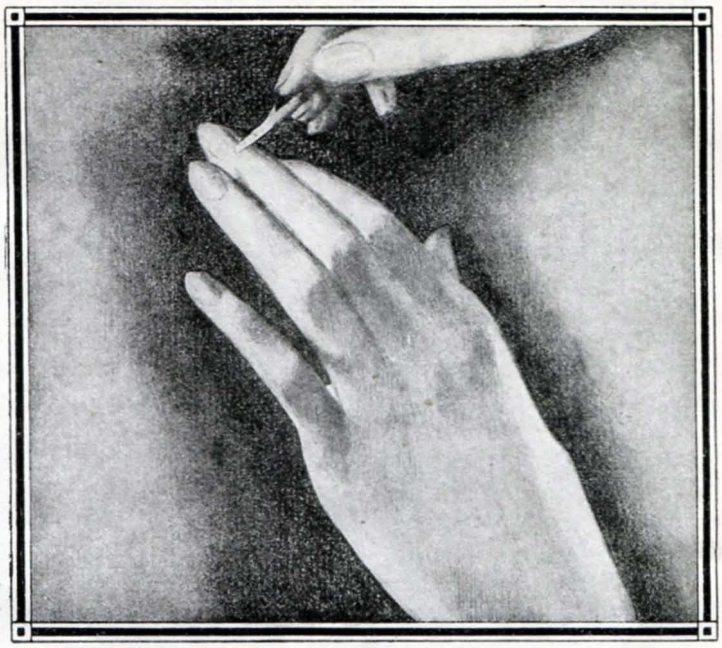
C. W. F., CLEBURNE, TEXAS.—I am afraid Constance Talmadge won't give you a personal answer. She tells me she is too busy to write letters to her admirers. You will undoubtedly get a photograph of her, however. Constance didn't get married while she was in Europe and she hasn't been married since she returned. Whereupon you may deduce that she is blessedly single. Norma is Mrs. Joe Schenck.

HELEN.—You say I know so much and yet in my answers I don't make you feel like a fool. I must be clever. Viola Dana, Metro; Harold Lloyd, Rolin Pathe; Doris May, Thomas Ince; Marie Walcamp, Universal.

THEODORE M., NEW YORK.—Very much obliged for taking the trouble to send me the cast of the serial, "The Fatal Fortune." I will publish it here so that the Manila gentleman who wanted it in the November issue may run and read: *Helen Benton*—Helen Holmes; *Tom Warden*—Jack Levering; *Howard Warden*—William Black; *John Burke*—William Frederick; *"Wolf" Hawkins*—Frank Wunderlee; *"Blinky" Bill Eaton*—Leslie King; *Invisible Face*—Floyd Buckley.

MARIE, KANSAS CITY.—Many a man dreams of millions and then lunches in an arm-chair foodery. You may write M. Georges Carpentier care Robertson-Cole. He made one picture for them, "The Wonder Man." He probably will not make any more before his bout with Dempsey. Are you betting? *(Continued on page 120)*

Cutting the cuticle makes it grow more rapidly and leaves a ragged, rough, unsightly edge



Discard cuticle scissors. Try this modern Cutex way of removing surplus cuticle

Cutting will ruin your cuticle

WHEN the cuticle is cut the skin at the base of the nails becomes dry and ragged and hangnails form.

A famous skin specialist says: "On no account trim the cuticle with scissors. This leaves a raw, bleeding edge, which will give rise to hangnails, and often makes the rim of flesh about the nail become sore and swollen." Over and over other specialists repeat the advice—"Do not trim the cuticle."

It was to meet this need for a harmless cuticle remover that the Cutex formula was prepared. Cutex is absolutely harmless. It completely does away with cuticle cutting, and leaves the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken.

The safe way to manicure

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a bit of this cotton wrapped about the stick and dipped in Cutex, gently work about the nail base, pressing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pushing the cuticle back when drying them.

To remove stains and to make the nail tips snowy white, apply Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish. This comes in cake, paste, powder, liquid and stick form.

To keep your cuticle so soft and pliable that you need not manicure so often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough to give you six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 701, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

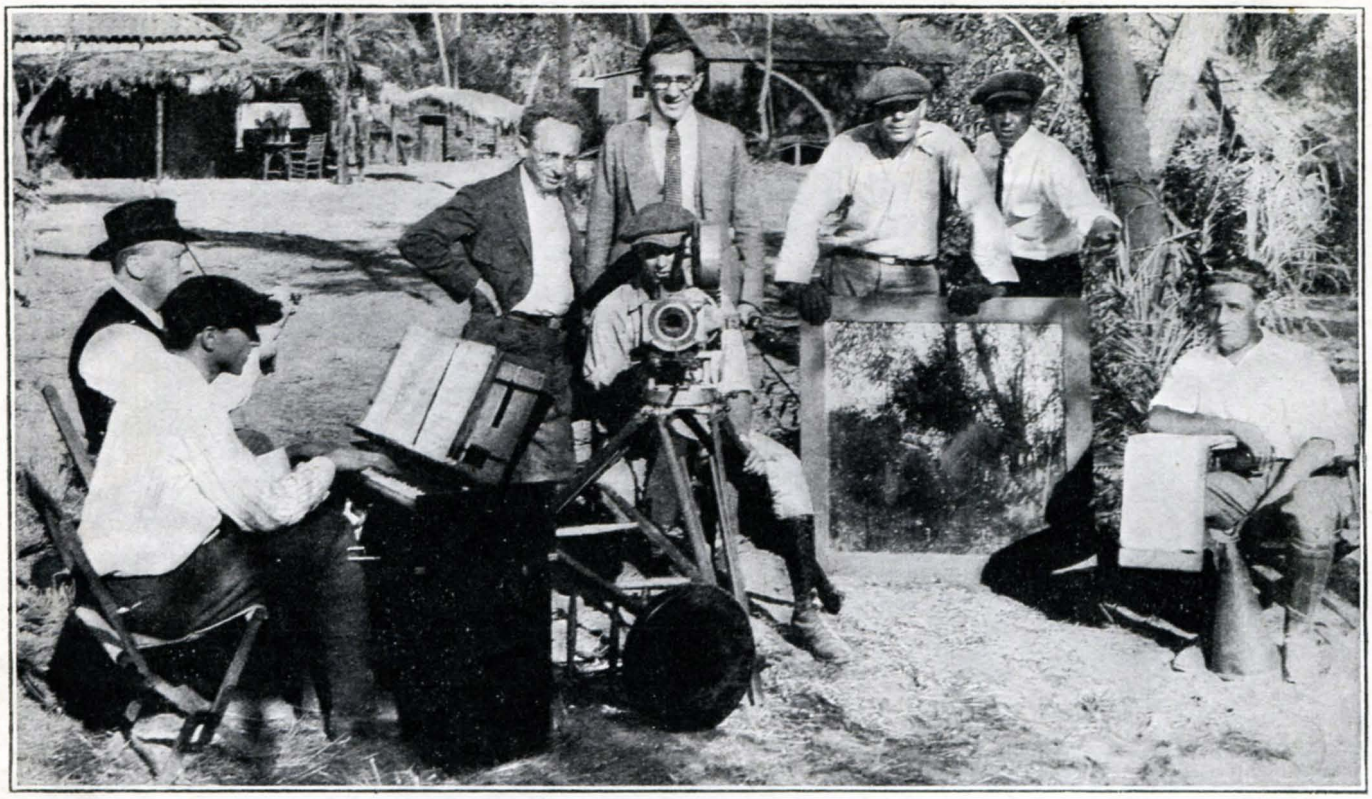
Mail this coupon with 2 dimes today

Northam Warren,
Dept. 701, 114 West 17th Street
New York City

Name.....

Street and Number.....

City.....State.....



It's getting so every motion picture company has to take its own little private orchestra along on every location jaunt. This South African village built for a Universal picture probably pricked up its ears at the echo of the tom-tom tunes of its palmier prototype—and the African extras shimmed between scenes. Note the reflectors which throw the proper lighting on the actors. Jacques Jaccard is the director.

Plays and Players

Real news and interesting comment about motion pictures and motion-picture people.

By CAL. YORK

IN view, I suppose, of the rumored money shortage, we have been besieged the past month in Hollywood with "sets." Everybody has been building, staging, locating sets bigger than "Intolerance" and more expensive than the burning of Rome. You can't speak to anybody on a picture lot without being told about a set.

Fox is probably in the lead, with two really staggering affairs—those for the "Queen of Sheba" including Solomon's Temple, the Tower of David, and Solomon's Throne Room. They cover a couple of blocks and I can't remember how much they cost. Then those for "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"—a whole valley being necessary in which to build King Arthur's castle.

At Universal Von Stroheim has spent a couple of years' profits erecting a young Monte Carlo for "Foolish Wives." Metro staged the Battle of the Marne on a stupendous scale for the "Four Horsemen;" while Mr. Ince entered "The Bronze Bell" and Cecil de Mille spent $65,000 on his plate-glass Cinderella set for "Forbidden Fruit."

It's a great life while the money holds out.

DON'T ever say "Reduce" to Emily Stevens. That lady thought last summer that she was gaining entirely too much weight to be in keeping with her portrayals of subtle stage heroines. So she began to starve herself thin. She did—she lost forty pounds in a remarkably short time. Her own private little hunger-strike worked even better than she expected. This fall she went on tour with "Footloose," the Zoe Akins play which scored such a success in New York. It—and Miss Stevens—got as far as Boston. As she was about to make her entrance for an evening performance, Emily collapsed and the curtain was rung down. She was hustled to a hospital. "Nervous breakdown from overwork," nodded the doctors wisely. "Overwork nothing!" cried Miss Stevens weakly but effectually, "underweight! I tried to reduce—and look at me. Never again!"

LOWGIE CASTLE, in Bombay, India, has been purchased as a studio by Paramount. Soon we should see the Winter Palace and the once-imperial Palace at Potsdam converted into celluloid workshops. The Alhambra, that you go to Spain to see, has already served as a location for the film people.

EDNA PURVIANCE, whose contract with Charles Chaplin still has a number of years to run, is spending her leisure moments, which are many just now, actually breaking into society. Edna's dearest friend and constant companion is a charming young society divorcee whose family is Society in Los Angeles, and the blonde film beauty is present at Santa Barbara, Coronado, Del Monte and Burlingame whenever anything special is going on. Incidentally, she is a feature guest at all sorts of millionaire affairs in Pasadena and has more or less forsaken film circles. And she's just as popular with the male section as she ever was. Oh well—with her assured income—she still draws her weekly pay-check on her five-year Chaplin contract, you know—and no work to do, Edna can afford to play the social game.

THEY said for a while there that Mary Hay Barthelmess was going to forget she ever was in the Follies and settle down to domesticity. Evidently she changed her mind, for she's just signed with Ziegfeld for an important part in a new musical play starring Marilynn Miller and Leon Errol.

RUDYARD KIPLING is to write for films. Pathe has cornered him and expects soon to put into work his first scenario. "The Light That Failed" and "The Naulahka," both Kipling tales, were filmed by Pathe.

(Continued on page 88)

Little secrets back of many women's beauty

ON Fifth Avenue, on Michigan Boulevard—on all the fashionable streets of America you see amazing numbers of beautiful women.

How did they come to be so much lovelier than other people? Few of them were born with extraordinary beauty. The secret of their greater loveliness lies in their understanding of a few simple rules.

Thousands of beautiful women have learned how to protect their skin against the cold that dries and chaps, the dust that flies into the pores and coarsens them; how to keep the skin free from a wretched glisten and make the powder stay on; how to keep the skin clear.

How to protect your skin from cold and dust

Cold weather whips the moisture out of your face, leaves it rough and red. You can prevent this by supplying the needed moisture. Your skin requires a special cream that meets this need, a cream that gives your skin the moisture it needs without leaving a trace of oil on the face. Pond's Vanishing Cream is made entirely without oil; the moment you apply it, it vanishes, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. This delicate cream has an ingredient especially designed to soften the skin and offset the parching, roughening effects of cold and wind. Before going out always rub a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into the face and hands. Now the cold cannot dry or chap your skin, the dust cannot injure the pores. In this way your skin will be satiny all the winter through.

By heeding another little secret you can keep the powder on two or three times as long as ever before. Women who understand how to bring out their hidden beauty, realize that powder couldn't be expected to stick to the dry skin and stay on. The best of powders needs a base to hold it and to keep it smooth.

How to make the powder stay on

Here again you need a greaseless cream. Pond's Vanishing Cream is especially effective for this purpose. Before powdering, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into the skin. Then apply the powder. See how smoothly the powder goes on, how soft and natural it looks. Skin specialists say that such a powder base protects and benefits the skin.

How to keep your skin clear—the pores clean

The secret of keeping your skin looking clear and vigorous is the thorough cleansing of the pores regularly. For this your skin needs an entirely different cream—a cream *with* an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream was designed especially for this purpose. It contains just the amount of oil to work down into the pores where the dust has become deeply embedded. This oil dissolves the dusty particles that clog the pores, and leaves the skin clean. Before you go to bed, and whenever you have been out in the dust or wind, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth—when you see the dirt that comes out you will realize how much cleaner your skin has become.

You can get a jar or tube of these two creams at any drug or department store. Every normal skin needs *both* creams.

POND'S
Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 116-Y Hudson St., N. Y. City.

Please send me, free, the items checked:

Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

$15.00 an ounce

$8.00 a half ounce

The Most Precious Perfume in the World

RIEGER'S FLOWER DROPS are unlike anything you have ever seen before. The very essence of the flowers themselves, made without alcohol. One drop contains the natural fragrance of thousands of blossoms, with all their exquisite freshness.

Truly the world's most precious perfume! Yet you will be delighted to find that you can use it without extravagance. It is so highly concentrated that the delicate odor from **a single drop will last a week.**

Ideal Christmas Gifts

Read These Offers

If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to us.

Concentrated Flower Drops	one oz.	$15.00
Concentrated Flower Drops	half oz.	8.00
Concentrated Flower Drops, bottle as shown above, in polished maple case—		
Lilac, Crabapple, Ideal		1.50
Lily of the Valley, Rose, Violet		2.00
Romanza (a boquet odor)		2.50
Al Sirah (an Arabian perfume)	per oz.	10.00
Rahna (a Persian perfume)	" "	5.00
Sirena (a favorite)	" "	4.00
Parfum Rienzi (a new boquet odor)	" "	2.50
Alcazar (an Oriental perfume)	" "	2.25
Garden Queen (Fashion's latest)	" "	2.00
Honolulu Boquet	" "	1.00
Special Christmas Box		**1.00**

(*Special holiday box containing five 25c bottles of five different perfumes*)

Money returned if not entirely satisfied. If any of our perfumes does not exactly suit your taste, do not hesitate to return it to us and your money will be refunded cheerfully.

Sample 20c—Send us your name and address on the coupon below with 20c (stamps or silver) and we will send you a sample vial of Rieger's Flower Drops, any odor you may select. Twenty cents for the world's most precious perfume!

Send The Coupon!

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

Rieger's

PERFUME & TOILET WATER

Flower Drops

Paul Rieger & Co., (*Since 1872*)
279 First Street, **San Francisco**

Enclosed find $..... for which please send me:

.....$....

.....$....

.....$....

☐ Special Christmas Box.....$1.00
☐ Sample Concentrated Flower Drops..... .20
(Odor)

Name.....

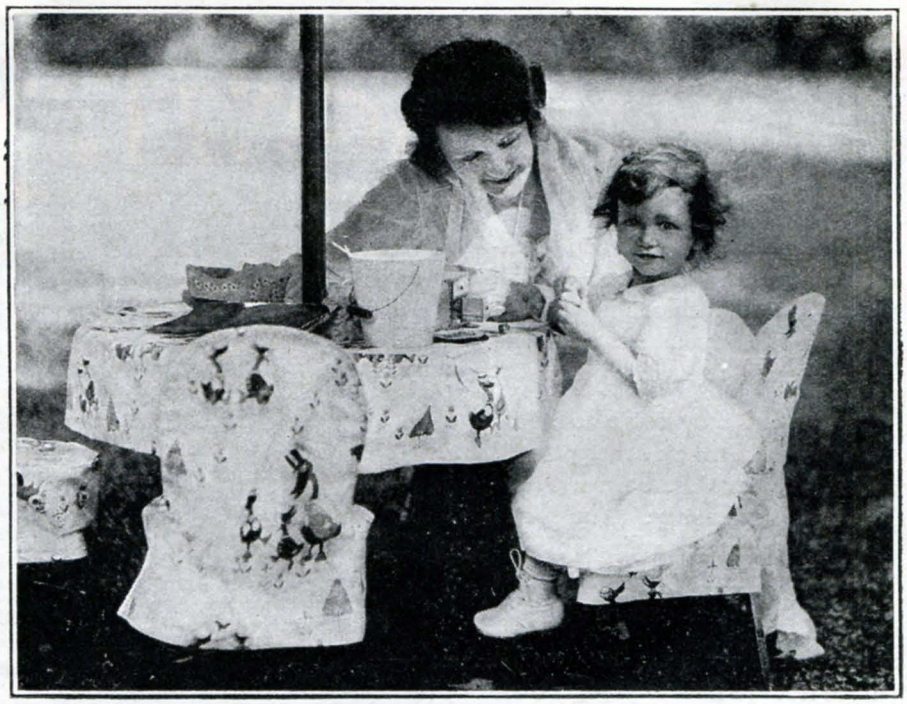
Address.....

.....

Remember, if not pleased your money will be returned.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 86)



Well, whom do you think she looks like? Right the very first time. Patricia Ziegfeld is the juvenile edition of the young lady she calls Mother and we call Billie Burke. Inasmuch as you may not have met her before, we say Patricia; but her real name is Pat.

IT is not generally known that in addition to being one of our finest dramatic actresses, Mme. Olga Petrova devotes much of her time to writing. Her brilliant, colorful little article entitled "Mary! Mary!" in this issue should not be missed. She has had many short stories accepted by leading magazines. A delightful piece of fiction from her pen has been accepted to appear in the Short Story Contest in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Mme. Petrova is now on a forty week vaudeville tour throughout the United States.

DON'T be surprised in a month or so if you hear that Miss Jean Paige of Vitagraph is Mrs. Albert E. Smith, also of Vitagraph. The little girl who was recently elevated to stardom by that concern is rumored to have lost her heart to its president, with wedding bells scheduled to ring sometime soon. Mr. Smith lost his wife last year in the influenza epidemic, losing at the same time his friend and collaborator, Cyrus Townsend Brady. Of course it has been denied, this rumor. But if it proves true, as so many rumors do, don't say we didn't tell you.

SENATOR JAMES D. PHELAN of California made the rounds of the Hollywood studios the other day. And just between you and me, the Senator evinced his extreme good taste by choosing Bebe Daniels as a large part of his audience. I might say in this connection, that I actually believe Bebe is the most popular girl out here. Everybody likes her. There isn't a man, woman or child in the studio or in town, who doesn't seem to have a good word for her—from the grips to the studio manager. She's kind, appreciative, a good fellow, unassuming, and natural. She never forgets anybody and she's never "up-stage." I haven't heard a knock for her from anybody that I can remember. Seems only fair to mention these little things in passing.

Because it is not always thus.

THE annual convention of the American Humane Society has decreed that vampires and sex pictures are passé, taboo, and all the rest of it. Now there's nothing more to be said about it, is there?

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON married Lester Cuneo in Riverside, Cal. It was unexpected to everybody but the two contracting parties.

JUST as the sun was setting behind the Beverly Hills, a gardener and his assistant followed Mary and Douglas Fairbanks to a remote corner of their large estate. Mary carried a large bouquet of flowers. They stopped beside a newly-made grave, and while the gardener filled it with earth Mary and Doug looked on. When he had finished Mary stooped and placed the flowers on the mound. In a casket made carefully by carpenters at the Fairbanks studio lay Rex, favorite dog of the star and his wife, who often acted in the Fairbanks films. A thoroughbred canine and a faithful pal, Rex died shortly after Doug and Mary returned from their world tour.

HAVING heard that Lew Cody was in the market for a new home, an enterprising young real estate man (by the way, we're calling them realtors in Hollywood now), called on the famous he-vamp the other morning.

After waiting a bit, William, the trusty valet, showed him into Mr. Cody's bedroom, where the star was reposing in his own barber chair and listening to the thrilling strains of the phonograph.

The realtor began his little speech, when Mr. Cody rose and turned a face that showed indignation through the lather upon William.

"William," said he in a hurt tone, "he's going to talk business. Change the record, William. You know I can't talk business to that record. Put on a business record."

But the realtor sort of lost his step after that and Lew is still homeless—more or less.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

IT is said Mildred Harris Chaplin's name will not be mentioned in connection with "The Woman in His House" when Louis Mayer presents that photoplay on Broadway sometime soon. Charlie is said to have something to do with this decision. And Mildred, by the way, has only one more picture to make for Mayer. After that—who knows?

TO Whom It May Concern—Wally Reid wears that funny little knit cap that looks like a cross between a postage stamp and a sport stocking to keep his hair back. Us Girls aren't the only ones that have to look after our looks, it would appear.

NOT to be outdone by the Talmadges who added a third sister to their cinema glory when Natalie joined the trio, Katherine MacDonald and Mary MacLaren are welcoming their little sister Miriam into the fold of the silversheet. Miriam, who is to retain the actual family name of MacDonald in her screen career, is going in heavy for drama.

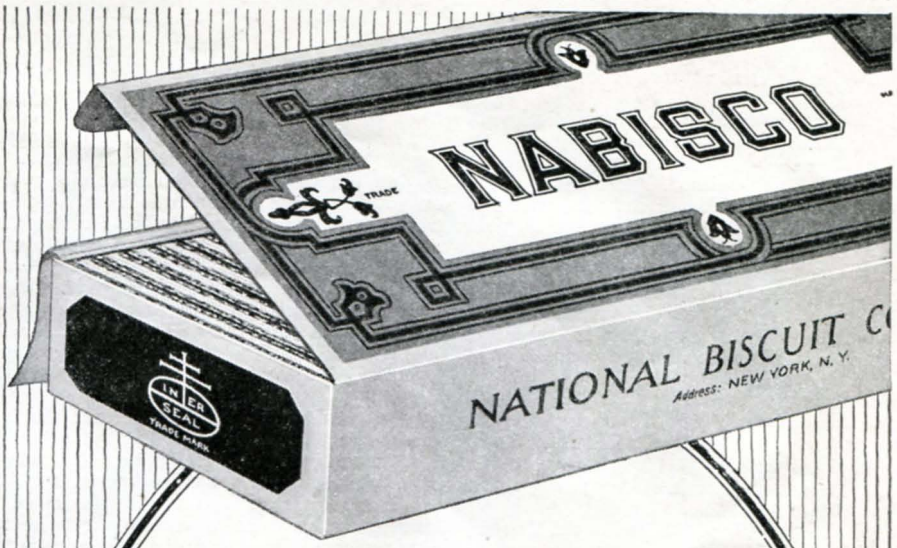
A REPORT from Petrograd says that Chaliapin (not Charlie Chaplin), a Russian baritone, wanted as remuneration for a concert 75 pounds of sugar, 36 pounds of butter and sunflower oil, 100 pounds of salt and wax, and eight yards of woolen clothes, representing about 600,000 roubles. The Soviet couldn't afford it and he didn't sing. Wonder if they have any movie stars in Russia?

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS and Fred Niblo got along so well together during the filming of "The Black Fox" that Niblo will direct Doug in one more picture. Glad somebody is getting along with somebody else in the picture business.

ERIC VON STROHEIM was married in October to Valerie de Germonprez. The two met while working together in pictures and the romance has been in progress some little time.

The latest likeness of Jean Paige, who is soon to wed Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, according to report. Miss Paige, lately a serial heroine, has been elevated to stardom by Vitagraph and will soon be seen in "Black Beauty."

(Continued on page 93)



Added Charm

The hot chocolate comes steaming in at the end of a perfectly cold day. And how extra tempting and delicious when accompanied by crisp, fragile

NABISCO

Sugar Wafers

—luscious sandwiches of fairy goodness that are always in high favor when served with any beverage, hot or cold—or any dessert.

Keep a supply in the pantry.

Sold in the famous
In-er-seal Trade Mark package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Bill Hamilton's Girl

(Continued from page 34)

"Who's the bird?" Powers had a quaint but by no means novel way of expressing himself.

"Bird!" spluttered Wilson, very displeased. "This is not a home for canaries."

"Well—er—who's the singer?"

"Ah!" Wilson beamed. "Her name at the moment is Emma Hamilton, but very soon it will be Emma Wilson. My name happens to be Wilson, too."

"I see," remarked Powers. "Object to me having a few words with her?"

"Not a bit, if you'll tell me the topic. But perhaps it will save time if I mention that her evenings and half-days are booked from now until the end of her life. We're engaged."

"So I gathered," said Powers, "and I'm married. I want to talk business. You can be in it if you like."

Emma got the shock of her young life a few moments later.

"So you're Bill Hamilton's girl Emma, eh?" murmured Powers, after the preliminary conversation. "Well, well! Bill was a pal of mine, and I often heard him talk of you. What d'you mean hiding yourself in a joint like this? Why didn't you come to me?"

"I didn't know you were a friend of dad's," said Emma softly.

"H'm!" Powers was rubbing his finger nails on the leather cover of the chair. "Who taught you to sing comedy songs?"

"I've never been taught," replied Emma.

"Glad to hear it. If it's a natural gift, so much the better. Care to go on the stage?" That took Emma's breath away. She stuttered hopelessly.

"It isn't a chorus job, or even a small part," continued Powers. "I want a new star for my next revue. Lottie Maynard, who's playing lead in the one running now, is getting too old. She's lost her punch."

"But I've had no experience," mentioned Emma.

Powers instantly dismissed the objection with a wave of a fat hand.

"That's not important," he remarked "You've got the voice, the personality, and if I'm not mistaken, the talent. I'll supply the rest. If you can always sing and act as you did just now, you'll have the roof on your head the first night. What the patrons of the theater are howling for now is something new, something fresh, something away from the stereotyped. So far as I can see you fill the bill. The fact that you're Bill Hamilton's girl Emma is always good enough for me. He was versatile enough, goodness knows. Bill could make a mummy laugh when he felt like it. What about it?"

"I don't know," breathed Emma. "Ask —ask Jim."

"Right-o!" said Powers, good-humouredly. "What's Jim got to say about it?"

Wilson, however, was up in the clouds himself. This was a development that didn't please him at all; he had a notion that his flimsy, beautiful castles in the air were on the point of tumbling about his head. Emma, as the star attraction of the Home of Music was all very well, but Emma as the leading lady at the Majestic was—was—Phew!

"Lost your tongue?" demanded Powers. "You were flippant enough a moment or so ago. What's the good word, my lad? How do you regard my proposition?"

"It's a wonderful chance," said Wilson dreamily, and a little despondently.

"I won't take it if you tell me not to, Jim," whispered Emma. "I'm quite satisfied here with you."

"Let's get together," cried Powers. "What's the matter with you two kids? Think I'm an ogre, or what? It's a plain business deal on my part. I want a new comedienne, and Emma here is the kind I've been searching for for months. The fact that she's Bill Hamilton's daughter weighs with me a bit, too, I don't mind confessing. I'm a believer in heredity, and if she can make people smile as Bill used to there's big money for all of us." He turned and glared at Emma. "Mean to say you'd rather stop here than star at the Majestic?"

"It's Jim who counts with me," said Emma.

"It's a wonderful chance," said Wilson, again. "Wonderful!"

"Take a couple of days to think it over," exclaimed Powers, as he rose from his chair. "I'll come in again on Friday and see what you think about it then. But if you're not too young to accept the advice of an old-timer, you'll be all ready with your answer by Friday." He held out his hand to Emma. "Fine old sport was Bill," he said, in a quieter voice. "One of the best I ever met. He'd be glad to know I was trying to do something for his little girl. Good-bye."

The people who patronized the Home of Music didn't hear much singing during the remainder of that day, nor was Emma in her usual good form the next. She was dreaming things, as a matter of fact. Wilson was so remarkably downcast that the horn-spectacled pianist immediately started the thrilling rumor that he had either repented of his bargain with Emma or else was sickening for a long illness. She was so certain that the former theory was correct that her hair quickly went back to the Pearl White style of dressing. She even hinted that she might be induced to sing a few songs herself.

Wilson, however, strangled that suggestion at its birth. He had enough to worry him as it was. It was generally remarked however that for the first time in his life he seemed to have something on his mind —something that weighed at least a ton. His old happy-go-lucky flippancy of speech and his sunniness had been swamped by

(Continued on page 105)

The Gossamer Web

(Continued from page 60)

"You will follow him?"

"I gotta. Can you bunk me for the night?"

"I suppose so. Have you another man with you on the case?"

"Yes, Texas Darcy, but he's handling the New York end."

"Watching Martin's wife?"

"Sure."

III

Above the gray sea of their prison uniforms the faces of more than twelve hundred men stared through the semi-darkness toward the screen, the magic cloth upon which was being brought to them the great outside world with all its beauty of sunshine and shadow, satin sky and snowy piling clouds, bending trees, running rivers, pleasant roads and golden romance.

The feature film of the evening was a love story with one of the most beautiful and accomplished actresses of the silent drama in the leading role.

In the audience were men who had not felt the touch of a woman's hand in thirty years, men whose hearts had ached and whose hot tears had scalded their palms in their cells at the distant sounds of feminine visitors. A dry little cackle escaped the lips of David Martin. Tomorrow he would be out, and all these blessed treasures would be his for the taking. Other people might own the graceful fountain-like elm trees shown in the story unfolding before his eyes, the meadows where the morning breeze idled, the pasture so sweetly lying between the low hills, the sleek cattle and the brook tumbling its way through woods and fields, but it would be no crime for him to pause in the public highway and feast his eyes upon them until all the hurt was gone from his heart.

And there would be his woman!

The convict at his right felt the arm touching his tremble. He turned and stared at the lucky one. "That's right," he whispered. "You go out tomorrow. Good luck to you!"

Tomorrow! David's body grew hot and cold by turns. The screen story had reached its climax. The woman, slender as a jonquil, had finished spinning her gossamer web for the man she wanted. He was shorn of strength and helpless with love before his Delilah. He trembled as if from the thundering of his heart within him. On the lashes of her shining eyes tears balanced like sunlit dew brinking the petals of a flower. The silence of death was upon the assembly of felons.

Memory, suddenly quickened, swept away the years for David Martin. Sixteen years ago his Adele had given herself to him thus, one midsummer's day out in the country when they were boy and girl, working side by side for a bare living, hopeful newcomers to the great Gotham.

Beyond the prison walls it was Spring again. The geranium beds beneath the warden's windows were bright with color and the river banks were velvet green. To go to her now when all that was truly beautiful in the world was at resurrection, when even the memory of the bleak and dark days of winter was fading and the coming of summer was nigh; to hear the sound of the little silver bells, which was her laugh, and to catch the glisten of amethysts, which were her eyes, as she spread her arms for him, would be to enter heaven.

The coming of their only child had not marred her beauty. Rather it had given fullness to it. A softer and more alluring light had crept to her eyes and added sweetness to her smile. And then, too, in the wisdom gathered during the years of struggle, she had seen the value of preserving and caring for those charms nature had given her, so that when she was compelled to go back to work among men the doors were not closed against her as a dowd.

In the pretty play of love in which the charm of the girl on the screen was given full scope he saw Adele once more. Every pretty woman weaves her web of the same silken strands and in much the same design. The happiness of the love-blinded hero of make-believe would be his in reality in a short while, perhaps with the sinking of tomorrow's sun, perhaps a precious golden hour earlier. When he last saw her and touched her hand, she was approaching the height of her womanly power, her girlish body a receptacle for the final fires of love, a full-spread blossom trembling in the ultimate ecstasy of the joy of life.

(Continued on page 118)

(Concluded from page 82)

commonplaces. Bob was first to break the chains.

"I've heard a silly rumor about you, Julian, but you mustn't let it upset you. Your friends won't believe it."

"No," Daisy said, in a suddenly sharp voice. "We'll forget it. Let's have some music. Margaret, won't you and Julian sing some of those duets that you used to when you visited us—at the hunting lodge."

"Daisy," Margaret cried, "I know what you mean—but it's not true."

"You have betrayed yourself a dozen times tonight," Daisy replied coldly. "You are the woman."

"Julian brought me home at half past one," Margaret insisted.

"And took you to the lodge afterward," Daisy added.

"What I did after I left Margaret here is my own business," Julian interposed sullenly.

"You're lying, to shield her," Daisy stormed.

Bob had been looking from one to the other, bewildered by the charges and by Julian's tacit confession. His legal mind, searching for unbiased evidence, found a way out.

"It's humiliating to bring servants into this," he said, "but Mary Miller is hardly a servant, and she was here. We'll ask her."

And when Mary was summoned she realized in what grave danger her mistress stood. To her it mattered not whether or not Margaret was guilty, but only that she must be saved. Margaret had befriended her when she was homeless and Margaret was the mother of the dear little Peggy.

"What time did Mrs. Meredith come home, the night of the Country Club dance?" Bob asked.

"Half past one," Mary answered.

"Didn't she leave the house again?" Daisy demanded.

Mary was silent.

"Answer her, Mary, please," Bob urged.

"No. It was I—I went out—with Mr. Osborn," the girl murmured, hesitating and hanging her head.

There was a long silence. Margaret started to laugh, hysterically, and smothered the sound with her handkerchief. Bob turned to the girl.

Midsummer Madness

NARRATED, by permission, from the Paramount Artcraft photoplay adapted by Olga Printzlau from Cosmo Hamilton's story, "His Friend and His Wife." Directed by William C. deMille with the following cast:

Bob Meredith.....Jack Holt
Margaret Meredith.....Lois Wilson
Julian Osborn.....Conrad Nagel
Daisy Osborn.....Lila Lee
Mary Miller.....Betty Francisco
Mrs. Osborn.....Claire McDowell
Peggy Meredith.....Charlotte Jackson

"Of course, you understand, we can't leave our child in your charge after this," he said, sternly. "You will leave at once."

Mary turned away without a word, but Margaret cried out:

"Stop. I can't let her take the blame. It was I—but we did no wrong."

Again silence, broken only by the sobbing of Mary, who had dropped into a chair, grief-stricken because she could not save the one who was so dear to her. Bob walked away to the door of his den, opened it, and motioned for Julian to follow him. They went in and Bob closed the door.

"Bob, I swear to you, on my honor—I was mad—I tempted her—but she did not yield," Julian pleaded.

"On your honor," Bob repeated cynically. "Wouldn't you say the same thing if she had yielded?"

He opened a drawer of his writing desk, took out a revolver and placed it on the table, with a significant glance at Julian. Then he turned as if to leave the room.

"If my death will make you believe, I will give you that proof," Julian said, with the calmness of a man, innately strong, approaching a crisis in his life. "She was unhappy because you had stopped making love to her. She wanted romance, and I was swept away by all that is worst in us. But I have not done you the wrong that cannot be forgiven—that cannot be wiped out even by—this," and he picked up the revolver.

Bob turned and the two men looked at each other steadily.

"If you won't believe me, you destroy two homes," Julian said, in the same calm, even tones.

Bob turned to the side of his friend, took the gun from him and put it back in the drawer.

"I do believe you, Julian," he said. "It may take us a little while to forget—but we will forget—and we will remain friends."

When Daisy saw the door close on the two men, and realized how ominous was the silence, she realized in a rush upon what slender evidence she had based her condemnation. The erring friend had admitted her fault, but only to save Mary. If she had been guilty of the ultimate wrong, would she have confessed? But, more than everything else, Daisy understood in this flash, that she loved Julian and trusted him, and wanted him to come back to her—right away.

So when the door opened again, she sprang into his arms with a happy little cry.

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 89)

A LEADER of one of Manhattan's smart sets recently paid a visit to the New Rochelle studio where Earle Metcalfe was working under Edward Jose's direction. After having been on a personally conducted tour of the film foundry, she proceeded to her limousine, chancing to drop her scented handkerchief en route. Metcalfe, who happened to be standing by, picked up the handkerchief and presented it. The lady tendered him a shining silver quarter. "I—I beg your pardon," stammered Metcalfe, "but you see—the fact is—I'm the leading man in this picture." "Oh, are you?" said madame, "well, I'm sorry, but that's all the change I have!"

GLORIA SWANSON has the cutest baby girl you ever saw in your life. In fact, Gloria No. 2 in her bath lives up to everything you might expect of her mother's daughter. The fair Gloria is a fond and doting mamma, and interested in nothing but "baby." Gloria's husband is Herbert K. Somborn, and the baby was born at the Somborn's Hollywood home on October 10th. Miss Swanson will return to Paramount as a star about the first of the year.

DAVID POWELL is back again in his dear London. He has long wanted to go back to England and when Paramount opened their studio near London he saw a ray of hope. His pleadings prevailed, and he sailed to join the British stock company of Famous Players. He is not lost to our screens, Imogene; we'll see him as regularly as ever.

IN the city of Dundee, Scotland, there are twenty theaters—and every one of them is showing motion pictures! The legitimate drama has tried in vain to secure a theater there in which to exhibit its wares, but in vain. There are 200,000 inhabitants in Dundee and they like movies so well that it will soon be necessary to erect several new picture houses, according to report.

WHISPER hath it that all is not well with the "happy family" on the Ince lot. In fact, quite a bit of grief has been floating about to mar the serenity of Thomas H. himself, and his entire professional family, as 'twere.

House Peters, so 'tis said, is the disrupting factor, the discordant note, the fermenting element, almost, one might say, the seething volcano upon which the whole studio has been forced to sit. Mr. Peters, it would appear, has temperament. He got a lot of experience in the Boer war and the shindy of 1914 with the British, and he's agin' peace at any price. Every few minutes he breaks out in a new place. If there's anything 'round the little ole studio he's content with, he's managed to keep it from the staff in general.

And Mr. Peters, being one of the best actors on the screen and a large and generally husky guy in the bargain, has been getting away with it—calling Thomas H. up in the middle of the night to report that he's been insulted by the head property man or that the director is an ass of sorts. He seems such a nice man, too. But then I knew a guy once who—

BILLIE RHODES PARSONS married William Jobelman, a theatrical press agent, in San Francisco recently. She is the widow of Smiling Bill Parsons, who besides acting in his own comedies, managed his wife's screen career. Billie was originally a Christie comedienne; when she married Parsons he planned to make her a dramatic star. Plans to advance her serious career were under way when death claimed Parsons. Now Billie is going back to comedy again as the star of a series of two-reelers.

IF all reports be true, we shall soon see Marguerite Clark in a film version of "Scrambled Wives." It will be Marguerite's first picture after months of retirement as Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams.

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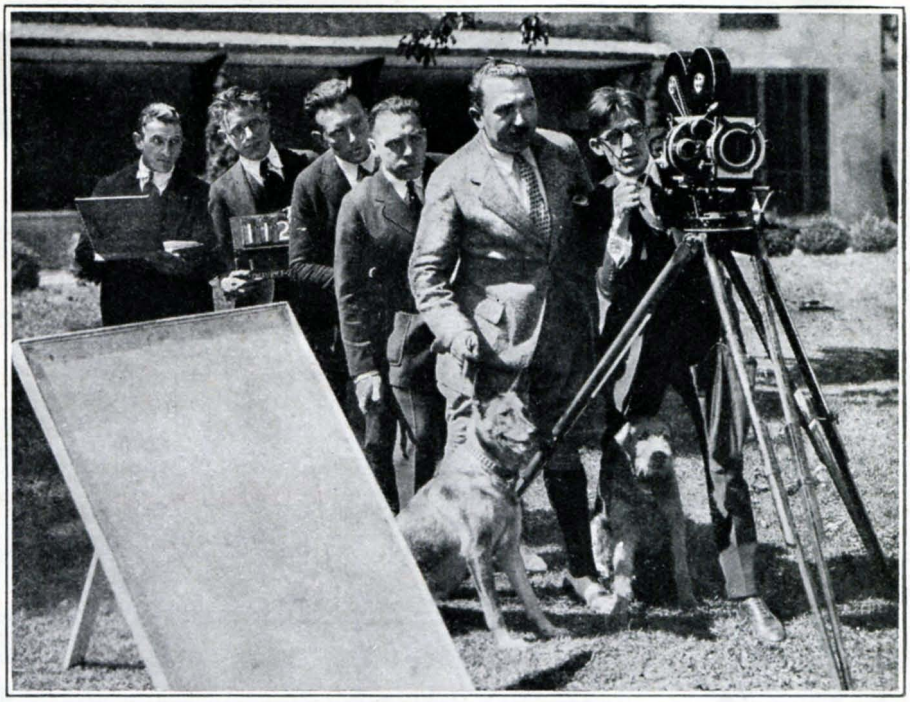
Plays and Players

(Continued)



You have seen stars and stage-hands, executives and extras—but do you know the men behind the camera? George Fitzmaurice, Penrhyn Stanlaws, artistic adviser; Harry Jacquillard, assistant director; George Hinners and Harry Ehrlich, to say nothing of Scotti, the Airedale actor, and Jeff, his canine side-kick.

VIOLA DANA has openly declared that she is going in strong for the simple life. After putting the "X" in excitement around Hollywood for some little time, besides being the brightest light in the bright lights around Los Angeles, Viola has announced her intention of settling down—more or less. With her sister Shirley and Shirley's husband Bernard Durning, Vi has taken a beautiful home in Beverly Hills for the winter. Swimming pool, dance-hall—all very complete.

HEZI TATE, recently appointed assistant director to C. B. de Mille, spent a couple of leisure hours the other evening figuring out the lobby display for the new Moving Picture People's Church in Hollywood.

He decided to have the name over the building in five foot letters, illuminated, and three sheets on each side, done in nice bright colors, with such announcements as "Hymn 1—Onward Christian Soldiers (not a war song)" and life size pictures in the foyer of the pastor and the choir, in action.

"It's a great idea," said Bebe Daniels sympathetically, "but aren't you afraid somebody will think you sacrilegious?"

"Sacrilegious?" demanded the justly indignant Hezi, "Gee, the idea is to fill up the house, ain't it? Don't do any good to play to empty benches, if you do get your scenario out of the Bible."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN is again the head of the company which bears his name. There have been considerable financial complications in the inside affairs of Goldwyn since Wall Street interests came in. Goldwyn, backed by new capital, is said to have routed the Du Pont people by asking them, at a directors' meeting at which he suddenly appeared, to contribute a sum equal to that which he was prepared to supply. The Du Ponts, not having any great enthusiasm over their investment, declined. Frank J. Godsol is still chairman of the board of directors of Goldwyn and executive head of the corporation.

IT'S all right to "hitch your wagon to a star," but it isn't necessary to take your hands off the steering wheel.

One young actor, who in spite of marked ability hasn't done much of late, recently played a lead with a daring young woman star—and a wedding followed shortly. The young man evidenced all sorts of intentions to live up to his wife—but the following story, told me by his director, makes one suspect that the altitude may have gone to his head.

He has been cast to play the lead again with his wife. The production—a crook story with some melodramatic spots—reached a scene that called for the young hero to get all mussed up.

"Now," said the director, "There won't be a rag left of your suit. So tell me what it's worth to you, and I'll give you an order for it."

Friend husband admitted that the suit was two years old, that he paid eighty dollars for it then, and had worn it quite a bit.

"Fifty dollars?" said the director.

"Sure."

But the morning of shooting, with two hundred extra people on the lot, ready to work, and four cameras set up, Husband changed his mind. He wanted one hundred and fifty bucks before he would step before the camera. Arguments failed. There was nothing to do but give him the money.

He got it. But it's a cheap price for the things he thereby lost. We'll say it is.

COLLEEN MOORE, who has been loaned to King Vidor for his new feature, "The Sky Pilot," has been on location with the Vidor company in the wilds of Canada.

"I like my cows and chickens in the back yard," Colleen wrote. "I guess I'm no prairie flower. I must be an asphalt tiger-rose. And I'm so afraid of snakes, and bugs, and spiders, I'm doing a regular Terence-MacSwiney. As a wild mountain girl, I'm a glittering failure. Not even for publicity will I talk about the grand, free life of the mountains. That's out!"

Plays and Players

(Continued)

CRITICISMS of Anita Stewart's picture, "Harriet and the Piper," repeatedly mentioned that Myrtle Stedman, who plays an important part, is too young to be convincing as the mother of two grown-up children. Perhaps the critics are unaware of the existence of Lincoln Stedman, who is rapidly nearing his twentieth birthday, plays in pictures with Charles Ray, and is, besides, Myrtle's son.

WE always knew it would happen sooner or later and so did you. Then it's no surprise to learn that Jim Kirkwood, following his wonderful comeback as a leading man after an absence directing, is to be starred by Allan Dwan.

WELL well—and here's Creighton Hale! This male perennial is to have his own productions, under the supervision of D. W. Griffith. Hale will work at the Mamaroneck studio under D. W.'s watchful paternal eye.

MAURICE TOURNEUR had been directing a scene for what probably seemed to him a long time. Still the beautiful leading lady failed to show the proper pitch.

Suddenly the Frenchman walked up and held out his hand. "Goodby," he said sweetly. "You don't mind? I get another actress for this part. You go home now."

To the point, eh?

BETTY BLYTHE, who is weathering the late warm spell in Hollywood by playing "The Queen of Sheba" in the magnificent drama being produced by Fox, is responsible for the latest.

Fritz Leiber, who is playing opposite her as King Solomon, has been going up to Betty's home evenings to rehearse the extremely impassioned but delicate love scenes between these two famous characters.

"Doing a lot of night work, aren't you?" inquired some friend as they met in the lobby of the Hollywood Hotel.

"Oh yes," said Betty sweetly, "My husband is helping us out by directing our love scenes. You know, dear, my husband *always* directs my love scenes. Isn't it nice of him?"

Husband, by the way, is the director, Paul Scardon.

Not such a bad idea, at that.

WILLIAM de MILLE has been spending a small fortune during the past few weeks in the Los Angeles newspapers buying half-page ads in favor of the Single Tax. Incidentally, Mr. de Mille conducts a Single Tax class at his beautiful Hollywood home one evening every week. It's just possible that the fact that he married the daughter of "Single Tax" George, inventor of the measure, may have something to do with it. Anyway, that's evidently his idea of having a good time.

THE most interesting thing about the Golden Wedding Anniversary Day given October 27th at the Christie Film Company, is the fact that it celebrated the ninth anniversary of the opening of the first studio in Hollywood. It doesn't seem possible that it's only nine years since film making began in earnest, does it?

What did we ever do without 'em?

ONE of the bright lights of Broadway right now is Roberta Arnold, who is playing to packed audiences and general acclaim in Frank Craven's clever new comedy, "The First Year." Herbert Rawlinson has already seen the play six times and it's only been running two weeks at this writing. You know he's Mr. Arnold, don't you?

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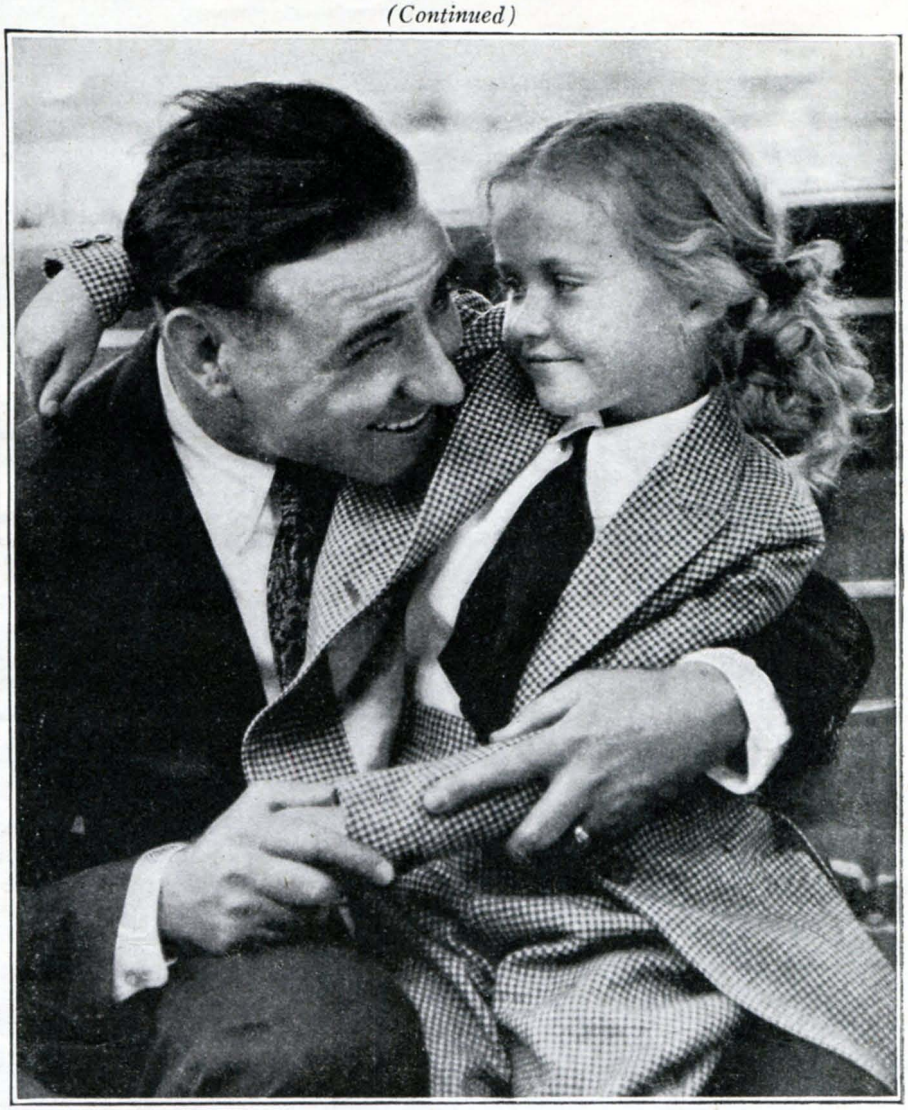
FOR A GOOD

Christmas Suggestion

See Page 94

Plays and Players

(Continued)



Director Frank Lloyd always hurries straight home from the studio for two reasons. One of the reasons you see here. The other is Mrs. Lloyd. This little girl was christened Alma Lloyd, but as soon as she could lisp, she changed her name to Jim—so she's her daddy's son-daughter.

THE second cameraman on location with the Sam Wood company, starring Bebe Daniels, had been having a run of tough luck. Poker, craps, Red Dog, all seemed equally disastrous and deadly.

Wandering along a river bank, reflecting on his various defeats, he encountered Sam Wood.

"Hey, Sam," he said suddenly, "I got a new game. What's the number of eyelets in my right shoe—odd, or even? Two dollars you're wrong."

"Even," said Sam.

The second cameraman sat down and counted the eyelets in his right shoe.

"Sixteen," he said finally. "You win. Gee, ain't it funny how a run of tough luck'll follow you? I can't win at *nothing.*"

JOHN BARRYMORE wrote an extravagantly complimentary letter of congratulation to Mr. Griffith upon witnessing "Way Down East." He was particularly enthusiastic in sounding the praises of Miss Lillian Gish, whose work as *Anna Moore* he likened to the performances of Duse and the Divine Sarah. Meanwhile Miss Gish was sobbing her heart out on the second floor of Keen's Chop House rehearsing her first stellar picture because her new management couldn't find a suitable studio for her to emote in.

THE football game between Stanford and University of Southern California on the latter's field had reached the last quarter with U. S. C. holding the large end of a 10 to 0 score. The Stanford quarter, however, hesitated about selecting his play, fiddled about some, and then began his signal with slow deliberation.

Suddenly an excited voice in the grandstand whooped:

"Camera! Come on, quarter. Action. Gee, that guy wastes a lot of footage!" Tod browning had started to direct the game.

TONY MORENO directed his last serial—which by the way was actually his last since he is to do five reel features in the future—as well as playing the star role.

Tony was leading a pretty extra girl through the mazes of a scene.

"Now," said he intensly, waving his arms at her, "now register horror—oh, lots of horror."

Momentary silence.

"My God, as you were—quick!"

THE Talmadges created quite a sensation in Manhattan's more exclusive sections by carrying very swagger canes when they returned from abroad. Norma, Constance and Natalie all swung one. They said all the Frenchwomen carry 'em.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

A NINE-YEAR-OLD newsboy hailed a well-known star in front of the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles the other day—calling him by his first name with admiring familiarity. The star ignored the lad with apparent intent and a decided glare.

"Say mister ———," yelled the kid, "I just wanted to know why you don't give your leading lady a close-up once in the picture?"

HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD has been a regular country lane this month.

Almost everybody has been vacationing, it seems. Undoubtedly the general tendency to mark time until after election is partly responsible, and the players have taken advantage of the time between stories to take trips about. If you want to find anybody to chat with, you have to go to Big Bear or Tia Juana, or something.

Elliott Dexter has been shooting in the wilds of Oregon, Bill Farnum is on a six months' vacation in the east, Nazimova and Anita Stewart are in New York and Long Island, Bebe Daniels has been playing up in San Francisco, Dustin Farnum cruising round on a boat somewhere, Blanche Sweet has sailed for Europe, Wally Reid on a dozen different hunting expeditions, Tommy Meighan and Tom Foreman in New York making "The Quarry," Mildred Harris Chaplin domesticating in the great Metropolis, Chaplin doing the same—

Why, it's been a regular deserted village.

SPEAKING of Norma: no sooner had Mrs. Schenck supervised the unpacking of her twelve trunks, than she had to pack up again. She had to go down to the Bahamas on location for a new photoplay. Imagine any woman, just home from Paris with the newest in frocks, canes and lingerie, having to hide herself in the West Indies! Husband Joe, Harrison Ford and Montagu Love were in the Talmadge party, to say nothing of Norma's director and also Chet Withey. Joe made him a present of the party to the Isles. Withey will direct Norma's next picture.

STILL speaking: Herbert Brenon is to make either "The Passion Flower" or "Smilin' Through" with Norma Talmadge. Brenon recently returned from a long sojourn abroad, where he made pictures with Marie Doro. Brenon, by the way, is one of the very few persons who has had the privilege of seeing "The Kid," the much-discussed Chaplin five-reeler. Brenon took his young son Cyril to Charlie's apartments at the Ritz. Cyril had no idea he was being entertained by his favorite comedian. Even when he was told to "shake hands with Charlie Chaplin" he wouldn't believe it. You can't blame a kid for experiencing a slight sense of disappointment, for Charlie sans famous hat, mustache and shoes is just a quiet ordinary young man with no particularly startling characteristics.

THE Bryant Washburns came back from England with much greater celerity than they went. Not that they love London less, but America more, you might say. After a long period of typical English fog, and after Mrs. Washburn took the young English leading lady selected for Mr. Washburn's picture on a shopping tour to show her what was what in styles, and after it fogged some more—the Washburns came home.

IRENE CASTLE'S husband is understood to be financing his wife's return to the silversheet. Irene's Paramount contract expired sometime ago, and she has been leading the simple life as Mrs. Robert Treman of Ithaca, New York, for some time now.

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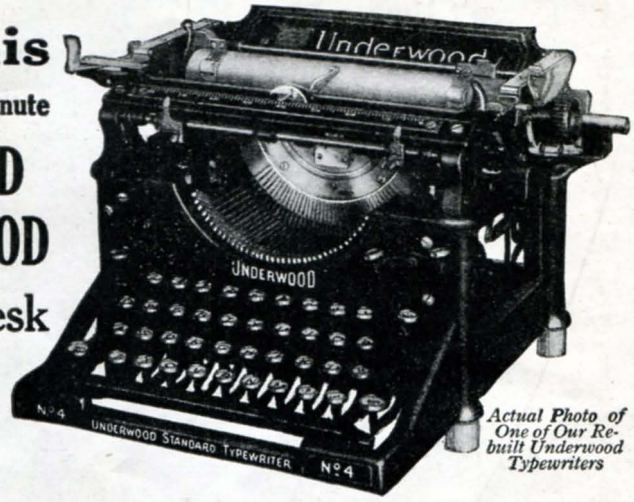

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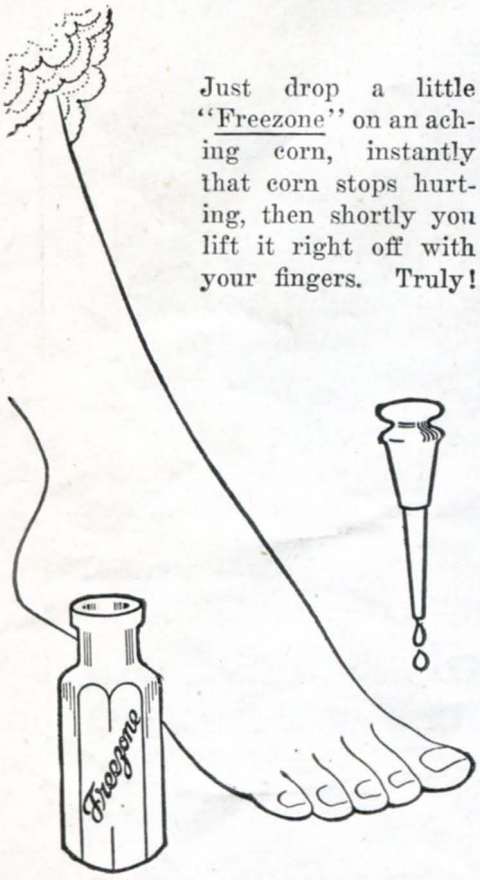

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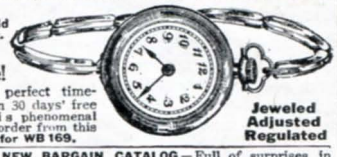

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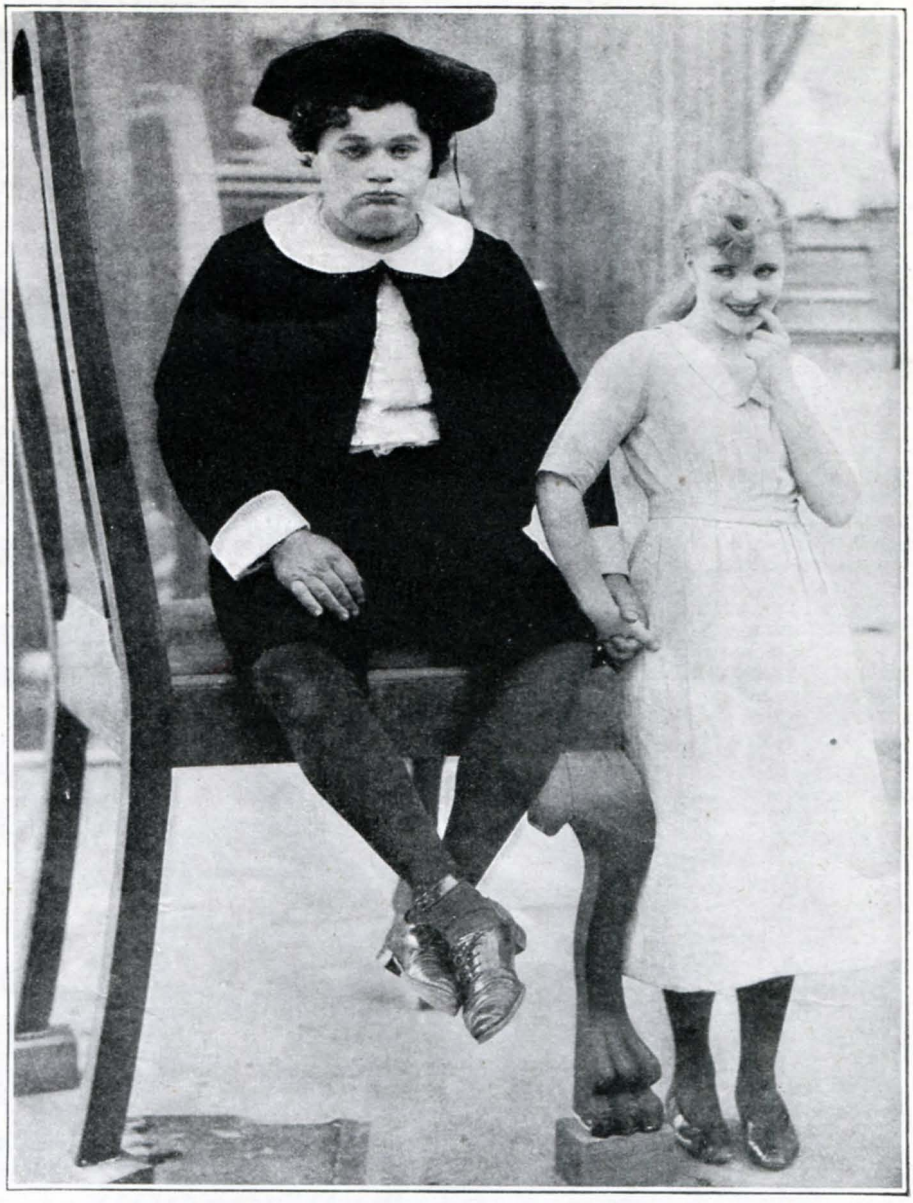
Plays and Players

(Continued)



Little Lord Fauntleroy and Little Eva: new portraits. Whether you believe that or not, you will acknowledge that Mary Miles Minter has played a good many Little-Eva parts in her screen career; while a juvenile role is something entirely new for Roscoe Arbuckle. But don't worry: these disguises are not permanent.

SIR JAMES BARRIE presents a unique problem from the producers' angle. He permitted his "Admirable Crichton" to be filmed as "Male and Female" without a protest. When John Robertson and his wife undertook the adaptation of Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," they thought how much help it would be to have Barrie's advice and suggestions as to the scenario. So they sent him a rough continuity draft. A month later they received his reply, along with the draft. "Thank you," he wrote in his best Barrie-esque manner, "thank you for your consideration in thinking of me in connection with the filming of 'Tommy:' But if you will not mind, I should greatly prefer not to look at the script. In fact, I have not glanced at it. Go ahead. I will perhaps view the completed film when I come to America. Meanwhile my illusions are my own." This is not to disparage Mr. and Mrs. Robertson's conscientious work on "Tommy." The book means almost as much to them as it does to the author himself. They have loved it for years and always wanted to film it. They had hard work convincing the powers that be at Paramount that it had picture possibilities but they finally succeeded, built a delightful Scotch village in Elmhurst, Long Island, and have now almost finished the picture.

DOROTHY GISH has gone "Home." You often hear of your film idols going off to Europe or to Cuba; or flitting from coast to coast—but "Home"—well, seldom ever. "Home" to Dorothy is a little town—Massillon, Ohio—a typical middle-western small city where her uncle and aunt and many cousins reside. The uncle and aunt and some of the cousins paid the Gishes a visit last summer and had the time of their lives. Dorothy left all those new clothes she bought in Paris, back in New York in her apartments at the Savoy. "They never would stand for short skirts and a cane in Main Street, Massillon," she said.

HARRISON FORD will play opposite Norma and Constance Talmadge for one year. Right now he is Norma's leading man. Then he will act with comedienne Constance. Not a bad job.

Plays and Players

(Continued)

GARETH HUGHES is playing "Sentimental Tommy" despite the warnings of his physicians. Hughes made a hit in a Viola Dana picture and was signed by Miss Dana's company for future work. Then he had an attack of appendicitis. Just as he was about to undergo an operation in a Los Angeles hospital, came a wire from the east saying that Paramount wanted him to create the Barrie role. Hughes jumped out of bed and took the first train. They are hoping to finish the picture before he is obliged to undergo the operation. As it is the filming is held up when Hughes is unable to report for a day or two. But—"miss playing a part like that? Not much!" says Gareth.

VISITORS to the huge new Paramount studio in Long Island City—a remote suburb of Manhattan which has taken a new lease on life since Adolph decided to adopt it for film purposes—the visitors, of whom there are many, stop often before a queer little movable house which resembles a dog kennel, in a corner of one of the sets. Inquiry brings forth the story. The queer little dog-kennel was built for a star—any Paramount star who happened to be working in negligee on the set and who wished to repair her makeup between scenes. In fact, the Paramount studio men figured it would come in very handy as a dressing-room, as it could be moved from set to set for whichever star that wanted it. Well, one day a certain charming stellar lady was working and took a fancy to the kennel. She moved in her costumes and her makeup boxes and used it during the filming of her picture. The picture done, she moved away again. The dressing-room was then offered to another star, who glanced at it disdainfully and refused to consider it for a moment. The other stars did the same. Now not another star will set foot in it!

BILLIE BURKE reverses all known rules about stage stars and temperament. You would think, perhaps, that Billie—who has been an international theatrical idol for ten years—would naturally be a trifle upstage and hard to manage in her screen work. Not a bit of it. While sets on all sides of hers were working, all under the inspiration of a string orchestra, or at least a piano and a violin, Billie went through her scenes deftly and quietly with no more music than that supplied by her director's voice. The harmony (?) of the sounds around her would have disconcerted almost anyone else. But the lady who lives at the Ritz and rides only in a Rolls-Royce, who originated a coiffure that was copied by thousands of girls, who can see the Ziegfeld Follies and Frolic free any time she wants to—this lady is the most natural and unaffected you can imagine, while others who have not one-tenth of her fame and her fortune and her charm insist on music, awe, and a frigid formality before they will perform for the camera.

THE chief cause of the "oh's" and "ah's" of Manhattan first-nighters nowadays may usually be found in the first row accompanied by her young and good-looking husband who is so attentive to her you would never suspect that they had been married quite a while. Justine Johnstone, looking as fresh and gay after a hard day at the studio as most women look after hours at the hairdresser's and masseuse, is always There—golden hair piled on her shapely head, a gorgeous evening gown of cloth-of-gold showing her exquisite shoulders, and an ermine evening wrap trailing after her. People watch her as much as they do the actors.

Mae Murray and David Powell in "Idols of Clay," a Paramount Picture
(A George Fitzmaurice Production.)

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AND all this Movie madness sweeping the world has revealed startling things! Do you know one strange thing the Movies have done? THEY HAVE PRODUCED THOUSANDS OF PROMISING NEW PLAYWRIGHTS—men and women photoplay writers who get their ideas merely from seeing photoplays night after night!

These people not only produce wonderful scenarios, construct vivid plots, weave romantic, tragic, serio-comic or humorous situations, but they also write many of the wonderful little magazine stories you read. For to learn the one thing automatically teaches you to do the other. And now the big rush is on! So many men and women are beginning to write photoplays successfully! IT REALLY ISN'T HARD TO LEARN TO WRITE A PHOTOPLAY—IT REALLY ISN'T HARD TO LEARN TO WRITE A STORY! It's no longer a mystery. *The secret's out! And hosts of bright people are eagerly taking advantage of it and learning how!* With the right instruction, they become thrilled and fascinated by the lure of scenario writing, and eagerly concentrate all energies on it at every opportunity—for the scenario and magazine editors are ever calling for more plays and stories—more and more are needed daily, weekly, as more photoplay houses are built, and more film companies organized—and wider grows the fascination of the photoplay.

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All the ideas, all the material, all the suggestions, the spur to your imagination, you can get at the Movies, by a method described in a wonderful New Easy System of Story and Play Writing published at Auburn, New York. It is called THE IRVING SYSTEM and is for the millions who go to the Movies and want to learn how to write photoplays and stories. In a word, THE IRVING SYSTEM is for you.

It teaches you: How to attend the Movies and adapt scenes, incidents, motives, titles, characters to your own purposes and plans for photoplays; it shows you how easily you may get ideas for photoplays every time you go to a picture play; how to switch around any play and make it a realistic story totally unlike the one from which you adapted it; how to take characters you see in any picture and reconstruct them for your own photoplay; how you can easily rebuild any plot you see; how simple it is to revise and rebuild dialogue; how to begin writing photoplays in the easiest, simplest, surest way; how to demonstrate to yourself it doesn't take genius to write them, but plain common sense and earnest effort.

The wonderful Irving System also shows you *how to make an interesting test of your own ability after the next photoplay you see;* how to familiarize yourself quickly with every rule of writing photoplays; how to learn all of the interesting terms used in photoplay production, such as close-up, semi-close-up, iris and dissolve, masks, visions, the lap-dissolve, double exposure, the flash, reverse-action, and many others; how to quicken your own imagination; how to spur your ability to adapt ideas from plays you see; how to lift yourself out of the rut of life and do something fascinating as well as profitable; how to develop all the finest and best there is in you—how to win your way to public recognition; how to thrill and enthuse thousands; how to take the short cut to success!

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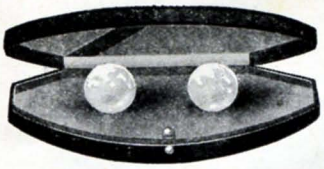

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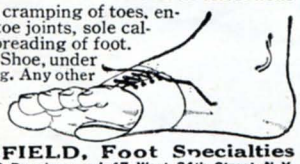

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Plays and Players

(Concluded)

ETHEL CLAYTON is back—and everybody in eastern studio circles is glad. There's no screen lady who possesses such an Air as Ethel and her clothes look always as if she'd been molded into them. But instead of many gowns, she brought back from abroad first editions and rare editions and every other kind of book she could buy. Now she's settled down in a wonderful apartment in West 67th Street, which comes up to our idea of a real home, not a movie star's palace. Incidentally Hugh Ford came back from England to direct her new picture at the Famous Players studio.

SHADES of bygone bishops and early Victorian ecclesiastics! St. Paul's Cathedral, the most famous church in the British Empire next to Westminster Abbey, may be used as a motion picture theater! Not, of course, if the less advanced dignitaries of the church can prevent it. Others, in favor of the drastic step, suggest that "The Life of St. Agnes" be the first film projected.

MADGE KENNEDY has a new play, too. It is called "Cornered" and Madge has one of her sophisticated ingenue roles in it. She hasn't been seen on the stage for three years.

CLAIRE WHITNEY is now Mrs. Robert Emmett Keane. The romance began when both were playing in "An Innocent Idea," in a New York theater. Keane is now in vaudeville while Claire is again pursuing her celluloid career.

EVERBODY was there, in his and her best bib and tuckers—and believe me, they were some. It might have been a combination Social Register and Who's Who and Why of Filmdom.

Translation: "Way Down East" opened October 18th in Los Angeles at the Auditorium. Jack Lloyd came out from New York to see that it got over right and the only fault with his stage management was that it rained.

An hour before the opening Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., is said to have paid fifty bucks a pair for tickets. Jack was a regular little Ned Greenway, too. One social leader got her feelings much tramped on because she didn't get an engraved invitation when her rival for the gilded sceptre did.

Anyway, I saw Mary and Doug, Mary looking even more exquisite than usual in white chiffon and roses; William S. Hart (not in evening dress) and his sister, Mary; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ray (without the footman), with Mrs. Ray in rose velvet and gold lace hat; Jeanie MacPherson, in cobalt blue, with white furs, in the box with Monte Katterjohn and that bewitching little Shannon Day, who had the most fetching head-dress of black jet; Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, the latter in henna taffeta and exquisite lace of the same shade; Viola Dana and Shirley Mason and Alice Lake, accompanied by Burnie Durning, Shirley's husband—Shirley and Vi were symphonies in pastel, while Alice wore orchid with beads; Betty Blythe, magnificent in emerald satin, a peacock fan, and a sable coat; Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor (Florence Vidor) all in black sequins—Florence I mean; Colleen Moore—with her mother and brother—Colleen looked sweet in shell pink with orchids; Edna Purviance swathed in ermine; Cullen Tate and Agnes Ayres, all in white and pearls; Bebe Daniels, flaming like a poppy in burnt orange and gleaming black; Penrhyn Stanlaus, and Madge Bellamy, in gold lace over smoke gray, and white furs—oh, to say nothing of the lesser lights.

It was a grand occasion altogether.

MARY PICKFORD has gone to Carmel—one of the most beautiful spots in California and the home of a select and justly famous circle of artists and writers—to make scenes in her new picture. Doug has taken his scenario writer, William Parker, and gone along to work on his new script in congenial atmosphere. To date, there seems to be little foundation for the persistent rumors of a Great Event in the Royal Family.

SIR GILBERT PARKER, the latest famous author to begin writing directly for the films, arrived in Hollywood this week.

I saw him wandering around the Lasky lot, being posed for pictures alone and with everybody of importance around the joint, and looking, I thought, just a bit bewildered.

He'll like it when the strangeness wears off.

TRY to vision, if you can, that master villain, that accomplished dress-suited seducer, that polished wrecker of homes—Lowell Sherman—wearing huge tortoise-shell-rimmed glasses with cotton between them and the bridge of his nose to protect his makeup, rehearsing his consummately artistic scenes! It is a compliment to Mr. Sherman that these glasses, which he wears to protect his eyes from the strong lights, you know, in no way interfere with the artistry of his performances.

WILLARD MACK has filed a voluntary petition for bankruptcy, scheduling liabilities of more than $47,000 and no assets. In other words, he is dead broke. Among his distinguished creditors are David Belasco, Al Woods, Samuel Goldwyn, and John Cort. Mack recently appeared for one week at the Palace in New York in a sketch of his own writing, "Crooked Advice." His leading woman was Barbara Castleton, to whom he is said to be engaged.

PENRHYN STANLAUS, the artist, is to become a director for Paramount. He is at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, beginning his training—but so far all he's been allowed to do is draw pictures of everything and everybody. Hard for the leopard to change his spots.

BEVERLY BAYNE certainly had a busy month. Beverly—or we should say Mrs. Francis X. Bushman—was temporarily in small housekeeping quarters, without a cook, and engaged in moving to a new home, when all the Bushmen—Francis X. himself, of course, his six-foot son Ralph, his grown daughter Josephine, Virginia and Lenore and his little son Bruce—christened originally Francis X. before the first Mrs. Bushman changed it—descended upon her. Then there is, too, Beverly's own son, Richard Stansbury, fifteen months old. Meanwhile the first Mrs. Bushman, the mother of the first five children, was domiciled at the Hollywood Hotel enjoying a rest.

"Having such a large family all of a sudden does complicate matters," said the beautiful Beverly as she sat with Richard on her knee, told Bruce where to find his ball, sent Virginia to pay the gardener, showed Josephine how to baste the roast, and ordered Ralph to get some more groceries. "But it's lots of fun being the mother of so many, and I think they like me a little." "We like you a lot," said Bruce.

At the Hotel Hollywood Mrs. Bushman number one declared that only the sight of Bruce wheeling his half-brother brought back the old pain. "I don't mind my children being in the other home," she said, "they all love and are loyal to me, but they belong to Mr. Bushman, too, and it is his duty to provide for them."

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 66)

and a fine cast of principals helps materially in its playing. They include Lewis Stone, Wanda Hawley, Jack Holt, Agnes Ayers and Robert Cain. Donald Crisp, who has gone to London for Paramount, did the directing from a scenario prepared by Beulah Marie Dix, and there are several fine pictorial effects achieved by the camera man, Edgar Schoenbaum.

CURTAIN—First National

DIRECTOR JAMES YOUNG, to whom much of the credit for the entertainment of the beauteous Katherine MacDonald's newest picture, "Curtain," belongs, has been content to tell Rita Weiman's simple and logical little story as it should be told—simply and logically. What happens happens reasonably, and we thus escape the irritation of watching a director straining to make a picture "big" that does not justify the effort. Miss MacDonald in this instance is a popular actress who decides to marry a rich admirer in place of a poor but promising author because that seems the wisest thing to do. But after sacrificing her career for her new husband she discovers that he is one of those upper Tenderloin aristocrats who simply must take on a new feminine interest periodically to make life seem worth living. Katherine suspects the worst, almost from the first, but for the sake of her young son forgives much—until she discovers that husband has been spending his vacations with the lady who was her rival on the stage. This is too much and she not only determines to apply for a divorce, but to return to the stage immediately and play the role her rival thought to play. When she is legally free she promises to marry the young author she lacked the foresight to accept in the beginning. Miss MacDonald continues to improve as an actress, and her director is wise in not forcing her to attempt any scene to which she is not fully equal. Charles Richman is again the bad boy, Florence Deshon the home wrecker, E. B. Tilton a reasonable sort of theater manager. There is a rich and attractive background tastefully in keeping with the story, and the handling of the backstage scenes of the theater is especially good.

HOMESPUN FOLKS—Associated Producers

ALL the folks in your house will like "Homespun Folks"—unless you happen to have one or two radical young persons who sniff at anything but the higher drama. It is very honestly the type of picture the title suggests. Farmer's son determined to be a lawyer; crusty father who insists he shall stay at home and milk the cows; sympathetic mother who wants everybody to be happy. When father would tear in two son's hard-earned law-school diploma son fights back and is driven from home. A year later, being the only available Republican candidate in the small town where he tacks up his sheepskin, he is nominated for the office of district attorney, and in one of those old-time torch-lighted elections he is put over, not by the party organization, but largely by father himself, who will be goshdarned if any son of his is going to be beaten by a passel of crooked politicians. Here is offered a stirring climax in the middle rather than at the end of the picture, for after he is elected son's real fight against the politicians begins. The father of the heroine is a Democratic leader, accused of murder, and the young district attorney is called upon to prosecute him. He refuses to proceed on the biased testi-

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Twelve Times—*See Page 8*

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

mony of the state's only witness, and is threatened with a coat of tar and feathers as a result. The real murderer's confession saves the day, and likewise the tar. It has its lapses, this story, but they are as few as we have come to expect from Joseph Josephson, one of the sanest and most human of screen story adapters, and for all its hokum we found the picture dramatically, sentimentally and pictorially worth while. Lloyd Hughes is modest and wholesome as the hero, Gladys George does nicely by the heroine.

BEHOLD MY WIFE—Paramount-Artcraft

THERE is, in "Behold My Wife," which George Melford has screened from Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Translation of a Savage," the sort of romance that appeals to all the primitive story-loving instincts of the widely known human race. A proud young Englishman seeking a fortune in the Hudson Bay country hears from home that his fiancee has married another man. He is led to believe his own family had deliberately planned to influence the match. To be even with them he drinks a pint of likker, marries an Indian girl, Lali, the daughter of old Eye-of-the-Moon, and ships her to England as his wife. Then the picture becomes Lali's. The good sports of the English family, dismayed and shocked though they are, take the savage in hand and, of course, turn her out a raving beauty in two reels, so that when the English chap, stricken finally by remorse and put on his feet by a two-fisted surveying gang foreman, returns to England to recover his squaw, he finds her the social sensation of the season and the mother of a fine little son. There is color and action, both in the north country scenes and those in England; and a nice regard for detail and good taste. The only weakness the story reveals is in the lack of a sufficient excuse for the English hero's determination to be revenged upon his family. He had little reason to believe they had conspired against him, which weakens both the force of his subsequent action and the effect of Lali's arrival in England. But the romantic appeal carries the story through and it is well played by Mabel Julienne Scott, Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter and Ann Forrest.

HARRIET AND THE PIPER—Louis B. Mayer-First National

THEY cannot all be best-sellers, these stories of the sporty young ladies who marry in Greenwich village and repent at leisure. This one about Harriet of "Harriet and the Piper," though it was taken from a Kathleen Norris story, neither stimulates the imagination nor irritates because of its lack of probability. In picture form it is just a movie about a heroine who tried the trick of living her own life, bobbed her hair, danced the shimmy, smoked the insidious cigarette and finally married the handsome gent who proposed that they sign a contract to live together so long as both were content with that arrangement. Then she suddenly suffered a change of heart and repented of her bargain. So far as she was concerned she was ready to break her contract at the boudoir door. But her selected mate, being a rough fellow, was not at all of the same mind as she. However, Harriet got away, and from that time on she was constantly being called upon to "pay the piper." Finally she found happiness and a bear hug in the home of the Carters, where she found work as a social secretary. Mrs. Carter, like so many other frivolous wives, decided to run away with Irv Cummings, which left Charles Richman to Harriet, otherwise Anita Stewart. The cast carries more conviction than do the adventures of the heroine.

By Photoplay Editors

THE DANGEROUS PARADISE—Selznick

LOUISE HUFF left Selznick soon after this picture was made. We merely mention it. Louise doesn't have much to do in this flippant society drama but look attractive, which she does without half trying. Selznick society is more weird than any of our screen conceptions of upper-crust existence. The heroine is "gorged with admirers but starved for the right one." Of course the right one comes along—if you can stay for the finish.

MAD LOVE—Kremer

HELL, or so we have been told, knows no fury like a woman scorned. You can imagine what Lina Cavalieri, with her Latin temperament, would do with a role like that. Madame vamps her way through the five reels, presenting, with all the articulation that can be distinguished by means of the hands and arms, a pretty good argument for female wile and wit against masculine brawn. Muratore, her husband in real life and incidentally a great tenor, provides the virility. It's a foreign picture, and while the behavior of all those concerned may seem a trifle mad to our Anglo-Saxon minds we must make allowances for temperament, not forgetting the first two syllables.

BLACKMAIL—Metro

THIS is a tale of astonishing connubial steadfastness, the account of an earnest young man who loves his wife even though he knows she has been a crook. Viola Dana is the beautiful blackmailer who finally breaks down and in a touching scene confesses all. When we tell you that Wyndham Standing is the husband, you know she is gladly forgiven. This sort of thing is all right if you like this sort of thing.

ALWAYS AUDACIOUS—Paramount-Artcraft

THERE will be considerable cardiac congestion at all box-offices this month. Wallace Reid, in his latest and merriest comedy, is essaying a dual role! He gives us two entirely different characterizations to consider in this lively Ben Ames Williams tale of double identity. Up to the very last minute, no one in the cast or the audience is at all certain that the young millionaire is going to establish his claim to his own fortune in the battle with the young crook who resembles him. The finish, as deft as it is satisfying, is too good to give away. Margaret Loomis is a charming heroine. James Cruze did the swift and snappy directing. This is a picture well worth your time and trouble, to say nothing of the tax.

HONEYMOON RANCH—Bert Lubin-State Rights

THE question is, do you or don't you? Do you yearn for the good old-fashioned "western;" do you pray for a return to the dear old days when Bill Hart et al. filled two reels full of ridin' and

The Shadow Stage

(Continued)

shootin' and drinkin' and lovin' as they see these things in the Great West? Then see this picture. It's a western and a good one —a corking tale by Tex O'Reilly, who knows his west as few know it, of men who wanted free grass in the Texas cattle-country and of other men who didn't. Tex himself turns actor and gives a fine performance as Wild Bill Devlin, leader of the men who did. His daughter loves the young man from the effete east who finds himself heir to a ranch and a tradition to carry on the barbed-wire warfare. It is up to the easterner to change Wild Bill's mind—both as to free grass and his own status as a son-in-law. Wild Bill capitulates, and there you have the story, embellished with great gunplay and hard riding. Bob Townley directed carefully and capably. Allene Ray is the equestrienne heroine. Harry McLaughlin who later lost his life in an airplane accident, showed promise as an athletic actor of the Fairbanks type.

HALF A CHANCE—Pathe

IT is touching to see a motion picture audience warm up to a really good picture. It brought honest tears to this reviewer's eyes to note the simple faith of the average fan when he stumbled on this practically unheralded production and got more than his money's worth of entertainment. It isn't a "super-special." Frederick Isham's strong, healthy and wholesome yarn concerns itself with one Sailor Burke, a seaman turned prizefighter and a prizefighter licked by booze, unjustly convicted of murder. On his way to lengthy imprisonment, he escapes his guard and fights his way to a new life. He later learns law from tomes cast up like himself, by the sea to the shores of his lonely private island. When he gets back to civilization his pugilistic prowess is equalled by his knowledge of the law. He uses both before he clears his name and wins the girl. The surprise and the star of this he-show is Mahlon Hamilton, known always as an adequate actor, but never suspected of such depths and force as he displays here. A splendid heartful performance, his, deserving of complete stellar honors. Lillian Rich is not so satisfactory as the heroine. Mary McAllister proves herself all over again the most charming of our younger actresses. Robert Thornby's direction is thoroughly masculine but never unsympathetic. If you want a rousing good picture, don't miss this.

RUTH OF THE ROCKIES—Pathe Serial

IT is not hard to understand why serial drama has such a hold on the youth of this country and others. Serials, today, are pretentiously mounted and sensibly thought out. They are logically unreasonable—even this one about an energetic young lady who has nothing to do every day but track down a band of diamond smugglers. Ruth Roland plays the lively heroine, assisted by Herbert Heyes.

THE GILDED DREAM—Universal

CARMEL MYERS is the frivolous heroine of this one. She's a country girl who falls heir to five thousand dollars wherewith to realize her girlish dreams. She does exactly what three thousand and twenty-one girls have done before her—on the screen: goes right off to the city to acquire a husband both rich and handsome. Miss Myers probably establishes a record for snappy work: she at once meets the

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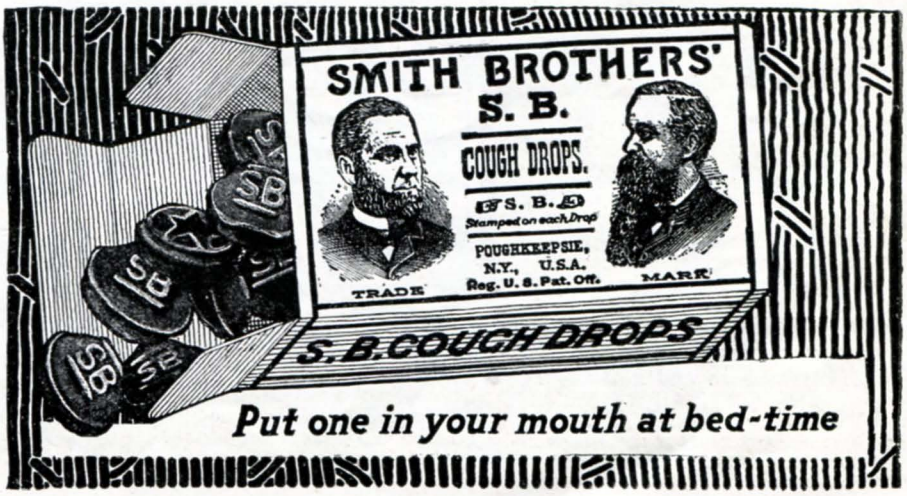

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The Shadow Stage

(Concluded)

cream of Manhattan society and wins the heart of a wealthy widower. Unfortunately Carmel gives hers to a gentlemanly rotter. Manhattan society would doubtless be surprised to see itself as represented in this film. As for Carmel, she's more bewitching than ever and helps this slender tale along immeasurably.

THE GOOD BAD WIFE—State Rights

DOROTHY GREEN is a French girl—named, oddly enough, Fanchon—who jazzes up a Virginia town when she arrives as the wife of a good old son of the south. While Fanchon scandalizes the staid community with a series of shocks, it is of course merely a matter of time before she wins over the disapproving family. Take a lesson from her as to how to manage your in-laws even if thy ways are not their ways. There's a villain, too—the kind that chews the scenery. This merely illustrates what a popular song writer tried to prove long ago: that there's a little bit of bad in every good little girl—and vice versa.

OCCASIONALLY YOURS—Robertson-Cole

AGAIN we have Lew Cody as the male vampire—the kind of man who would be so nice if there weren't any women in the world. But he is oh, so generous: he gracefully consents to marry the young woman enamored of him when he learns she is at the door of death. Then the ungrateful creature recovers! But leave it to Lew—he sees to it that everything comes out all right. Betty Blythe is the chief feminine adornment. James Horne's direction is able.

THE UNFORTUNATE SEX—Gersten-State Rights

IT takes three long subtitles to explain that the fair sex is the unfortunate sex, but even at that it is not convincing. This underworld essay introduces our little friend the stolen child, finally found selling papers. Undoubtedly this tale points a moral but we failed to find it. Frances Esmonde, a newcomer, plays the child-found-selling-papers, and George Larkin, once a serial daredevil, is her leading man. If you are good at puzzles, you may be able to put the pieces together and dope out the plot.

SWEET LAVENDER—Realart

USUALLY it is impossible to view a Mary Miles Minter picture without murder in your heart. Mary is always as pretty and well-behaved as possible—it isn't because of Mary. But life for her, on the screen, has almost always been just one atrocity after another. Give her more vehicles like this Arthur Wing Pinero play and watch her grow. She sacrifices blonde beauty to grotesque makeup for a reel or two and proves herself a fine actress. Theodore Roberts is conspicuous in support.

YOUTH'S DESIRE—Empire State

AT the first showing of this, twenty ex-aero-corps men, overcome with envy, probably at the hero's flights, were obliged to leave the theater hastily. The only surprising thing was that everyone in the audience didn't do the same. An airplane figures heavily in the story and it isn't the only thing that's up in the air. Any youth who harbors a desire to see this might as well hie himself to a brain specialist without further delay. That's the way we feel about it.

FORBIDDEN VALLEY—Pathe

YOU'D think they would let the poor old feud plots, which have made the Kentucky mountains immortal in celluloid, rest in peace for a while. But J. Stuart Blackton gave a good deal of his best dramatic attention to this revival, all about old Ben Lee "who got the last but one of the Mitchells" and lives in constant fear that he will have to shuffle off his particular mortal coil with startling celerity if the last but one ever comes along. There's nothing novel about it, except that delightful child, May McAvoy, who is the better-half of a romance with Bruce Gordon.

WOMAN'S MAN—Arrow

THIS is certainly Old Home Month. Every one of the old skeletons is dragged out of the closet and dusted off for screen consumption. If prohibition had come a short time earlier, this story would never have happened. So you can blame it all on the anti-pros who prolonged the struggle. If it weren't for the bottle labeled spirituous liquor, there would be a vast shortage of plots of this calibre. Romaine Fielding is featured after many months' absence from the screen. He incurs enough enmity in the heart of the sheriff to satisfy any audience growing restive under the long-drawn-out story.

FABIOLA—Beretta-H. B. Marinelli, Ltd.

A PICTURE notable for its high moral tone and lofty purpose is this foreign-made production, dealing with the persecutions of the early Christians in Rome. The sufferings of many of the familiar names on the Saint's Calendar are graphically depicted, two outstanding martrydoms being those of Agnes and Sebastian. It shows the ideals of high-minded individuals who were proud to suffer for a principle. The picture has many beautiful exteriors and faithfully unfolds Cardinal Wiseman's story.

The Tale of a Tear

(Concluded from page 71)

career, you will find that she has climbed, surprisingly. We have had much chance to watch her development, as we have the development of only a few other screen stars who have been in the game a long time—Miss Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Norma Talmadge—pioneers who have remained.

The charming ingenue of the Harold Lockwood days yielded to the pretty, blonde comedienne of "The Walk-Offs" and "Fair and Warmer," in which she showed a very marked ability as a farceur. And now her "Lady Kitty" in her latest vehicle "The Marriage of William Ashe" will, I believe, show still another May Allison, comparable in her comedy-drama portrayal to the Grace George of "Divorcons" days. She has gained in it a new force of power and polish that ought to wipe away that tear forever, even though she didn't "die."

Bill Hamilton's Girl

(Continued from page 90)

something that had completely changed him.

He and Emma got to grips with the new problem on the Thursday night. They were as usual in their favourite cafe, but Jim was so much off form that he contented himself with a couple of sardines and a round of margarined toast. The order, coming from a man who finished his day with at least a steak and a sweet, caused the waiter to gasp.

"Wasser matter?" he ejaculated. "Sardines!"

"Not feeling peckish to-night," answered Jim. "What's yours, Emma?"

"Just a small cup of coffee," said the girl.

"Gosh!" muttered the waiter, in complete and everlasting astonishment, as he moved away. "An' them two used to eat like good 'uns. That's what comes of falling in love. Down goes the chaff bill."

By the time the couple left the cafe they had definitely made up their minds. Emma was to go on the stage. It was understood, of course, that whatever happened she would never forget Jim. She repeated that so many times that in the end it sounded like the contralto solo in an oratorio. Wilson made a valiant attempt to whistle as they reached the street. But his thoughts were so gloomy, his mind so tortured with doubts and fears, that he unconsciously picked on a thoroughly cheerless refrain that promptly gave Emma a fresh attack of the blues.

She said her farewells to the Home of Music about a week later. She was naturally on a pedestal by then, and even the lady of the piano worshipped her. The latter had indeed been moved to such an extent that she nightly dreamed of being whisked away from her stool at Milford's to deputise for Sapelnikoff at the Albert Hall.

"The best of luck, lovey," she cooed, sweetly. "It's only what you deserve, and perhaps—hee, hee—I'll be the next."

It came as a bit of a shock to Emma to find that Powers—who knew the limitations of even born comediennes—had decided to keep her in the back row of the chorus for three months. He explained the position in this way:

"You want to get used to the boards," he said. "You want to be able to make an entrance without suggesting to the audience that you've got two left feet. Facing a critical crowd is not the same as falling off a plank, you know. After you've walked on for three months, and picked up the tricks of the trade, I'll shove you in the dead center of the spotlight. That's good enough, isn't it? Now keep your eyes open, and make friends with the other girls."

Emma got through the training period with fair distinction, thanks mainly to the support given her by Jim Wilson, who broke all known records connected with hanging around stage-doors. He had engaged a new singer for the Home of Music, but he was willing to admit that she wasn't anything like Emma. There was only one Emma, so far as he was concerned. She was in a class by herself.

"The Girl From the Store," the revue in which Emma was to star, went into rehearsal just before Christmas. Powers himself did the producing; and showed himself to be such a master of explosive English that Emma and others of the cast frequently thought how nice it would be if people were born without ears. Powers never kept a remark on the tip of his tongue, nor did he allow a spectacular thought to buzz in his head before allowing it to explode. The first four days of rehearsal were really nothing more than a series of eruptions, Powers permitting it to go on record that he had never come across such a lop-eared, unintelligent, blingumitty lot of actors and actresses in all his born days. In the middle of some of the more hectic moments Emma seriously considered the advisability of making a flying dive back to the much more select Home of Music.

The second week was less volcanic, and by the time the third was reached Powers was almost human again. Emma, as a matter of fact, pleased him enormously. He had had great hopes from the start, but she had gone far beyond his expectations.

"She's a find," he mentioned to one of his intimates. "She can't dance, as yet, but she can sing; but where she's got 'em all beat is in her funny scenes. Do you know, Alf, there are times when I'm not certain whether to laugh or to cry. She sort of gets you poised between the two, so to speak, and it seems to me that that's the kind of stuff that's going to pack the Majestic. There's pathos even in her comedy, if you know what I mean. She's got a little skivvy scene in the second act that's going to hit everybody right in the neck. She's a little slavey who's fallen in love with a picture on the wall, and an ugly picture at that. Comedy! I tell you, she'll have 'em roaring. And pathos! Alf, boy, you want to see her dusting that old picture. She had me blubbering like a kid yesterday. And she's absolutely unspoiled, Alf. I'll lay odds that after she's got 'em crawling at her feet she'll still be just Bill Hamilton's girl Emma."

Ten days or so before the date of production inspired little paragraphs began to find their way into the newspapers. They were not over-done; they simply mentioned that "The Girl From the Store" would bring to light an unknown actress who would recall to those old enough to remember the brave days when real comediennes were as numerous as flowers in May.

Emma had a new friend by then—a somewhat faded little lady who was her understudy. She wasn't over-fond of some of the people who played with her; she particularly disliked the chief comedian, whom she characterized as fresh. But she became fast friends with Caroline Desmond the moment they were introduced. Caroline was the type she liked; certainly the type she had been used to in the old days. That she was merely her understudy—and therefore much below her, according to the ethics of the stage—didn't bother Emma the least bit. The only thing she didn't understand about Caroline was that she was continually sighing. She was very nearly the world's champion at that, as a matter of fact. But Caroline had good grounds for sighing, as Emma discovered later.

That was on a night just before production—three nights before, to be exact. That day the rehearsal had gone so well that Powers, thoroughly pleased, had given everyone a half-holiday. Emma didn't quite know what to do with herself, and after hesitating between the pictures and a hurried visit to the Home of Music accepted an invitation to go home with Caroline Desmond and swallow a friendly cup of tea.

The home was a three-roomed flat. It was clean, and that was about all that could be said of it. Occupying the front room was a toothless gentleman who looked to be quite eighteen months old, and a ringletted lady of about four.

"Mine," said Caroline, as she stemmed the headlong rush of the four year old person.

Emma flopped into a chair. Under the circumstances it was the correct thing to do. Strict etiquette might have demanded

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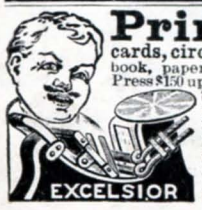

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Bill Hamilton's Girl

(Continued)

some breathless exclamation, but Emma was so completely bowled over that all she could do was to flop.

The story came later. It was a very old one; merely another of life's tragedies. A willing, affectionate wife, a worthless husband, a sequence of quarrels, a hot word, a blow—the old, old story.

"I was ill when he left me," said Caroline, without undue emotion. "Little Jimmy had just come. There wasn't a crust of bread in the house the day he cleared out. That was over a year ago. I haven't seen him since."

Emma crossed the room, and took the crowing infant into her arms. She had to do that, or scream.

"There, there!" she said lowly, as she commenced to rock, as women do. Jimmy made an immediate meal of her thumb.

"Pretty lady," lisped the four year old child, nestling up to Emma's knee. Emma choked then. What else was there to do?

"Makes you wonder why women get married, doesn't it?" said Caroline, busying herself with the tea things. "What's that song again? 'Oh, men may smile, but women must weep.' Ah, well, such is life!" There was bitterness in her final remark—bitterness and tremendous resentment.

"He ruined my career though," she went on, after a pause. "I was making headway when I married him. In the provinces they called me the new laughter-maker. I wonder what it's like to laugh; I've forgotten. Little Jim and Kathleen make things a bit easier, of course, but there are times when I can't help wondering whether it's worth while trying to struggle on. If it wasn't for the kiddies—what do you think they pay me for being your understudy?"

Emma shook her head; she hadn't the smallest notion.

"Less than it takes to run this little hovel as it should be run. Babies are expensive mortals, you know. I have to pay a girl to look after them, for example. And yet I might have been a star! But my day's gone. I'm faded; I'm going down the hill. I'm thirty-four years of age, Emma. Thirty-four! Methuselah wasn't much older than that.

"But do you know what keeps me going? Hope, Emma. I lay in my bed and I think that the night *will* come when I'll be able to take the stage instead of the woman I'm understudying. I picture myself making the house rock with laughter, I hear myself singing, I even grow dizzy as the waves of applause break against the footlights, I've waited for ages, but hope springs eternal, as someone who knew all about it once said.

"And I get another dream, Emma. It's of my boy, when he's a man. He's always standing in a crowd, and this is what he's saying: 'Actresses! Why, you should have seen my mother. Caroline Desmond, that was her name. She could make people laugh with the same ease that she could make them cry. Yes, gentlemen, my mother was a great actress, one of the very greatest of her day.'"

Caroline sighed deeply as she arranged the cups.

"I don't much like that dream, Emma," she confessed, with a long glance at her son. "It wrings my heart too much. But it's Jimmy and Kathleen who are always at the back of my mind when I think what I would do if the chance only came my way. Don't ever be an understudy, Emma. It's a job made solely to break people's hearts. I know; I've been one for years. But there, it's silly of me to think of *you* being an understudy."

"You never can tell," said Emma, quietly. "I may be an awful frost. Do you like my part, Caroline?"

"It's the best I've ever known."

"Think you could play it?"

Caroline sighed again.

"I don't want to appear boastful," she said, "but if there ever was a part I *could* play yours is that one." She turned and smiled at Emma. "Look after your health," she warned, jokingly. "If you get ill I'll grab the chance I'm hungry for and make it possible for my Jim to deliver the little speech I told you about."

"Coo-oo!" said Jim, in sudden ecstacy, as his chubby little hand went further into Emma's mouth. Bill Hamilton's girl shivered as though a cold wind had struck her.

"When you've got kiddies of your own," continued Caroline, "you'll know what it is to have them in your thoughts all day and all night. Jim's the one that keeps my mind busiest. I don't know why, for Kathleen is very dear to me, too. But I suppose it's because I wonder what I'll be able to do for the boy in the years to come. I'll be withered then, Emma. There'll be more lines in my face, there'll be crows-feet under my eyes, there'll be a quaver in my voice. I won't be even an understudy then. Oh my! It's Jim that keeps my mind busiest."

She switched around suddenly. "I'd sell my soul for my kids," she cried, passionately. "Why don't they give me a chance? All I want is one year as a star. I'd save every cent I could, I'd work myself to a standstill. One year! That's all, Emma. Then they could drop the curtain on me. But I'd be satisfied. I'd have enough by me to keep my little ones in comfort."

She darted forward and kissed her boy hungrily.

"One year," she said again. "One year."

"Guggle-uggle," said Jim, happily. Emma pressed him closer to her breast.

"Come on," exclaimed Caroline. "Tea's ready. I hope I haven't talked you black in the face. Going to hold on to Jim?"

Emma nodded. She was afraid to trust herself to speak; there seemed to be such an awful lump in her throat.

She visited the flat several times during the next two days. Jim was delighted. Every time she came through the door he gave the two-year-old equivalent of three loud cheers. It was her thumb that he was fondest of. Emma made the noteworthy discovery that the little man was teething. To her it was of infinitely more importance than her coming debut. She was late for the dress rehearsal simply because Jim started to howl when she tried to put him back in his cot. Emma held him close to her thumping heart until he fell asleep.

Powers noticed that she appeared to be very absent-minded during the dress-rehearsal. Twice, in rapid succession, she forgot her lines; but the pathos of her skivvy scene, as he had described it, was stronger than ever. It almost overwhelmed him.

"Take things easy now," he said to her, at the end of the last rehearsal. "You look a bit drawn to me. Stay in bed to-morrow until lunch time at least. Then you'll be nice and fresh for the night. Take my tip, Emma, my girl, you're going to hit 'em right in the spot where it'll do 'em most good. In another forty-eight hours you'll be famous."

Emma didn't take the advice. She spent the whole of the next morning and part of the afternoon giving the infant Jim valuable assistance in the cutting of his teeth. The top of her thumb was as wrinkled as though she had immersed it in a wash-tub. Jim, as usual, obliged with his howling solo when she left—as Caroline put it, he was a

Bill Hamilton's Girl

(Continued)

holy terror with his voice when he was displeased.

Emma's home was in a southerly direction; she caught a car that was going due north. She wasn't boisterously happy, but she was very determined.

It was at seven o'clock that night that things began to get uncomfortably warm behind the stage at the Majestic. Emma was late. At seven-fifteen Powers made a remark or two that were thoroughly to the point. Fifteen minutes later—the curtain was due to rise at eight—he was like one of the noises off in a touring melodrama. Powers was in form; he had found his second wind. Scene-shifters and others showed surprising agility in hopping out of his way.

At twenty minutes to eight he resembled a fat man freshly returned from the hot-room of a Turkish bath. His collar had gone, the two top buttons of his vest were undone, three of his chins were throbbing violently, and there was a flush on his face that would have done credit to a beetroot. But his voice, to the tremendous relief of everyone, had gone back on him. All he could do was to blabber in a hoarse whisper.

"Tell Miss Desmond to get ready," he groaned.

At one minute to eight he treated himself to a sotto-voce curse that relieved him immensely. Then he clapped his hands twice as a signal for the curtain to be raised. As a laughing crowd of girls dashed on to the stage, a lonely little figure crept up to the wings.

It was Caroline, trembling in every limb.

"Please, please," she murmured, appealingly, as she closed her eyes and lifted her face to the roof.

At ten o'clock the following morning Jim Wilson locked himself in his tiny office in the Home of Music. He was fed-up with the questions that had been shot at him for over an hour. How the blazes did he know what had become of Emma? Where was the sense in asking him? Hadn't he enough on his mind? Did he need to be reminded that she had probably been run over, or kidnapped, or drowned?

The horn-spectacled pianist had given it as her considered opinion that she had eloped with the trombone player in the Majestic orchestra. She had discovered that he, too, had failed to turn up the night before. "Always felt there was something queer about that Emma," she confided, patting her Pearl Wite coiffure. "Poor, dear Mr. Wilson."

Jim, for the want of something else to do, read the theatrical criticisms in the morning papers. It seemed to him that they all slopped over a bit. Of course, the woman Desmond had made a terrific hit, as the critics said. She had made everybody laugh, she had sung decently enough—but Heavens above, was she to be compared with Emma?

"Not in a million years," said Wilson, heatedly, as he got up and unlocked the door. He was so agitated that he bit clean through a penholder that he was chewing.

He stepped through the doorway like a man nearing the resting-place of a dear friend. Then he stopped. Then he blinked. Then he gasped.

Emma was coming down the stairs.

The first thing he noticed was that she was wearing a dark costume that was most appropriate to the occasion. Then he saw that her step was jaunty; finally it dawned on him that she was smiling.

"How does one get to see the manager?" she inquired, laughingly, as she stood before him. The pianist, looking up and not seeing a man with a face like that worn by a trombonist, hiccoughed shrilly and swooned on the bass keys of the piano.

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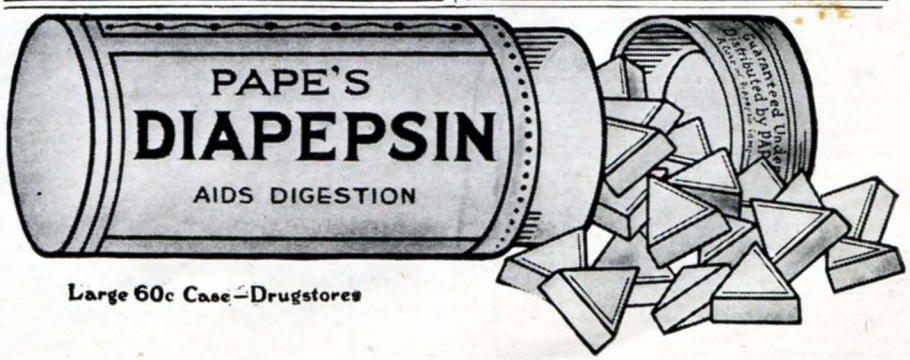

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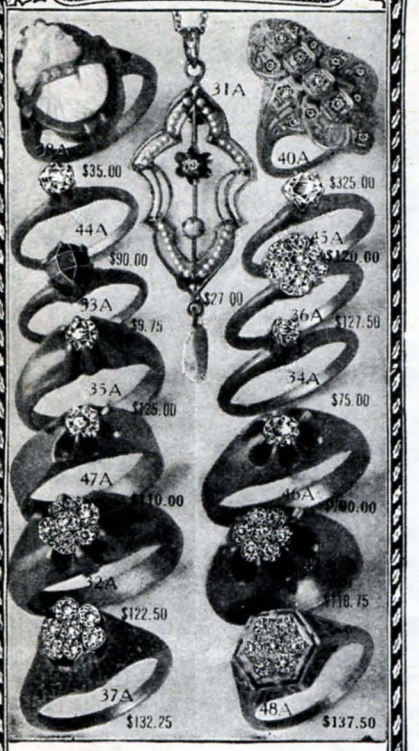

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Bill Hamilton's Girl

(Concluded)

And just then Emma's successor lifted up her voice:

"Yew arst may hif this ler-huvov-maine-a Ser-weetart will ever die-ee."

Jim Wilson positively whirled Emma into the office. He had a notion that he was walking on his left ear.

"Break it gently," he panted, as he collapsed into a chair.

Emma fixed herself on his knee and stroked his chin with the thumb that the other Jim had found so much to his liking.

"I want my old job back, dear," she said, softly.

"What about last night?" spluttered Wilson.

Emma told him. She didn't make a long tale of it.

"I just had to do it," she concluded. "There was Caroline dying for a chance, and with two sweet little babies to keep. I'm glad she was such a success, Jim."

Wilson lifted himself to his full height and threw out his chest. Then he approached his girl just as Stanley walked towards Dr. Livingstone.

"Put it there," he said, proudly, holding out his hand. "Now lift your face. I'm going to kiss you for at least five minutes."

The smacking noise was still issuing from the office when there came a tap on the door. Emma disengaged herself, touched her hat, and opened the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Powers," she said, her dancing eyes on a fat man with many chins.

Powers knew of only one way of greeting an occasion like this. He didn't employ it, for there was a lady present. He stuffed the rim of his hat into his mouth and sat down.

"Myxclurge rhumphat whoosh," he remarked, indistinctly.

Emma told her story again. Powers listened with the same sort of dazed interest that he would have manifested had he been told that the Martians had gone into residence in his back garden. When Emma stopped talking, he pinched himself to see if he was awake. Then:

"Who said Bill Hamilton was dead?" he chortled. "Glory hallelujah! Same old quixotic strain, same old anxiety to help others, same old willingness to make sacrifices." He took a step forward. "Emma, my girl," he said, more softly, "would it matter very much if an old man who is very fond of you tried to kiss you?"

Emma held up her head.

"Just one more," pleaded Powers. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "By gum, you're—you're fine."

There was silence for a moment after that. Jim Wilson was tapping a toe on the carpet.

"Emma wants a job," he exclaimed. "Can't she be Miss Desmond's understudy?"

Powers simply bellowed his amusement.

"Understudy!" he shouted. "Understudy! Don't make me laugh. Know what I'm going to do now? I'm going to lease the biggest theatre in town. I'll have a thing specially written for Emma, and she shall star in it. Isn't she worth it? I'll have two of the best comediennes in the world in another month or so. Caroline made good, don't forget, and she'll pack the Majestic for months, thanks to Emma. But next time," he shook a fat finger at Emma, "I'll build a bedroom for you in the theatre. No more of your vanishing tricks for me. Last night shortened my life by ten years. But isn't she like her tather? People were right when they described you as Bill Hamilton's girl Emma."

He reached for his hat.

"See me to-night at five o'clock," he ordered. "I'll have things fixed by then." He turned as he touched the handle of the door. "By the way," he asked, with a wink, "did I interrupt when I knocked just now? There was a funny noise coming out of this room."

Wilson shrugged his shoulders and looked self-conscious. Emma blushed and indulged in a little giggle.

"Get on with the good work," said Powers boisterously. "There's only one thing better than a kiss, and that's two. Don't be later than five o'clock."

Emma waited until the noise of Powers' retreating footsteps had died away. Then she resumed her seat on Jim Wilson's knee.

Outside the horn-spectacled pianist struck the first chords of "Oh! My Aching Heart." An hour passed with the swiftness of a minute for the two in the office. Then:

"Let's go and see Caroline," said Emma, "and Jim."

"Who's Jim?" demanded the manager of the Home of Music.

"My other sweetheart," answered Emma. "He ought to be cutting another tooth today."

Wilson laughed loudly, and struggled into his coat.

Formula

THE little girl at the crowded table bent over her work. It was a "sweat-shop," a room filled with toiling women and girls, pitiful, spiritually starved creatures all of them, working at the only trade they knew, working to make scanty ends meet. Our little girl was the only attractive one among them, her face a little less pinched, her eyes wider, her lips more full. But standing over her was the brutal foreman, the terrorizing brute who lashed her on to superhuman efforts and, if she failed, would demand her soul.

"Will you meet me tonight, or won't you?" he whispered thickly, bending his great face down to hers. "Give me your answer, *now!*"

The little girl looked at him, horror written in her eyes. But she only murmured, "No"—wearily. Then he struck her. . . . .

The little girl scrambled hastily to her feet, and ran to her director.

"Say, Charlie," she said, "when we take that scene, tell him not to hit me so hard."

Bill Hart's True Love Story

(Concluded from page 37)

triumphing nightly as a Spanish girl in "Marta of the Lowlands," was taking her five o'clock siesta, courting freshness and luminous beauty for the night's performance. She rose from her couch, raised her arms above her head, wreathing her dark face and tumbling hair in their white frame, and looked out into the murk of the autumn evening. Out of the gray sky a slow, heavy rain fell.

Flash! Crash! A shower of falling glass. A moan. Miss Riccardo lay upon the floor. A red stain was spreading upon the white fur rug. A bullet had seared the white skin beneath her heart and gone its glancing way into the wall.

There were confused, conflicting stories of the event. Miss Riccardo, recovering from her swoon, said: "I looked into the street and saw two men quarreling. One drew a revolver. The other man ran. The bullet struck me instead of him."

The police speculated about an attempt at suicide. Her friends laughed at this. "Corona, young, beautiful, successful, to want to kill herself. The peak of the ridiculous!" There were tales too, of professional jealousy. There was one of a repulsed, love-maddened countryman of hers. Miss Riccardo, recovering quickly, smiled in her slow, seductive way, and said: "Don't make a novel of the quarrel of two longshoremen in the street."

Broadway, with wise eyes and shrugging shoulders, said, "Perhaps!"

Soon thereafter Broadway missed Miss Riccardo. She went on a long tour of the West. She was playing an Indian sketch on a two-year circuit. She might have been forgotten, for the memory of the busy highway of amusement is, if not brief, uncertain. But came an amazing letter from a Broadway star on tour.

"Don't think I am crazy," she wrote from a town in the far southwest, "but I know that I saw Corona Riccardo in front with a group of Indians and their squaws. She saw me and smiled a little. I would know her glorious eyes anywhere. While I was taking a curtain call I saw her walking out of the theater behind a tall man that they afterwards told me was her husband. He wore high eagle feathers in his headdress. She wore a squaw's deerskin skirt and shirt. Fancy luxurious Corona, who loved Paris gowns! I nearly fainted from the shock. But I must say there was happiness in her face They say her Indian sketch brought them together."

Three years ago a white woman was found desperately ill in rented rooms in Kansas City. With her were an Indian chief, Silver Tongue, and her six year old son who shared the soft beauty of the mother and the stoic strength of the father. The trio were Silver Tongue, his white squaw and their child.

The woman who had abjured the white race to follow her Indian lord into the Indian cities of the southwest, died, after all, among her own people and ministered to by their customs, in the General Hospital. To an humble grave in Saint Mary's Cemetery she was followed by her mourning husband and son and by one woman whose faded beauty and flashes of vivid personality bespoke the mimic art.

They have told of her last words, uttered with an accompanying smile: "Death is alike for all who die."

William S. Hart read the brief last chronicle of Corona Riccardo. He spoke no word about it. But those who knew them best remembered and said, "Corona Riccardo was the love of William Hart's life."

Mary! Mary!

(Concluded from page 53)

I do not feel the same tenderness for her, but she is an honest, kindly soul, in whom lurks nothing but rough and simple meaning.

Nowhere in the garden do I find anything but that which is clean and decent.

All honor to your gardening, Mary.

A stray wind blows a vagrant hair across my eyes. For a moment I can not see. But I feel the tenderness of the twilight and I sense the gardener walking in her garden fluttering here and there in the purple shadows.

As I brush away the offending wisp I see Mary. Here and there she stops to admonish and reprove. Here and there she removes an offending weed or insect, ever careful, ever watchful. I follow her with curious interest.

She passes down through the pansy beds and past the lily paths. Her eyes are set in the distance and I do not comprehend that which she sees. Then I see her stop.

It is before a huge red rose bush, red with the redness of love that she halts her steps.

I hold my breath and no movement of her escapes me. I too smell the perfume of the rose. It is virile and strong and full of promise. Then I see her draw a giant bough toward her—thorns and all—and press it to her soft lips.

I am afraid for her, and yet as the gardener says "all gladness must be paid for in some cash or other" and who is she to flinch at the wound of the thorn.

O rose bush, King of all the gardener's garden, draw in your thorns for her! Do not bruise the redness of that gentle mouth. The night's sweet gloom descends on her, hiding her from sight, and we breathe a prayer to you, that in your strength you may be tender.

We shall often peer above the hedge and watch for the gardener in the cool and peace of the evening.

May we always see her as now, radiant and sweet and infinitely subtle.

Pour forth your richest scents, O rose! not only for your own rose's sake but for hers as well. She deserves peace after the battle—peace ineffable and all comprehensive.

Mary! Mary!

Long may your garden grow.

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A Merry Xmas

Twelve Times—*See Page 8*

Christmas Gifts and Giving

(Concluded from page 48)

to speak—the day after Christmas and the proceeds of its year's work are not molested until a couple of days before the next Christmas. Then they are used to garnish the tree and buy all the things, the frivolous things, that weren't planned for in the Christmas budget. It isn't a bad plan to try by oneself—just a penny in the bank whenever one uses a bit of pet slang, or whatever *your* especial failing chances to be, and the accumulation used to provide a little more Christmas joy for some one whose holiday you want to make particularly joyful.

If you haven't yet begun your Christmas shopping for this year I wish you would make a solemn vow to start *now*—and to begin in the mornings. Also to finish before noon. If you have ever chanced to be in the midst of a shopping mob on the last day before the Yuletide holiday you know what I mean. There is something about a crowd like that that completely demoralizes me. I find myself grabbing wildly at impossible things I haven't the slightest use for, just because some one else has been trying to corner it. I have my toes trodden on and the breath nearly knocked out of me before I can make my way out of the crowd and compose my reason and my hat. What do you suppose the result of such a wild, clamoring mob is on the girls who have to stand there hour after hour and attend to their frenzied demands? So this year I hope you will plan to extend your Christmas giving to the people who serve you in the shops, and do it by getting through with what you have to buy well before that last frantic week begins.

We learned something of discipline during those days when our men were training for battle. I think we might extend that to our every day life and by "taking thought" learn to diminish the burdens that those around us have to carry. Perhaps, after all, this is the meaning of Christmas. Perhaps the learning to think of the other person's worries and cares, the learning to think less of ourselves and more of others was the greatest lesson that came to us that far-off morning when the shepherds followed the Star in the East.

And now I must run along and attend to my own Christmas shopping, so I will leave you with Tiny Tim's Christmas wish: "God bless us every one."

Gold and Leather Medals

(Continued from page 41)

because he is more continuously employed. Alec B. Francis is characteristically seen in his delicate and beautiful study in "Earthbound." Frank Keenan has had a quiet year. J. Barney Sherry, Tully Marshall and Herbert Standing are, in their classes, beyond reproach. Hobart Bosworth came back—and stayed. His performances in "Behind the Door" and "Below the Surface" were as fine as anything he has ever done—and to those who know their photoplay history, this is saying a great deal. Marc McDermott has shown us acting of a sort seldom beheld, as the paralytic father in that gripping finale to "While New York Sleeps." Matt Moore seems to be turning into a young character-actor of rarest promise. His *Henry Calverly*, in the as yet unreleased "Passionate Pilgrim," is an earnest of this.

Will Rogers is at once one of the year's sensations and one of its greatest puzzles. A quaint, clumsy actor, devoid of every alluring asset except downright honesty and a serio-comic sincerity, he provided in "Jes' Call Me Jim," one of the finest portraits in the gallery of photoplay recollection. "Jubilo" was another old-fashioned wonder. Yet the booking-men say that Rogers is not a "money-getter." If this is true, it means that despite the enthusiasm with which his admirers everywhere greet his pictures, he must be an acquired taste. And if that is so, a lot of taste-cultivation would do no harm. If William S. Hart keeps on seeking other fields than the plains he will have to turn his monarchial sombrero over to Harry Carey—who, in turn, is pressed close by both Tom Mix and Buck Jones.

And we cannot let go our masculine chronicle before we mention that Francis X. Bushman has a grown son, Ralph, now prancing before the lamps with some success and more promise.

Mary Pickford remains the queen of the movies. And this is little short of marvelous, when one considers the length of time she has held the sceptre, and the vicissitudes of the most rapidly changing occupation on earth. Not so long ago she cemented her supremacy by the notably artistic and imaginative "Suds," the least appealing of her recent pictures in a popular sense, but one of the finest. Pearl White has been working for many months in a new field, and the indomitable energy which held her season in and season out the pre-eminent serialeuse is beginning to show in her features; incredibly bad at first, they are getting better, and probably Bernstein's "The Thief" will be as good as "The White Moll" was disappointing and dull. Nazimova has not progressed at all. The reason seems apparent: *ego*. No one knows as much about anything connected with her pictures as she; the selection of stories, acting, direction—in all these hers is not only the last word, but the first. When she discovers that the movies, like most other arts and crafts, represent a co-operation of talent, we will probably see a return of the great actress of "Revelation," and "The Heart of A Child." Norma Talmadge, instinctively and by actual practice one of the finest and subtlest as well as one of the loveliest of screen actresses, is in a peculiar situation. Peculiar, in that she of all people is theoretically in the best situation for everything—stories, time, direction, equipment, yet her talents, and her mighty personality, continue to be wasted on trash. On the other hand Norma's snappy younger sister, Constance, while possessing little of Mrs. Schenck's dramatic intelligence and even less of her emotional depth, is one of the greatest successes of screendom, and is continually growing in popularity. Timely and entertaining vehicles well put on, are the solution of this family puzzle. Pauline Frederick ran an uneven course. Having done little that was worth while in many, many months, "Madame X" brought her back to the very front rank. It would be too much to say that the piece alone is responsible, or that it was an "actor-proof" restorative capable of reviving anybody. The truth of the matter is that "Madame X" and Pauline Frederick were in very great need of each other. And, thank the stars of art, they found each other! Alice Joyce has really marched ahead. In the early days when photoplays were only moving pictures she had only beauty to commend her. Returning, after a very considerable retirement, she began all over again, and in the past seven or eight months has worked as though a millionaire husband and an assured social

Gold and Leather Medals

(Continued)

position were merely a distant goal—instead of a comforting possession already hers. "Dollars and the Woman" finds her one of our most charming and restrained artists; poised and natural, not always convincing in her emotional outbursts, but never over-acting. Geraldine Farrar has never touched the heights of popular or artistic success she reached in her first picture, the "Carmen" of years ago. Farrar is always interesting but seldom appealing. Lillian Gish has given quiet, sincere performances in the Griffith pot-boilers of the year, and in the veteran master's annual chef-d'oeuvre she proves again that she is an almost incomparable delineator of tragic pathos. She is truly a star, though seldom acclaimed as such. Her dignified position in the film world is due entirely to her own sympathetic intelligence and the genius of her great teacher—not at all to the usual stellar publicity and advertising. Her sister Dorothy, possesing a subtler humor than any film girl of her years, a faculty for pathos and a sense of drama, has in the year done nothing really worth while. Her stories were wretched combinations of melodrama and slapstick. Only in "Remodeling A Husband" did she come anywhere near her capabilities. Dorothy Dalton, with no outstanding story to help her, has maintained her place by hard work. Anita Stewart is in exactly the same position, advancing in spite of inadequate material—but how she does need another "Girl Philippa!" Gloria Swanson has arrived as an actress; once, she was only a beautiful woman of strange coiffures. Priscilla Dean possesses a dash and fire that are unique in screen acting, but she too needs vehicles—and when she gets a line of proper ones will attain a pinnacle of success. Marion Davies at first had only one expression for all emotions. Now she has several—and at least she is pretty enough to make it easy for anyone to watch her pictures. Clara Kimball Young's claim to excellence rests upon one picture, "Eyes of Youth." Constance Binney is always charming; she could do many whimsical and delightful things if Realart chose her stories more carefully. Vera Gordon's marvelous portrait of a mother in "Humoresque" offers a bit of melancholy in the wonder if she will ever do another part so tremendously human. Watch, too, Mr. Fox's beautiful little melodramatiste, Estella Taylor, who was such a bonfire of loveliness and wickedness and passion in "While New York Sleeps." Barbara Castleton sprang into prominence with a splendid impersonation in "The Branding Iron." Naomi Childers, notably one of our sanest actresses, lent a commanding presence to "Earthbound."

Some day, Mary Miles Minter will probably do something fine and worth while. That she has not done it yet is perhaps due to her stories and to an immaturity that clings unreasonably to her acting. Elsie Ferguson has gone back, not forward; due to her own indifference and to poor plays. Mae Murray's most energetic efforts are marred by her continued striving for a sort of kiddish pathos and a synthetic type of innocence. Alice Brady has failed dismally to hold, during the past year, her once big place in screen favor. Billie Burke remains the same and we suppose she will always be with us, neither startling nor moving but always quite pleasant. Bebe Daniels as a star is as yet far short of her success in small type parts. Mabel Normand seems to have lost her old time vivacity. Louise Glaum's performances in a continued welter of sex plays can best be described by a new word—glaumy. Katherine McDonald is even more beautiful than a year ago, but beauty is all of her charm. Her plainer sister, Mary MacLaren, is, however, advancing steadily as a real actress at every real opportunity. Viola Dana, running indifferently according to formula, has done little to maintain her hard-won place as a genuine comedienne. Her Metro team-mate, Alice Lake, is interesting because of her genuine sincerity. Ethel Clayton is not the repeater of successes that she was a year ago. She needs a good domestic drama. We await a new Dorothy Phillips vehicle with anticipatory interest. Where is Edith Storey—lost to the screen?

These girls have sprung into rapid favor: Agnes Ayres, of a delicate beauty and commendable naturalness; Irene Rich, a vigorous, intelligent young actress; Margery Daw, always an ingenue but unusually interesting; Lois Wilson, a really intelligent leading woman; Helen Jerome Eddy, one of the best actresses among the young women of the films; Miriam Cooper, long obscured but rescued in "The Deep Purple;" Mildred Davis, Harold Lloyd's new and pretty leading woman. Juanita Hansen and Ruth Roland are the most interesting women in serials.

At the beginning of this thesis we inferred that screen excellence had passed beyond the individual player's control. It has also gone beyond the director's, though these hard-working individuals are still overestimating their importance, and consider themselves the beginning and the end of every photoplay really worth while.

Opportunity and progress lie in the hands of the producing masters who recognize the worth of individual effort by author, director, players and corporation combined—joining their talents harmoniously and for a common good. You might call this by many names. You might call it unit production, but it is more than that, as the term is generally understood, for unit production in the current parlance means a director's production, and that, in this narrow sense, is not what we mean at all.

First National has the idea, for that is what First National is built on, and its successes acclaim it, while its failures by no means disprove it. Universal is coming back to it, in spite of program demands heavier than those inflicted on any other concern save Paramount. And speaking of Paramount—the vast Zukor establishment has a center of producing interest in the individual creations of Cecil DeMille, who, in spite of certain theatricalisms and certain flaws of viewpoint, is a hardworking thinker and pioneer. Fox attests his progressiveness in numerous ways—though, like Universal, he is always congested with that piffle which is called "popular." Pathe, always more impressive as a business concern than as a gathering of artists, evidences the New Idea—for it *is* a business concern. David Wark Griffith, who never fails to progress individually though his studio's output as a whole has been tremendously dull, is yet another exemplar. Mr. Hearst sees the light with his International, and disorderly as his dawning enterprises generally are, he is nevertheless making a real though confused progress in the right direction. Ince gives evidences of returning to the old individualism which made "The Cup of Life" and the early Harts. Dwan has come back, strongly—witness his new pictures. Vitagraph is staging something which is remarkably like a revival of its pristine splendors.

Goldwyn was a vast promise and is small fulfilment. There is no question that Samuel himself, with his Eminent Authors notion, took the greatest single forward stride ever made in pictures. But the stride seems to lead nowhere. He stepped and his company stopped. Goldwyn today is a bewildering disappointment. Selznick is an example of

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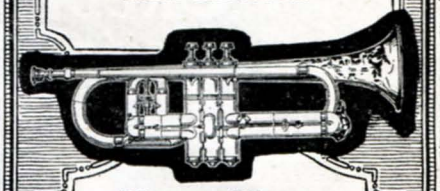

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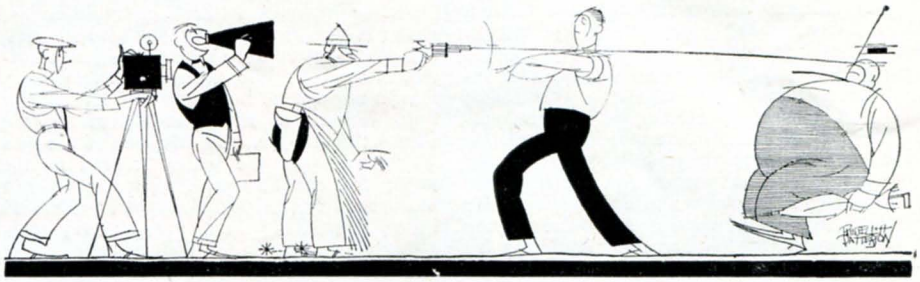
(Concluded)

great salesmanship not backed up by product. Metro's pictures no longer offer anything to the artistic and intelligent observer except some very occasional appeal. This concern puzzles the doctors in their diagnosis. Is it consistent and persistent poor general direction, or a policy of cheapness inaugurated by the new financing?



The Innocent Bystander

EIGHTEEN months ago or so, several distinguished novelists and literary lights who had been "big names" in America for a long time, by virtue of successful fiction, gave vent to their respective emotions on the subject of writing stories for the moving picture screen.

These remarks, duly set down by another author, critic and dramatist—Mr. Channing Pollock—appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE (April, 1919, number) and they had this to say, in substance:

"Those who have to do with the motion pictures usually are crooks." — ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

"The movies are the refuge of the second-rater; of the man not big enough to try elsewhere, or who has tried."—LEROY SCOTT.

"I detest the movies."—COSMO HAMILTON.

"The movies get worse every day."—GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

"I'd not feel inclined to compile notes and suggestions for moving picture producers because what I have seen in their productions makes me feel that they would not sympathize with the kind of effects that interest me."—BOOTH TARKINGTON.

That was eighteen months ago.

And yet, today, we find Messrs. Tarkington and Chambers eagerly accepting opulent royalties from moving picture producers and we find their stories on the screen immensely more interesting than when we read them on the printed page.

How come, we ask, how come?

Mayhap there lies a substantial and conclusive answer in the fact that more money is paid for the rights of a successful book by a "big name" author or for an original story written for the screen than many a best seller, in printed form, has ever brought. And there is no hit-or-miss chance about selling a story for the screen so far as these big-name writers are concerned. They get the money in one big payment—and go their way, to fret no more about publishers' royalty statements or whether their story is a success.

They take no chances. The producer takes the chance.

And, by the way, many a big-name author has sat himself down by the trusty typewriter and in the course of a day or two has pounded out a story or synopsis or scenario for which he has received ten thousand dollars, whereas he might spend half a year of unremitting toil in writing and polishing a story to be printed in a magazine as a serial, or between the cloth covers of a book, and then receive only half this sum, paid in instalments extending over a period of years.

Big names! The other day the Metro people announced they had signed up Vicente Blasco Ibanez. And Henry Arthur Jones. And Thomas Hardy. And F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Famous Players-Lasky boast in their roster of famous authors such big names as Sir James M. Barrie, Augustus Thomas, Leonard Merrick, Langdon Mitchell, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, and a score of others.

Pathe has a representative in London, conferring with Rudyard Kipling on his initial screen reproductions.

Rupert Hughes is a confirmed movie author.

And Booth Tarkington—he whose caustic words may be re-read at the beginning of this article—he is writing "originals" for the movies, and declaring the works good.

Then there are Irvin S. Cobb, George Gibbs, Margaret Mayo, Willard Mack, Bayard Veiller, Fannie Hurst, Hoffman F. Day, Henry C. Rowland, Larry Evans, Ida Wylie, Winchell Smith, Arthur Somers Roche, George Kibbe Turner, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Arthur Stringer, Mark Swan, Guy Bolton, Anthony Hope, Justus Miles Foreman and Eugene Walter enrolled as writers for the movies.

And Jack London's stories, by arrangement with his widow, are adapted for screen productions and proving as popular as they did when they appeared between book-covers.

While not all of these distinguished authors admit, just now, that they will write "originals" for the screen, we find a brilliant exception in Sir James M. Barrie whose plays "Peter Pan," "Quality Street," "The Little Minister," and half a dozen others are among the most successful of a generation.

In eighteen months the big-names of the writing world have leaped from haughty, intellectual loneliness to popular fame—and as we have hinted—no mean increase of fortune.

West Is East, Hey?

(Concluded from page 68)

Yung Han held to his monologue in an amiable voice.

"I no longer am coolie, not at all," he said.

"Not of the river caste, but—"

"I beg you do not interrupt me, kiddo," said Yung Han irritably.

"Kay-do?" His wife's tongue tripped upon the unaccustomed syllables. Her husband shrugged carelessly and lighted a cigarette.

"Buddie, we are going to live on the top o' the world and—"

Fan Mock cried in alarm. "Oh, to leave our Canton and not—"

"Cut it out," said Yung Han crossly. "I mean to say, my wife Fan Mock, that we no longer live in the Street of the Parrot Cages with these swine. We shall be removed to a new house and shall have woven floor coverings, and there shall be red curtains on the windows in which there shall be panes of glass, and there shall be a mocking-bird in a cage which shall be taught to call my name." He paused with a smile of recollection. "Yes, and we shall go to the cinema every night."

The cinema!

That was the temple where the rich Cantonese might be seen to enter and from whose gilt facade were hung amazing pictures of strange events. It was said of the cinema, among the housewives who lived in the Street of the Parrot Cages, that it was a place bewitched and where strange and untoward ritual was performed . . . but what could Fan Mock say to all this? Had not her husband said they were to go—she was to enter the cinema with him?

"Is it like—Joss?" she breathed. For no woman might enter into the presence of Joss.

"Like Joss?" repeated Yung Han scornfully. "Bah! It has got Joss skinned to death!" Fan Mock recoiled.

Had her lord husband gone mad or had foreign ways born a devil in his soul?

The Joss to be skinned to death!

"What's on your mind?" demanded Yung Han with a petulant frown. "Make ready and I will take you to the bazaar and you may purchase what you like; beads for your head and fine silks for your shoulders and your limbs, and—" he hesitated as if to soften the blow—"you may buy yourself a jar of myrrh, and a paint-pot that you may be more beautiful."

"Ai-ya," said Fan Mock.

And it was so.

The Joy of the Season

(Concluded from page 77)

Curiously enough, there in the dimness, he felt a something that might have been Peace stealing over him. He noticed, from beneath drowsily lowered lids, that a child sat on one side of him—that an old man was seated upon his other side. He noticed that the audience was neither rich nor poor—that all classes seemed to be joined together by a common bond of interest, quite apart from money or the lack of money. He noticed that young and old thrilled to the story unfolding upon the screen.

Almost without realizing it, the Spirit of Christmas began to follow the story. It was a tale of simple love, well told and well acted. It interested him. He found himself leaning forward when the rest of the audience did; he found himself laughing with the rest. And suddenly, almost without realizing it, he was no longer lonely.

He had found the Joy of the Season!

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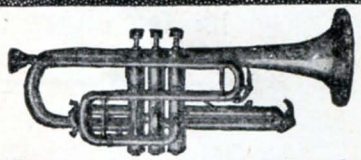

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"All Is Not Gold, etc."

(Continued from page 46)

legion. The distributor and the exhibitor have few if any risks in comparison.

So the chief selling argument of most of the promoters of motion picture companies—that is the vast fortunes made by photoplay producers—simmers down to a crass fraud. The promoters always quote what such and such a picture has made in gross bookings, which means precisely nothing because the producer may actually lose a fortune on a picture on which a distributor makes a tidy sum, and on which scores and hundreds of exhibitors make money. Even on very successful pictures, the lion's share of the profits may go to distributors and exhibitors who had nothing at all to do with making the picture, while the producer is left with a comparatively small net profit—not quite big enough to finance the next film, which, in turn, may prove a failure.

Supposing Mr. Lybarger or Dr. Miller or Mr. Stoll, or Mr. McKim, promoter of the late Advanced Photoplay Company of Pittsburgh, Penn., or any one of the scores of presidents of amateur motion picture companies for which the public has been paying of late—supposing any of these gentlemen had tried to "sell" *themselves and their services* to Griffith or Ince or Sennett or to any other experienced and hard-headed producer or casting director. He would have been told that his earning power in motion pictures was no greater than that of an average man of average ability. For in motion picture production a man's worth is measured by his specialized knowledge or special ability or special art. Recently I was talking to one of the most successful motion picture men in the country and our conversation drifted to a certain big producing company.

"What in thunder have they got?" he asked querously.

"They have several million dollars in assets," I replied.

"Assets be hanged," he shouted. "Real estate, buildings, studios, equipment, beautifully furnished offices don't make pictures. They've lost Smith. They've lost Brown. They've lost Jones. They are the men who made the pictures. Do you know that the people are getting almighty critical of the movies? They demand up-to-date, first-class, distinctive pictures all the time. It's not enough to turn out programme pictures every few days and a super-production every few weeks. Unless they are tip-top, they'll flivver."

I want to stress this point because none of the men whom this producer mentioned are screen stars. They are directors, makers of pictures, not actors. The motion picture industry is one of lightning changes, but if there can be said to be any one, single outstanding change in filmdom during the past year, it is this: that the stars are becoming of less importance and the producers and directors of greater importance. Four of the biggest successes of the past year had no individual stars, namely "Way Down East," "The Devil's Pass Key," "Humoresque," and "Why Change Your Wife." These plays are principally the creations of the directors, who seem to be elbowing the stars out of the way.

And directors are more difficult to find and more difficult to hold than stars. A prima donna with the disposition of a thundercloud is a demure and purring little kitten compared to a screen director. Let me illustrate.

A few years ago a certain director came to one of the big producers begging for a chance to make some pictures. He wept, not figuratively, but literally. He was given his chance, and he made good. He has produced at least three magnificent pictures, and his tears are dry. He is now a big man and today he is laying down the law to his employer, and ready to quit, smash his contracts and smash his employer unless given carte blanc in production.

Another director, after making several poor pictures, has of late produced some fine films. Backed by the faith and cash of one of the most successful producers of the country, he turned out artistic film plays, big money makers, till finally his demands became so excessive that his employer could no longer meet them. This director is now producing for himself.

I am digressing on the subject of directors because I want to show how handicapped men like Stoll, a real estate agent, Mr. Lybarger, lecturer and orator, and Dr. Miller, historian, really are in the motion picture business. In order to make artistic and financial successes of their photoplays, they have to buy all their experience. They have to depend on the mercurial temperament of some director, not a really big, first-class director either, for the big ones are either under contract, or are producing for themselves.

Yet Mr. Lybarger announced in his sales circulars, which helped rake into his treasury half a million dollars less commission and expenses, that there would be "no experimenting with your money." There would be no building of great factories or studios. "Our auditoriums—the theaters—are already built and equipped. The vast plains, mountains and valleys of California will be our principal studio—out in the open fields and hillsides where the battles for Democracy were fought and won."

But the Democracy Photoplay Company did not avail itself of "the vast plains, mountains and valleys of California." It contended itself with the old Edison studio in New York City which cost the company a pretty penny for a year's lease. The picture was finished last February, but by the time the film had been edited and cut from about 80,000 feet down to 7,000 or 8,000 feet and was ready for the theater, it was mid-summer. Democracy was shown at the Casino Theater, Thirty-ninth Street and Broadway, for the last two weeks of August, and since then the prints have for the most part rested in the vaults of the company. As this is written, the latter part of October, no arrangements have been completed for distributing and displaying this film which cost $200,000. Mr. Lybarger is still optimistic, but he has probably changed his mind about certain things which he told his prospective stock buyers more than a year ago. He then asserted that "New York and Chicago alone should easily pay the full cost of producing 'Democracy.'" He may have learned since that theaters on Broadway and in the Chicago "Loop" cannot be commandeered by anyone who wants to rent them. He may also have learned that the old war-horses among the film producers do not as a rule expect to clean up big on their pictures in the so-called "key cities," such as New York and Chicago and other big towns where the theatre rental is high and expensive orchestras have to be furnished. New productions are exhibited in big and expensive theaters in big cities principally for advertising purposes.

"It is a play that will live," said Mr. Lybarger recently. But what he promised to his stockholders was a play that would pay, and that is more than any motion picture producer has a right to promise to anyone investing money with him. "If 'Democracy' nets as much as 'The Birth of a Nation,' every $100 invested will return $3,000, and every $1,000, $30,000," said the Democracy sales circulars, again "selling" the old "Birth of a Nation."

"All Is Not Gold, etc."

(Continued)

Like Crusader's, the stock sales circulars of Democracy Photoplay Company quote liberally the big profits made by certain films, and like Crusader's, Mr. Lybarger's circulars are filled with endorsements from prominent men. In fact, Mr. Lybarger seems to have the heaviest batting record in securing testimonials from big men. But these men are not listed in the circulars as purchasers of stock.

Governor James M. Cox of Ohio, late Democratic presidential candidate, wrote, "I am impressed with your photoplay, 'Democracy,' or 'The Fight for Right.' You have noted the high spots. It should prove both interesting and educational. Let me wish you success."

Of course, at the time he wrote, Governor Cox had not seen 'Democracy' because it had not been transferred from Mr. Lybarger's brain onto the films.

"No experimenting with your money," announced Mr. Lybarger, hinting at "Birth of a Nation" profits, $3,000 returns for each $100 invested, when not the most experienced motion picture man knows whether his next picture is going to be a success or a failure. Every picture produced is an experiment. Look at the stock quotations. Goldwyn's which last winter went up to more than $30 a share, is now below $10; Triangle about 33 cents; World Film, 25 cents. And Goldwyn's is producing many film pictures, excellent pictures. All of which leads one to the firm conviction that the only decent way, the only honorable way in which to finance a motion picture company is to lay all the cards face up on the table, and say to your prospective financial supporters: "Here are the cards. Take a good look at them. This is a game of chance. We may win or we may lose. Do you want to come in?"

There is no reason for believing that the business affairs of the Democracy Photoplay Company have not been properly handled. Mr. Lybarger is a man of good repute, honest and upright. The letters in his circulars from men distinguished in public life testify to his ability as a student of economic affairs, but none of them say anything about his achievements in the motion picture field, probably because he never produced any pictures till "Democracy." This initial venture may yet prove a success. If it does, the way of other motion picture producers, not as able as Mr. Lybarger, and not so honest, will be made smoother. Moreover, if "Democracy" turns out a money maker, it is Mr. Lybarger's intention to continue producing. After all the preferred stock of the Democracy Photoplay Corporation has been retired at par with interest, 80 per cent of the net earnings of the company is to be divided among the stockholders and Mr. Lybarger and his associates, and 20 per cent is to form the capital of the Feature Pictures Corporation, a successor of the present company.

The bankruptcy court of Pittsburgh, Pa., is now winding up the affairs of the Advanced Photoplay Corporation, another motion picture concern, financed by the public. It was promoted by Edward McKim of New York, who conceived the bright idea of making picture production an endless circle of profit and entertainment. He proposed to film plays in a big amusement hall to which the public would be admitted at popular prices.

Everything went well till the male star of the Advanced refused to act before the public. It seems odd that an actor—even a screen actor—should shrink from the public gaze, but it only goes to show that you never can tell what sort of obstacles may bob up athwart the path of a film producer. Officers of the Advanced blamed the actor for the failure of McKim's clever program, but to a student of the film industry it seems that a motion picture company, which can be tripped into the bankruptcy courts by one blushing violet of a movie actor, is not very firmly built. However, the Advanced took in about $70,000 of the public's money for stock, according to the estimate of J. D. Hern and Dennis AE. Behen, attorneys for the creditors whose claims total about $10,000. Neither Mr. Hern nor Mr. Behen, nor Mr. Bradford, representing the receiver, thought that the assets of the company would pay the creditors in full, so it is not likely that the stockholders will receive much.

* * * * *

It seems only right, inasmuch as most motion picture companies receive their corporate birth in Delaware where the charter laws are so liberal that you can launch any sort of corporation on a shoestring, that a few of them should remain in their native state. One of them, called DuPont Pictures, Inc., did settle down there right under the wing of the DuPont family of multi-millionaires. The company was started shortly after the press of the country had proclaimed the fact that one of the DuPonts had entered the motion picture business through heavy investments in Goldwyn's. As a whole we are deeply interested in the doings of our famous millionaires, so it seemed that most everybody in the country knew that the DuPonts and their millions were in the movies.

This fact the promoters of DuPont Pictures, Inc., seemed to perceive. Accordingly they secured the services of one John T. DuPont of Montclair, N. J., to lend his good name to the company. John T. DuPont was no kin to the powder millionaires, nor was he a motion picture man. Representatives of the DuPont de Nemours Corporation seemed divided on the subject of John T. Some were of the opinion that he was a retired grocer; others said he was a locksmith; and one functionary of the company was certain that in private life he was a plumber. But all agreed that he was an honest man who had merely accepted what appeared to him a lucrative position as officer of a new corporation, named in his honor. According to the spokesmen for the DuPont de Nemours Corporation, the men who really launched the company were W. T. Whitmore and Bernard Levy.

The address of the new picture company was the DuPont Building, Wilmington, Del., headquarters of some of the most important business enterprises of the Delaware DuPonts. The company was first incorporated for $100,000. But, according to letters sent out by DuPont Pictures, Inc., "it is proposed to increase this immediately to $5,000,000, 8 per cent cumulative preferred stock par $100 and 50,000 shares of no par value common stock."

DuPont Pictures, Inc., might have had an interesting and picturesque career had not the Delaware DuPonts butted in, commandeering the services of the Post Office authorities. The subsequent proceedings were brief. The officers of the new company were hailed before Solicitor-General Lamar, and they readily agreed to dissolve business. No great damage had been done. Postmaster English of Wilmington said he had received a letter from only one man, a resident of Indiana, who acknowledged that he had bought stock.

I want to close this article with an illuminating little story told me recently by a

Secrets of Motherhood

During all those days of waiting and worry—before baby comes—what wouldn't you give for the innermost secrets of motherhood? Think of finding an understandble answer to each of the thousand questions that arise! And, later, when baby arrives, imagine having within your reach the solution of the new problems that you face—all through those baby days, helping you meet every task and every emergency through each year of your baby's life!

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"All is Not Gold, etc."

(Concluded)

motion picture man—the head of a small producing company. Last summer he placed under contract a popular screen actress and her husband, a well-known director. The terms were high, but Miss Blank had many successes behind her, and her pictures were pretty certain to make good profits. The producer had good reasons for believing that he could secure enough capital to film one or two comedies. Then the money market changed. Things tightened up. His prospective backers failed to put up the cash.

"Well, I was left with two big contracts on my hands," said the producer, "and no money to pay the salaries. I did my best to raise the cash in New York and Chicago and failed, so there was nothing left for me to do but go to the public.

"I sent out five hundred circular letters offering stock in my company. The letters may not have been strong enough. Anyhow, the responses I received were meagre—so meagre in fact that I saw clearly that I could not continue my stock sales campaign *without making myself morally guilty of securing money under false pretenses.*

"So I dropped the campaign. I called in Miss Blank and her director-husband, explained the situation to them frankly and fully, and asked them to surrender their contract if possible, and if they could secure engagements with some other producing company, which they did. The whole matter was satisfactorily adjusted."

He forfeited several thousand dollars which he had paid the actress and the director when their contracts were signed.

But he hung onto one little asset which he evidently considered worth something more than money—his self-respect.

Nineteen and Phyllis

(Continued from page 45)

"If I only could get the burglar!" Andrew sighed. His troubles were thickening with unbelievable rapidity. He had pawned his watch and his silver military brushes to make a deposit on the ring. He had ordered a full dress suit for Phyllis' birthday party, with a cane, and a silk hat, *and* patent leather shoes! And Uncle, fortified by an interview with Andrew's employer, had decreed that Andrew was not to go to the birthday party, nor any other party, for a month!

It was a week of thick, black misery, in which a few horrible spots stood out luridly. A glance from the window that showed Phyllis, *his* Phyllis, spinning by in a shining new roadster with a fat, grinning Jimmy at the wheel. A note from her that said, "Andrew, dearest, come early. I'm *dying* to see the new suit! Bring the ring, and speak to Grandfather before the others come, and then we can announce it! Oh, I'm so thrilled!" A night when he stole out, desperately, to hunt the burglar, and shot two holes through Uncle's best suit and derby hat, hung out to let the cool night air whisk the scent of moth balls from them! An interview with the tailor in which that village Shylock finally agreed to let him take the clothes away and pay five dollars weekly through dreary, interminable years!

There were moments in that week when Andrew would have gladly accepted a partnership with the masked bandit, had the chance been given him.

The birthday of Phyllis dawned as brightly as if there were no sorrow in the world. Auntie, frying puffy fritters for breakfast cast an appraising eye at Uncle as he washed at the kitchen sink. Uncle liked fritters. He was looking pleased and expectant.

"I think we better let Andrew go to Phyllis' party," she ventured. "The Judge mightn't like it if we didn't. After all, Daniel, a birthday's a birthday."

"Yes, and a promise is a promise!" declared Uncle. "I gave my word to Long that the boy would keep away from parties and tend to business. And when a Cavanaugh gives his word it means something, Alviry!"

"Poor boy, he's got so much to learn!"

"Well, he'll learn a lot of it in the next year," prophesied Uncle, grimly. "He wont be well up Fool's Hill till he's twenty-one."

"No. You wasn't, Daniel," she agreed. "Still, nineteen's about the worst time!"

"You didn't think I was a fool when we got engaged, at nineteen," he snapped.

"Mercy gracious, no! Phyllis doesn't think Andrew is one, neither. You see they're both young, Daniel, same's we were!"

"Well, it takes discipline to make a man of a boy!" Uncle closed the subject decisively. "I'm here to see that Andrew stays in the house tonight."

Andrew had no intention of trying to escape. His new clothes had been safely smuggled into the house and were hidden behind a roll of blankets in his closet. But the ring he could not get, until he paid at least half its value. Auntie had proven strangely obdurate about the Liberty Bonds. He could not go to the party without the ring. He would stay at home, but his staying should be dramatic. Dressed in his new clothes, he would be taken violently ill. He could fancy them talking in hushed tones when the news came. "He was all ready to come, in his dress suit, when he sank down, in a faint. They say it's his heart!"

But the sight of himself in the glass that evening, arrayed in the wonderful suit and hat, scattered all prudence to the winds. He would go to the party, *somehow!* He would fix it up with Phyllis about the ring, *somehow!* Such attire could not be allowed to waste its glory behind a roll of blankets.

It was ten o'clock and the house was dark and still when Andrew, in all his glory, went down the stairs, step by step, with never a creak to betray him. He had reached the lowest step when light flooded the hall and showed his uncle entrenched in a big chair, barring his way.

"Better go to bed, Andrew," was all he said, but the boy turned and made his way back, a real rage and a sense of injustice burning his young soul now.

After all, Andrew was a Cavanaugh, too. He had his share of persistency and of courage. It was only a half hour later that he crept from a dormer window of the attic to the sloping roof of the house. He was still dressed in his new outfit, but his shoes were in his hand.

On the ledge he paused to take his bearings. He must creep up the incline, and down the other side, to the lean-to. That would give him a chance to descend within a few feet of the ground. Many a time he had done this, a barefoot urchin—and it was not so long ago!

He went up carefully, swaying and slipping a little, but keeping his balance until he reached the chimney, at the peak of the roof. There he meant to rest for a moment before beginning the ticklish descent of the steep slope. But there a surprise awaited him!

Nineteen and Phyllis

(Concluded)

It was a big, burly surprise, with the face of a thug and a revolver in its outstretched hand. The only thing that saved Andrew was that the surprise was as astonished and dumbfounded at the encounter as he himself was!

Nineteen and Phyllis

NARRATED by permission from the First National photoplay produced under the supervision of Arthur S. Kane. Adapted by Bernard McConville from an original story by Frederick Stowers. Directed by Joseph de Grasse with the following cast:

Andrew Jackson Cavanaugh.... ..... Charles Ray
Phyllis Laurin.....Clara Horton
Daniel Cavanaugh...George Nichols
Mrs. Cavanaugh.....Cora Drew
Jimmy Long.....Lincoln Stedman
Judge Lee Laurin...Frank Norcross

Instantly, unreasoningly, Andrew struck out, obeying the blind instinct of self-preservation. The weapon dropped and wasted its shot on the air. Somehow, the two grappled, and in an instant were slipping down, down, smoothly, swiftly, clinging to each other, over the main roof, over the lean-to, until they dropped on the smooth grass in the back yard.

And Providence, or Fate, or the Little Blind God with an Arrow, as you prefer, saw to it that Andrew landed on top!

If Uncle had not been born and brought up in that very house, if he had not been a normal, mischievous boy, if he never had crept from that dormer window and slid down that roof over the lean-to, he would not have been listening and waiting at the back door, expecting the descent of Andrew. But even Uncle was surprised when Andrew alighted with the burglar. He grabbed the lantern with which he had expected to illuminate the scene of Andrews' shame and confusion, he peered just once at the prostrate forms, and then he yelled:

"Alviry, Alviry! Throw down that old pair of handcuffs. *Our boy's* caught the burglar!"

And only then did it burst on Andrew in a blinding flash that the burglar was in his grasp—the burglar who meant a thousand dollars to his captor!

"Come on, you!" he commanded, giving a tug at the burglar's arm the moment the handcuffs were adjusted.

"Where we going?" asked the burglar, sullenly.

"We're going to a birthday party, you and me!" said Andrew, and Uncle nodded, chuckling. "Smart boy, that!" he said, as he and Auntie went into the house.

"By tomorrow he'll be convinced that he planned the whole thing so as to have Andrew catch the burglar!" thought Auntie, but being a wise woman she only smiled and sighed, "yes, and a *good* boy, Daniel!"

Andrew and the burglar walked rapidly toward the home of Judge Laurin.

"Wot's the big idea in goin' to a party?" he growled. "I been pinched before, but I never was took to no birthday celebrations."

"The party is at the Judge's house," kindly explained Andrew. "He offered a thousand dollars in cash to the person who caught you. And I need the money. You see I'm engaged to his granddaughter and I promised to give her a ring tonight, and I didn't have the money and the jeweler wouldn't trust me. So you've really done a *lot* of good with your burgling!"

The burglar's eyes twinkled. "That makes it nice! I've been young myself. If I had to get caught, I'm glad it happened this way. And say, kid, you fix up just as good a story as you like. I'll stand for it. Girls like the hero stuff. Play it up in good shape!"

But Andrew found no necessity for playing it up. The arrival of the boy, in his dress suit and silk hat, wearing the canvas shoes which had helped his progress up the steep roof, carrying a gun, ushering in a big, bold, roughly dressed man in handcuffs, was the most exciting thing that Vixville had seen since the Civil War! Andrew had given only a few modest facts about his desperate encounter, single handed and unarmed, on the roof, when the whole party went into a mad frenzy of applause and congratulations. When they quieted down the Judge insisted on making a speech in which he declared Andrew to be a perfect example of the brave, chivalrous, gallant, undaunted Southern gentleman. And when the speech was finished, Andrew held in his hands a roll of crisp, yellow banknotes—one thousand dollars.

Dazedly, he bowed and stammered his thanks; dazedly, he shook hands with the crowd who filed by him; dazedly, he saw the burglar led away, heard the music begin afresh, watched the dancers take their places again. Then Jimmy came up to Phyllis, who stood flushed, palpitant, her blue eyes staring at her hero through a mist of happy tears.

"Our dance, Phyllis," said Jimmy.

Andrew came out of his dazed condition with a snap! One arm encircled Phyllis, the other swept Jimmy quite off the map.

"*Our* dance, Phyllis!" he said.

"Going to dance in those sneakers?" sneered Jimmy, with a glance at Andrew's feet.

"No. Going to sit out on the veranda, in the swing," said Andrew. "Come on, Phyllis."

And Phyllis, with a scornful glance for Jimmy, a worshipful gaze for Andrew, came on!

A Movie Boom in El Paso

HOW one motion-picture theater boomed a forsaken part of El Paso, Texas, is the story told about James G. Quinn and associates, of that city. Little more than a year ago the Rialto theater, on a dark side street three blocks off the main thoroughfare, was used intermittently for road shows and lyceums. Quinn and his associates leased the theater, spent $20,000 on it, installed uniformed ushers, an orchestra and good pictures. In an astonishingly short time the dark street became the promenade of hundreds of movie-goers. Soon a new street lighting system was installed, old merchants brightened their shops, new merchants moved in, and in a few short months business increased a full 40 per cent. And now the three blocks that separate the Rialto from the business section of the city is the brightest part of El Paso. In October a general celebration was held in the vicinity of the theater, marking the opening of the new shopping district.

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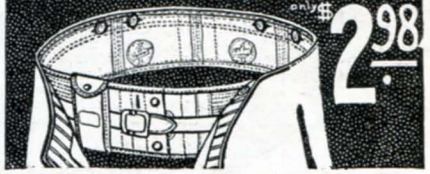

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The Gossamer Web

(Continued from page 90)

The sigh that had oppressed him escaped and the convict beside him, stirring from his trance, leaned over and whispered: "Some vamp!" Beads of sweat were on his temples and puckered forehead and an ache of hell was reflected in the tightly drawn lines about his mouth.

The feature ended amid great applause. Then sudden silence and a strange sound, as if the night wind had stolen within the thick walls of stone and iron to whisper a ghostly message to the gray thousand. It was the deep intaking and slow escaping of breath, the sighs of starved guests at a Barmecide feast. Their heavy feet shuffled against the asphalt floor as their bodies relaxed from the tautness in which the spell of romance had held them. The screen announced "Glimpses of Great Cities" and they were off, by the miracle of modern invention, on a tour of the world.

London, Dublin, Glasgow, Paris, Marseilles, Rome, Florence, Athens, Constantinople were visited and then to the Orient and across the Pacific to San Francisco and Chicago and finally New York. The eyes of the convicts hunted eagerly for familiar streets, houses and faces, for it was like being free for the moment. Little exclamations of delight rose from here and there in the audience.

The camera lingered long in the financial section, where so many years of his life had been spent by David Martin. It was good to see the bank again for it brought blessed memories of his courtship days when he was a messenger and Adele a stenographer there. It was evidently the lunch hour for the people overflowed the sidewalks. Perhaps he might glimpse her in the crowds.

Suddenly, at the entrance of an arcade through one of the skyscrapers, he beheld her, as brightly and as daintily dressed as the youngest of the thousands of girls making the narrow street a riot of color and bright faces. A gold vanity case dangled from a wrist and a gay little sunshade was grasped impatiently with both well-gloved little hands. She was waiting for some one, watching the narrow side entrance of one of the most expensive of the downtown restaurants. The next moment a tall, handsome man caught her familiarly by the arm and her pretty face was upturned to him immediately, her eyes shining, her lips pouting and smiling. Martin recognized the man's almost perfect features, the full weak underlip, the keen but shifty eyes, the well-kept little mustache with its glisten of silver, his broad shoulders, his sporty swagger with his walking stick and the excellent tailoring of his clothes. It was Vibart, the bank manager, who had made a place for her after the trial and conviction. They were standing in profile to the camera, very close together. A queer feeling that he was intruding came to him but he watched their every movement, cold gathering to his heart. Vibart squeezed her arm close against his and with a swift glance over his shoulder slipped with her into the little door of the restaurant which led to a dining room above the street level.

Again the years faded, but Memory, instead of opening vistas of love and happiness, spread evil before him. She used to call by the bank for him on Saturday afternoons to share with him the half-day holiday and he recalled Vibart's eager attentions to her and his candid admiration of her. Also he recalled that he had been in the divorce courts as a co-respondent. A knife seemed to have been plunged into his heart and turned from right to left. He asked himself with a sob that seemed to be about to suffocate him whether this was the answer to his wife's physical comfort, her fine clothes and the education of their child.

The show was over. The lights flared up. At a signal he rose with the others, laid his hands mechanically on the gray shoulders in front of him and trudged off to his tier and cell.

At the clang of a bell the bolts slipped into place. He sat on the edge of his bunk, the blessed darkness covering his shame but not assuaging his anguish. She was gone from him! His child was gone from him! On the morrow the bright world would offer him only solitary confinement.

That was why she had not written to him this last day of the nearly twenty thousand long days of ignominy! For a moment the darkness of his cell danced with flecks of red as he imagined his fingers tightening on the throat of Vibart. The murderous frenzy was soon over and he threw himself prone on his pallet covering his face with his trembling hands.

IV

Tierney's task was an easy one. His man, in his ill-fitting black suit provided him by the State, trudged the long winding road from the prison to the railroad station without looking back or lifting his eyes to the beauties of the morning.

Aboard the train taking him to New York, David sat with his head drawn down in his collar, the stolid detective behind him. Reaching Grand Central Station they drifted with the tide of humanity into the subway and reappeared on the surface at Wall street. The ex-convict walked as if in a dream toward the bank where his wife was employed and where he had given so many years of his life. The bells of Trinity Church at the head of the narrow way of the money-getters chimed the four quarters and tolled the noon hour. The towering office buildings began to disgorge themselves of humanity.

Tierney took a position in a doorway and watched his man as he trudged up and down the sidewalk opposite the bank, furtively watching the marble entrance.

At half after twelve Vibart appeared, preened himself in the sunlight and then strolled to Broadway and across the surface tracks to Trinity Churchyard. He was followed in a few moments by Adele, her shapely, silk-clad ankles flashing below her short skirt as she briskly made her way through the throng to the old edifice, squatting, as if cowed, amid the temples of Mammon, hugging the ground as if trying to hover the flock of abraded headstones of her long-dead children.

David and Tierney followed her and saw her meet the bank manager within the iron fence. Drawing to one side from the little clumps of girls eating their lunch above the flattened graves or lightly perched on time-stained sepulchres, they conversed with animation. Vibart seemed to be pleading with David's wife and she resisting his importunities feebly. Time and again one of her little hands would finger the edge of his coat as if the touch of it gave her happiness. She seemed enchanted with him, a pretty thing wholly lost in the lovelight of his bold and eager eyes. He caressed her deftly and secretly, pleading all the while. Finally he drew from his pocket an envelope and displayed to her what appeared to be steamship reservations. Then he opened his watch and held it between them as if timing her for a decision. As he slipped it back in his fob pocket, she took both of his hands, looked up to him with

The Gossamer Web

(Concluded)

mingled pain and happiness in her eyes and nodded, "Yes."

"God have pity on me," groaned David, his haggard face pressed between the iron pickets. Vibart's features were aglow with triumph. It had been a long chase. The butterfly was his. He lifted his soft gray hat and hurried from the churchyard. As he stepped to the sidewalk of Broadway a man following him raised his left hand to the lapel of his coat and held it there as he passed Jim Tierney. The detective acknowledged the sign with a nod.

As if led by an invisible tether, David followed his wife back to the bank and, when she had entered, resumed his trudging, Tierney again at his post of observation.

Love and honor had gone from the ken of the convicted bank teller. Cowardice had taken their place. Time and again he lengthened his walk to the corner of Nassau Street, determined to break from the evil spell that held him by turning the corner and going his way to oblivion, but always he retraced his steps.

At two o'clock his wife appeared again at the bank entrance and hurried west. He followed, his shadow pursuing him. This time she skirted the southern boundary of the churchyard, cutting across to the Terminal Building and descending to the McAdoo tubes. The three entered a train by separate doors and left it at Hoboken. On the surface again, Adele asked a policeman to direct her to one of the transatlantic steamship company's piers. In the crowd that had gathered for the sailing of the liner, David found it easy to keep under cover. She waited at the passenger entrance to the pier, watching for the coming of her lover. He arrived followed by a porter lugging two heavy bags, himself carrying an alligator skin valise of stout structure.

"Shall I take this aboard, Sir?" a steward asked, reaching for the valise.

"No; attend to those two bags." Vibart tipped him handsomely in advance. "Ask at the baggage office if Mr. Bronson's trunks are aboard and then hurry back here." He turned to Adele and, leaning over, kissed her on the cheek. "I have everything you can possibly need," he told her with a smile. "Have had it all for weeks. And I'll just keep this right close to me." He glanced down at the bag in his hand.

David edged nearer the couple, Tierney closing in on him. Again the red flecks danced before his eyes. The steward returned and reported the baggage safe aboard ship.

"Did the roses come for Mrs. Bronson?" asked Vibart.

"Yes, Sir. They're in the stateroom." The man who had given Jim Tierney the signal in front of Trinity Church a few hours before, a nervous, wiry man of thirty with a cigarette stained blonde mustache, stepped between David and Vibart, Adele's cheeks were scarlet and her hands trembled.

"Shall we go aboard, Sir?" asked the steward.

"Just a minute." The left hand of Tierney's partner closed on Vibart's right wrist, twisted it and shook the alligator bag free. With his right hand, Texas Darcy drew a revolver from the bank manager's hip pocket, Tierney taking it and picking up the bag at the same time. Adele drew back, her hands to her temples, as there was the flash of bright nickel, and a pair of handcuffs made Vibart helpless. Her lover's eyes seemed popping from his white face as he stared at her questioningly.

"Open it! Open it!" she gasped to Tierney. The bank detective slipped a hand into Vibart's pockets, found his bunch of keys and was soon rummaging in a mass of gold and paper money. "Watch this, all of you," he commanded sternly. "I don't want this thief to give the old frame-up holler. Take a look at 'em' Steward." He held aloft a sheaf of bills. "Here they are, five ten thousand dollar certificates!"

"O, David! David! I landed him!" cried Adele hysterically. The smiles of the temptress were gone from her face and clean bright tears of happiness filled her eyes.

"Here I am." Her husband reached her side and slipped an arm about her for she seemed ready to faint and the sobs shook her slender body.

"You. . . . You. . . ." gasped Vibart, stunned by the trick the bank teller's wife had played upon him.

"Yes, she did it," laughed Tierney. "And I'll say she done as clever a job as ever I see in my time, even to having me meet her man up at Sing Sing and follow him here so he couldn't butt in and spoil the vamping and disband the parade." He closed a powerful right hand on an arm of the thief. "Come along," he ordered. "We'll go by the bank on the way to police headquarters and I guess the directors will square the debt they owe David Martin and his wife."

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 93)

C. M., READING, PA.—The only address I have for Betty Hilburn is 223 West 83rd Street, New York City. She was "The Girl of the Sea" in the photoplay of that name.

B. B., BAIRD, TEXAS.—Yes, yes, I understand. Of course I understand. (I don't know what it is that I understand but I can be very soothing about it.) Now that we have that off our minds suppose we proceed to your questions. I'd address your letters to the stars at the studios rather than to the business offices of their companies. Because most of them report for work at the studios daily but only drop in at the business office once in a while—when they want a director fired, or more salary, or some other thing like that.

A. Q., SUFFIELD, CONN.—I have a suspicion that you didn't sign your right name but as I can't prove it I am answering you anyway. Shame on you to deceive the poor old Answer Man. I don't ask much of you contribs. except to sign your names and addresses, eschew matrimonial and religious questions, too many casts, and more than five questions at one time. Outside of those few rules there's nothing you can't ask me. Haven't Pearl White's age. Vivian Martin is making pictures for the Messmore Kendall company, releasing through Goldwyn.

PANSY, PHILADELPHIA.—Well, he isn't the only one who has straightened up since prohibition. Think of the lamp-posts! Yes—the higher the price of gasoline goes the more we must pay to see our favorite stars. They must ride, you know, and street-cars are too plebeian for words. Billie Burke's latest is "The Education of Elizabeth."

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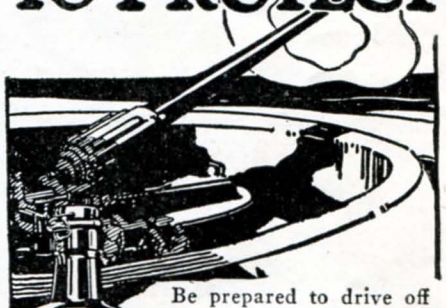

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Tiger Skins and Temperament

(Concluded from page 70)

almost everywhere. She was one of the very few women who was present at the Peace Conference for the signing of the Treaty. She had superintended the presentation of her two daughters, Margot and Julia, at the English court forty-eight hours before she caught a Channel boat and arrived at the Conference, breathless but calm, in her party gown.

She hopes to see to it that in her pictured stories there will be truthful representations of life. Her baronial halls will look as if real Lords and Ladies walked through them—for Elinor Glyn is very, very well connected in England. She does not believe in writing about things unless you know and can tell the truth about them. We have a lot to look forward to.

"Three Weeks," it may surprise you to learn, is the only modern book in English recommended to the students of a fiction course at Columbia University. There is no doubt that young New York, so free and untrammeled, will flock in droves to see Miss Glyn's latest conception of Real Life when it is thrown on Broadway screens.

She wears very nice shoes. There is, on one of her slim fingers, which she said were very nice before she had to wash dishes in the canteen, a blazing emerald—a marvelous, fiery stone, that reflects a million little lights and flashes mysteriously and expensively. Her income from "Three Weeks" is enough to supply her with many, many emeralds. But she hasn't stopped working and thinking on that account.

One wonders if she wrote her first great story because she had already a taste for tiger-skins and emeralds or if the success of her story prompted her to acquire them. One feels she is as good a business woman as she is a writer. And that, as the Egyptian alchemist and the Columbia students and Paramount Pictures will tell you, is going some.

Questions and Answers

(Continued from page 84)

M. E. T., PATERSON, N. J.—Well met, I should say. My expansive cranium is rivaled by my expansive smile when a letter from you comes along. The poor postman isn't so happy about it. Bill Hart's studio is at Bates and Effie streets, Hollywood, Cal. John Cumberland is not making any pictures at present, but is playing the lead in a new farce, "Ladies' Night." Cumberland made a series of two-reel comedies under Mrs. Sidney Drew's direction and also did "The Gay Old Dog." He is not married.

LILY, MANILA.—Yours was a tonic for this t. b. m. I don't need to occupy a front-row seat at a musical comedy for diversion. So you have seen Marie Walcamp, Elsie Ferguson, and Julian Eltinge down there. Well, you have very little left to live for, Lily. Violet Mersereau made a picture for the Art-o-Graf Film Company, Guardian Trust Bldg., Denver, Colo. Mary Anderson was last with the King Bee Co., Hollywood, Cal. Miss Mersereau is in New York at present.

H. S., ATLANTIC CITY.—Your solicitude for my poor tired eyes would have been so much more convincing if you had used white instead of yellow stationery. But I suppose I can't have everything. Rockcliffe Fellowes opposite Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No." Gladden James was also in the cast.

A. M., ALABAMA.—Glad to give you the cast of "Sweet Lavender." I think it's Mary Miles Minter's best picture in a long time. Mary isn't married to Ralph Graves. Mary isn't married at all and neither is Ralph. Satisfied? All right. Here goes: *Sweet Lavender,* Mary Miles Minter; *Clem Hale,* Harold Goodwin; *Henry Wedderburn,* Milton Sills; *Professor Phenyl,* Theodore Roberts; *Mrs. Driscoe,* Sylvia Ashton; *Ruth Holt,* Jane Watson. *Sweet Lavender!*

CLARA, CLINTON, IND.—My whiskers aren't so very long. I have them pruned occasionally. Seriously speaking, however, I look exactly like the drawing at the head of the colyums and I do wish you'd believe me. Clara—have I ever lied to you? Lucille Carlisle, whose real name is Zintheo, is Larry Semon's leading lady. She always appears opposite him. Have no cast for "The Law of Nature." And I have not heard of that picture before—I wish I might say never.

ANN.—I certainly do not think it is practical for a sixteen-year-old girl to go on the stage. Especially when she's had no previous theatrical experience. More especially when she's still in school. Most especially when her parents don't want her to. Monte Blue is about thirty. He was born in Indiana. Bill Hart works in Hollywood and environs—which means that he doesn't confine his picture-making to that Los Angeles suburb when the scenario requires a "location" in the mountains or elsewhere. Bill isn't married and never has been. He lives with his sister, Miss Mary, who collaborates with him in his stories about horses, Indians, and dogs.

ROSE, MANHATTAN.—Dimples Costello? I presume you mean that gentleman whose first name is Maurice and who was once the premier idol of pictures? Well, he is now appearing in a film called "Determination." His little daughters are not in pictures now that I know of. Neither is his wife. Of course—drop in.

BILLIE BURKE FAN.—Thanks so much for writing to the Editor about me. I suppose you want me to drop your boss a card about you. Then perhaps we'll each be able to buy ourselves a new hat. Tom Meighan is thirty-three and he played opposite Miss Burke in "Arms and the Girl." His wife, Frances Ring Meighan, does not appear on the screen or the stage. She's a sister of Blanche Ring.

SYLVIA E.—I wouldn't disappoint you for anything. If you had asked me a dozen questions, I should have answered them. However, it's just as well that you didn't. June Elvidge is in vaudeville right now. She's married, a brunette and has a little daughter. Irene Castle's husband is Robert E. Treman, of Ithaca, New York. Mrs. Treman hasn't danced professionally since the death of her first husband, Vernon Castle. She is soon to return to the screen, if reports be true.

Questions and Answers

(Continued)

G. A., DANVILLE.—I asked a young lady the other day if she had ever read the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius" and she answered yes, that she'd read it when it first came out. Harland Tucker is married to Marie Walcamp and plays with her in Universal serials. Frances Nelson has not been heard from for a long time. When will "Peg o' My Heart" be released? Better ask Mr. Lasky. There has been considerable litigation over the rights to the Hartley Manners play and the celluloid Peg has never seen the screen. We hope she is not doomed to oblivion, however. Wanda Hawley plays *Peg*. Marion Davies isn't married. Is that all you want to know?

KITTY.—Some breach-of-promise ladies aren't satisfied with punishing the gentleman to the extent of several thousand dollars. They must marry him, too. So David Powell seems so frank and friendly. Hope David's frankness and friendliness will be just as evident in his English films—he's playing in London now, you know. Went across to join Paramount's British stock company.

K. K., CANADA.—You have a friend who has a cousin who has a sister who plays for Selznick. Her name is Irene Dushang. So far Irene hasn't startled the cinema world but you never can tell; she may surprise us yet.

ARNOLD, PEORIA.—It must be uncomfortable to be placed on a pedestal and worshipped from afar. I'm sure I'd topple over at the first tremor. However, no one seems to be worshipping me just at present. Your idol is Constance Talmadge. So say many. Will Rogers has appeared in "Laughin' Bill Hyde," "Almost a Husband," "Jubilo," "The Strange Boarder," "Cupid the Cowpuncher," "Jes' Call Me Jim," and "The Guile of Women." I liked "Jubilo" best.

RICARDO G., MANILA.—Mary Garden decided that the films were not so suited to her as the opera, evidently—at any rate she hasn't made any more pictures, confining her talents entirely to the stage. Haven't the names of the maids in "Thais;" sorry.

M. M. M., HAZEN, ARK.—Oh yes—I have high principles. So high, in fact, that I can't always reach 'em. Howard Davies? He played the victim in "One Hour Before Dawn" for Hampton-Pathe. He's five feet ten and one-half inches tall; weighs 190 pounds; has brown hair and dark eyes. He's appeared in "A White Man's Chance," "A Sporting Chance," "It's a Bear" and "Boston Blackie's Little Pal."

S. J. T., MINNEAPOLIS.—Dorothy Devore, a Christie comedienne, was only loaned to the Charles Ray company for one picture; she's back in comedy now. She played *Mary Jane Jenkins* in "Forty Five Minutes from Broadway." Not married.

MISS T.—How do I know whether or not you'd make a good movie star? Telephonic photography has not been actually perfected as yet and until it is I'll have to confine my divinations to weights and ages. From your writing I should say you'd make a fine slapstick comedienne. Bessie Barriscale is blonde. Mildred Harris Chaplin has light hair. Clara Kimball Young stands five feet six inches in her stock—I mean heelless slippers. June Caprice is just twenty. Gladys Leslie, one year older.

REAL IRISH.—Never fight over a woman. It only flatters her and you might get hurt. Chester Barnett was last seen in "The Girl of the Sea." His address is 555 West 171 Street, New York City. June Caprice is now playing opposite George B. Seitz in his new serial. Address her care Pathe, New York.

E. H., CHICAGO.—The film bachelors seem to be deserting me one by one. After Dick Barthelmess became a benedict I began to feel lonesome. Oh well, Eugene O'Brien is still with me. Here's cast of "Poppy:" *Sir Evelyn Carson*, Eugene O'Brien; *Luce Abinger*, Frederick Perry; *Dr. Bramhan*, Jack Meredith; *Mrs. Capron*, Dorothy Rogers; *Sophia Cornell*, Edna Whistler; *Mrs. Kennedy*, Marie Haines; *Poppy*, Norma Talmadge.

ALDA C. DE R., HONG KONG, CHINA.—A fine letter, and much appreciated by me. You say you saw Elsie Ferguson while she was in China and liked her. She will return to America to make more photoplays. She is married to an American banker, Thomas B. Clarke. Mary Pickford is twenty-seven; she is coming your way soon. Anita Stewart's birthday is February 17th; Norma Talmadge's, May 2; Douglas Fairbanks', May 23; and Ethel Clayton's, November 8th. Vincent Coleman, Green Room Club, N. Y. C. Fannie Ward lives in London. I'll certainly look you up if I ever come to Hong Kong—but I don't travel much so I'm afraid we'll have to be friends by long-distance. Write again.

P. D., MIDDLETOWN.—You were friendly enough—quite. It's a relief sometimes to read a sane salutation instead of the everlasting "Old Rips" and "Old Dears." Juanita Hansen has completed a serial called "The Phantom Foe" and she is now working in a new one called, "Roaring Oaks." Douglas Fairbanks is thirty-seven. Marguerite Clark is in her early thirties. Mary Pickford's favorite pastime? Making motion pictures.

HAZEL, OKLAHOMA.—Don't insult me. Call me, if you like, any endearing appellation that pops into your pretty head. Accuse me of violent tastes in ties and literature. But don't, don't, *don't* say I am a poet. I can stand anything but that. Eddie Polo is married and has a seventeen-year-old daughter, Malveena Polo, who appears in Eric von Stroheim's new picture, "Foolish Wives." Address the Polos, father and daughter, at Universal City. Enid Bennett weighs 102. Her husband is Fred Niblo. William Duncan was born in Dundee, Scotland. Guess who's the favorite film serial star in Dundee.

A CONSTANT READER.—You may read our Magazine every month, but I doubt if you are constant. Not if you profess undying preference for Ward Crane in one breath, and say your favorite is Norman Kerry the next. Oh, you women. Crane opposite Anita Stewart in "The Yellow Typhoon." Mr. Kerry played with Constance Talmadge in "Up the Road with Sallie."

M. P. P., HOT SPRINGS.—The grand looking man with Shirley Mason in "Love's Harvest?" Well, I suppose you mean Raymond McKee. But he's such a regular guy I hate to hear him called those names. He might write to you if you can suppress your enthusiasm and write a sensible letter. What made Dick Barthelmess marry Mary Hay? Love.

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Questions and Answers

(Concluded)

RUTH ROLAND ADMIRER.—Your admiree—ahem!—isn't a widow. She was married, but secured a divorce. She's her own business and personal manager and has her own serial company. Don't know the extent of her family—that is, her brothers and sisters. You'll have to write and ask her.

MARIE.—If I ever want another red—or titian-haired—steno., I'll remember you. But one at a time is all I really need. Thanks so much.

H. F. NEWPORT, OREGON.—Louise Glaum, our leopard lady, may be reached care J. Parker Reid Productions, Culver City, Cal. Louise is now leoparding in "The Leopard Woman," rumored to be the adaptation of a story by Stewart Edward White, even though the author may not have recognized his brain-child in film clothing.

WILL A. P., JONESBORO, ARK.—Fortune seldom smiles on me—it's more often a laugh. Florence Vidor, 6642 Sunset Blvd.—the Vidor studio in Hollywood. Have no record of a Hugh Elder. Here's the cast of "A Sporting Chance": *Carey Brent*—Ethel Clayton; *Paul Sayre*—Jack Holt; *Peter Brent*—Herbert Standing; *Pamela Brent*—Anna Q. Nilsson; *Ralph Seward*—Howard Davies.

RUTH, WINDSOR, VT.—Sorry to disappoint you, Ruth, but it couldn't have been Bebe Daniels you saw on the street in New York in October. She's been in California working hard. Her latest is "In the Bishop's Carriage" for Realart. Bebe isn't married; neither is Harold Lloyd.

BESSIE H., NEW YORK.—Yep—we fought for the freedom of Cuba in '98 and now we have to go there to get it. You know what I mean by it. Louiszita Valentine with Harry Morey in "The Sea Rider."

E. M., LYNBROOK, L. I.—George B. Seitz? That young wizard who writes, directs and stars in his own Pathe serials, was born in Massachusetts in 1883. He's been in pictures since 1912. He is married and his home address is 1990 Park Avenue, New York. He appeared with Pearl White in "The Fatal Ring" and "The Black Secret"—playing, in the latter serial, the German spy in the eleventh episode. He also directed. His new Pathe chapter drama is "Velvet Fingers" and he is now making "Rogues and Romance," a feature for which he went to Spain. That's all I know about him—isn't that enough?

BLANCHE, NEW ZEALAND.—You think I am very nice and fatherly. Am I as old as all that? Jane and Katherine Lee are vaudeville headliners now; write to them care Palace Theater, N. Y. C. Madge Evans' home address is 50 Cathedral Parkway, New York. Billie Burke, Paramount.

H. L. P., MISSOULA.—You say I am truthful, sensible and wise. If I were really all these things I wouldn't be flattered when you attribute them to me. You want to know how the stars can flit from coast to coast without people seeing them. Why, unless you meet every train and scan every passenger I don't know how you could manage it. Most of them travel strictly incognito; they might be mobbed if they didn't. Besides, are you sure you would recognize your favorites in their off-screen guises? I'm not.

Even the Ocean Is Dry!

THE real thrills of the life on the ocean wave mean little or nothing to these gentlemen. The plot of the picture in which their sturdy ship figures is very yo-ho-ho—there is a storm, a wreck, and all the rest of it. But they don't have to be good sailors to weather it—for the schooner strikes the rocks on the floor of Goldwyn's studio, where it was built just like any old set. Pete Props and his crew provide the *mal de mer* by rocking the boat behind the scenes. And the rain machine is turned on to complete the illusion.

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